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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

(Whole Number cxxxvii)

VOL. LII.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

October, 1923

FOR CIRCULATION AMONG OURS ONLY

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LII, No. 1

SOME IMPRESSIONS

A Letter of Rev. Father Van der Schueren, S.J.

Calcutta, India, June 12, 1922.

Dear Father Editor:

I read with the greatest interest the Golden Jubilee Number of the Woodstock Letters. A time there was, just 25 years ago and more, when I was in frequent correspondence with Father Frisbee and a regular contributor to the "Varia" of the Woodstock Letters. If I remember well, my last letter was on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Letters; it is, therefore, in the fitness of things that my next letter should be on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee. In the interval, however, I have gone one better than merely writing —in 1918 I paid a visit to Woodstock. It was a surprise visit and a short one, arriving in the morning and leaving in the afternoon, but the recollection of it is still very vivid in my memory.

My entrance into the house was marked by an unusual scene, a scene which caused me to smile, a kind of superior or maturer smile, at a display of unsophisticated human nature, young and ardent, but well disciplined. I had just heard a bell ring as I entered the main corridor of the house with Father McEneany, the Minister. Generally, the appearance of a gigantic, long-bearded Missionary from the far East arrests attention; but on this occasion I received nothing more than hasty side glances from a stream of young scholastics moving with a speed which must have strained the Rules of Modesty well nigh to breaking point. Father Minister supplied the key to the mystery. The status or postings to

the different colleges had just been affixed to the notice board and the interested scholastics were hurrying thither with a speed in keeping with the enthusiasm of their indifference. There was soon a little crowd before the board. I understood the eager gaze and the stretched necks, but I could not quite understand the merriment and loud peals of laughter. Father Minister again supplied the key: one of the scholastics was known to have an equally strong liking for all the colleges except one, and a well marked aversion for this one exception, and there on the very top of the list was his name bracketed with the name of his pet aversion. Enough to raise a laugh among an unfeeling crowd, in which laugh it was a pleasure to see the victim join so heartily. This was the first impression I received in the *Collegium Maximum,* and the impression is still very much alive and has probably survived many others.

I found much to admire in Woodstock and its exquisite setting, and I try to do justice to it when my friends ask me about Woodstock. The Province of Maryland and New York reminds me of my own younger days when I was constantly outgrowing my clothes. The Provincial seems to be busy acquiring new estates to be turned into houses of formation, and negotiating for further acquisitions, but these fill as rapidly as they are acquired and there is always an overflow. There is health and vigor and wonderful growth in the Province of Maryland and New York and its young New England offshoot.

Of course, I met the full gathering of the Woodstock Scholastics, but as I had at my disposal only an hour and a half with some odd minutes, I could give them only a small taste of my eloquence, or rather verbosity, when I let myself go about our beautiful Bengal Mission and the mysterious East. Scholastics are an ideal audience: their intelligent and quick-witted appreciation naturally puts a speaker on his metal, and their young and warm-hearted enthusiasm fills him with confidence and is most gratifying and encouraging. I just enjoyed myself at Woodstock. In all my experience, I have met with only one audience more intensely appreciative still and more genuinely enthusiastic; but then there were 500 of them, the heart and brain of the most brilliant race in the world. The treat of my life has been, indeed, the two hours I spent in St. Patrick's Hall with the 500 ecclesiastical students of Maynooth, in October, 1915. It would be quite an interesting story to relate what took place on this occasion.

It began in characteristic Irish fashion, and I was nearly brought down before I was up. But the story would be too long.

Father Hanselman presided at my lecture in Woodstock, and it was indeed a kind Providence which thus brought me into contact with one who raised, shortly after, to a higher and more responsible position, became for me a true friend at court. I met Father Hanselman again in Rome, two years later, and in the course of some negotiations in the interests of the Missions in India he was more than a trusted adviser and willing helper; he was, indeed, my guide, philosopher and friend. Happy it was for me that I had first met him at Woodstock.

I have spent two summers in the States with 980 Park Avenue, New York, as my headquarters, and good Father John W. Fox as my banker and financial adviser. I have seen a good deal of the Society in the four provinces of the States, and everywhere I found plenty to admire. I think it would be impossible for any Jesuit to see what I have seen of the Society in America without carrying away with him an intensely increased love and affection for it and a well-justified pride. It may sound strange, but somehow I never seem to be where I am. When I am in America, where it would appear as if I must keep every faculty constantly on the alert to keep pace with the bustle and activity and the wonderful scale on which things move and work is done, my thoughts are constantly reverting to India and I dream about India, and get thoroughly home-sick for India. On the other hand, when I am back in India, and it would seem as if recollections of America must fade away as fast as the recollections of a cinema picture seen on the screen, my thoughts frequently revert to America, and the vividness of the recollections does not seem to be dimmed in the least by time. I frequently visit our missionaries working in the remote jungles of Chota-Nagpore and recently I was out in the wilds for 30 days during which I visited 19 mission stations. There, in the wilds, we talk about America, and the missionary, after a day's hard work among half naked Aboriginals, likes to listen to the glowing descriptions I give him of the greatness of the Society in America, and of all its wonderful institutions. I tell them all about Fordham and Georgetown, and Chestnut Hill and Worcester, and St. Charles avenue, New Orleans, and St. Louis and Loyola, Chicago, and Santa Clara and Ignatius Heights, describing

the grandeur of the buildings, the extent and beauty of the grounds, the charm of their location and setting, the number of college students and under-graduates, their religious and secular staff, and the high reputation all these institutions enjoy in the American world of education. Then I describe the magnificent churches of the Society in so many cities, and how, in practically all these churches, there are hourly Masses on Sundays from 6 to 11, and how, at every Mass, the church is full and hundreds of Communions at the earlier Masses. To all this the Missionary listens with manifest pleasure and pride; but what he likes best is when I tell him how, with all its greatness and prestige, it is exactly the same Society, exactly the same spirit, the same intimate community life, the same community routine, so that I had never to ask for the meaning of a ring of the community bell, and the Society spirit of simplicity and religious poverty, as well marked in the midst of apparently luxurious surroundings as in the mud-walled bungalow of a mission station. From the moment I crossed the threshold of any one of the houses of the Society in America I felt most perfectly at home, and the only thing which would make me feel less so was that as a brother Jesuit, come from afar, I was singled out for special marks of attention and charity. All our Missionaries know that it is America which has saved our Belgian Mission in India from the complete disaster with which it was threatened during the war and after it. The hearty welcome extended to me by the heads of every one of the American provinces, and the kind and disinterested generosity which granted me the use of the pulpits of all our great churches, made it possible for me to make our urgent needs known to the Catholics of America, and the Catholics of America have saved our Mission. Thousands of miles of ocean lie between our little Indian Mission field and the vast Mission fields of America, but a close union has sprung up between the laborers A. M. D. G. in these so widely distant fields.

I suppose two summers in America have made me American to a degree; I certainly cannot help being interested in everything American. I am interested in "Babe Ruth" (every American is) and in what takes place on Fitton Field or the Fordham or Georgetown campus. I felt as proud as the staunchest and most loyal supporter of Fordham when, in the season of 1920, I saw them win their sensational victory over the University of California, although the great Mr. Hoover, himself, was there to cheer the West-coast cham-

pions. I jumped up from my seat, and like every one else, cheered and cheered again the brilliant bit of combined work between the Fordham pitcher and second-baseman which culminated in the Berkeley leader walking back to the pavilion a crestfallen hero.

If a bit of brilliant baseball can rouse me to such earnest interest I may be believed when I say that every item of news, from the Society in America, which reaches me here is of great interest to me, and that when the WOODSTOCK LETTERS come into my hands they set me dreaming about America and all the very good friends who have been so kind to me there.

The obituary notices in the Jubilee Number were of very special interest to me. I had met good Father Zwinge at Baltimore during my stay there in 1918, and the services he rendered me and the valuable help he procured for our Mission during this critical year mark him as a great benefactor. Our Dear Lord must not have forgotten this disinterested charity when good Father Zwinge came up for his last and supreme account.

Although I met Father Joseph A. Mulry on two occasions only, I saw enough of him to realize the greatness of the loss sustained by the Province by his untimely death. My first visit to Fordham was in 1918, on the occasion of Commencement Exercises. I took my place in the solemn procession to the campus and, if my simple English gown made a poor show amidst the Doctors' gowns, my beard and inches made up for it, and judging from the looks I received, I must have been sufficiently ornamental. It was a great display, and Father Mulry, of course, was in all his glory. Monsignor Mooney presided over the ceremony, and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, was the principal speaker; and among the recipients of an honorary degree, pride of place fell to Father Richard A. Tierney. All the speeches were good, but Senator Walsh was simply magnificent. His oration is one of the most impressive I have ever heard anywhere.

Surely at such a gathering and, in the midst of so many calls upon Father Mulry by such a throng of distinguished visitors, I could not hope or presume to think that he might possibly give even the slightest attention to an unknown visitor even though he be a brother Jesuit. And yet, immediately after the great ceremony, Father Mulry came up to me to introduce me to Monsignor Mooney. Monsignor Mooney is a great friend of the Missions, and the introduc-

tion resulted in an immediate invitation, on his part, to stay with him over the week-end as his guest, and to preach in his church in W. 51st street. I have kept a warm and grateful recollection of this kindness of Father Mulry, and I can well sympathize with the Province of Maryland and New York in the loss of such a good and distinguished Jesuit at such an early age.

Father Barrett, in his obituary notice of Father Barnum, stated that he knew many things. I am sure, however, of one thing which he did not know and which he did not even suspect, and that is how very well known he was here in distant India. All my friends here in the various parts of the Mission have heard about Father Barnum as I have over and over again related the story of my meeting with him at Georgetown. It was on the occasion of my first visit to Georgetown, and on the little terrace overlooking the Potomac where the Community had met for recreation. Naturally the talk was about India, and in answer to some questions I was describing some of the most interesting things I have seen in India: the Taj Mahal and the Fort at Agra, the Dewan-I-Khas and marble baths in the fort at Delhi, Akbar's tomb at Secundra, the Residence and the Bavley Gate at Lucknow, etc. When I had finished, Father Barnum took up the subject and not only showed that he was perfectly acquainted with every detail I had given, but completed the description where I had been incomplete, and added details which had entirely gone out of my memory but came back as he recalled them and described them with wonderful accuracy. I turned to Father Rector and asked him the name of this Father, and when and how long he had been in India. I could not believe him when Father Rector answered that Father Barnum had never been in India. He added, "You may speak about China and Japan or any other part of the world in which you have been, and it will be just the same." I was not at all inclined to speak about China or Japan, but, if I remember well, I made a commonplace remark about the beauty of the Potomac and the magnificent panorama of Washington as witnessed from the Georgetown heights. I felt exactly like the missionary from Central America of whom Father Barrett speaks and I also said to myself: "I give it up; he knows more about India than I do." I have often related this and then asked what might be the explanation of this extraordinary psychological phenomenon. Whatever the explanation be it implies a wonderful power of as-

similation and retention by which Father Barnum beat the world just as well as another Barnum beat the world in another direction.

These short notes have become long ones; no one who knows me will be surprised at this: I am always long and have always been long, and I began to be long at a very early age. This will serve as my little reply from India to the Golden Jubilee Number. I hope to have some new items for the Diamond Jubilee of the LETTERS. Kindly remind me of my promise when the time for its fulfillment approaches.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

T. VAN DER SCHUEREN, S.J.

THE RELICS OF ST. IGNATIUS AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

During March and the following months of the year 1922 we witnessed a remarkable manifestation of faith and devotion, as our Fathers in Spain were celebrating the third centenary of the canonization of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and of St. Francis Xavier. Great celebrations took place throughout Spain, not only on March 12, the day of the anniversary, but also during the rest of the year. To add solemnity to the anniversary the skull-top of our Holy Father was brought to Loyola and the arm of St. Francis Xavier to his native place. The Roman Curia, it is said, rather hastened the return of the relic of St. Ignatius to Rome. Rumor had it that certain dignitaries of Spain, including the King, wanted to have so valuable a relic kept in the country.

The arm of St. Francis Xavier has traveled through many cities, towns and villages of Spain. One of Ours has always been in charge of the relic and accompanied it where ever it went. You can hardly imagine the devotion shown by the people towards St. Francis, one of their greatest compatriots. The reception committee in each city arranged a grand procession in which multitudes marched from the different depots to the Cathedrals or to the churches of the Society. The relic was always met by the parish priest and the Superior or Rector of our house or college of the city. High Masses were celebrated in honor of the great Apostle of the Indians, and in many places night vigils were kept. The churches were jammed with people. The poor as well as the rich, and the

nobles of Spain prayed for continuous hours before an arm of flesh still incorrupt after so many years. And they rejoiced, prayed and revived their faith in God, not because it was the arm of a great man of the world, nor that of a great conqueror, nor of a powerful king, but because it was the arm of a saint, of a fellow-Spaniard who, abandoning all that was dear to him, went to far lands to evangelize the people, to bring them all to God, their Master and Lord.

That arm has pictured vividly to the Spanish people the great labors of Xavier; his many baptisms administered to the pagans; his many absolutions, by which the saint opened to great sinners the golden gates of heaven; his numberless blessings bestowed on lands and peoples of every sort. Thus the arm of St. Francis Xavier, while in Spain, revived the faith of the people and animated all to become more fervent, it touched the hearts of many who were victims of human respect and indifferentism, and has even wrought true miracles, now restoring the use of paralyzed limbs, now radically curing diseases.

We, in Barcelona, were privileged to have the arm of St. Francis amongst us the night of November 10. After traveling through the different Provinces of the Society in Spain, the arm was brought to the House of Studies here. The Rev. Father Provincial of the Province of Aragon, with the high ecclesiastical dignitaries of the city and the Cardinal of Tarragona, who was here finishing his eight-day retreat, went to meet the relic at the depot. Of our community, only a few were allowed to go—representatives of the various Provinces assembled here. Father Motherway was the representative of the Missouri Province. As soon as the relic arrived at the depot, the party proceeded in automobiles to the Cathedral of Barcelona. Behind them the relic was carried in an elegant six-horse coach. After allowing the people to kiss the relic and satisfy their devotion, they came to Sarriá, the relic stopping on the way at the Convent of the Madames of the Sacred Heart. From this point a procession was formed of the members of our community. About three hundred took part in the procession and sang along the streets the hymn of St. Francis Xavier. Upon reaching our chapel in the College, the Te Deum was solemnly sung and all were given a chance to kiss the relic. Then it was brought to the Reparadores' Convent, returning here about 11 P. M. Our chapel was beautifully decorated, and on a high throne, on the main altar, the miraculous arm was exposed all night to

the people and members of the community, who took turns in watching before the relic for about an hour or so. I call it "the miraculous arm," for after so many years the incorrupt flesh is still stained with blood that flowed upon severing it from the body. The morning of November 11 began with a Solemn High Mass in honor of the saint and general Communion. Many of the faithful attended these exercises. After the High Mass, the Cardinal of Tarragona, at his own request, celebrated Mass before the arm of St. Francis. Immediately after breakfast the relic was carried to the sick in the infirmary and then followed a procession of farewell to the arm of our glorious Spanish Saint. We regret the fact that so precious a relic could not be kept here longer. Many were still anxious to see it, but as the relic had to be taken back to Rome as soon as possible, it was out of the question to keep it long in any one place. It is to be brought to many of our houses in France and Italy on its way back to the Eternal City, its resting place.

Another no less interesting feature of this week was the so-called "Semana Ignaciana"—a week devoted to the propagation of the idea of the spiritual retreats according to the methods of St. Ignatius. The Spanish Jesuits have taken the occasion of the fourth centenary of the Spiritual Exercises to spread more and more the knowledge of this splendid work. The celebration consisted of public assemblies in a prominent theater of Barcelona, in which assemblies the greatest Spanish authorities on the Exercises gave explanations of them from different view points. Several Bishops attended these lectures. The numbers were interspersed with Spanish musical selections. These assemblies attended by large crowds, lasted for about two hours every evening. The second part of the "Semana Ignaciana" consisted of an "exposición Ignaciana," Ignatian Exposition. In one of our colleges in Barcelona there is a large hall within whose beautifully decorated walls may be seen many old, but interesting documents concerning the Saint of Loyola, as well as objects used by the author of the Exercises. Among other things are numbered the real autograph of the Saint, several of his letters, the rules of the Society of Jesus written by him, the sword that he hung at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat a little while after his conversion, and a relic of the Saint. This relic is the forefinger of his right hand used in the composition of the golden book of the Exercises.

C. M. Palacio, S. J.

CELEBRATING SANTA CLARA'S CENTENARY

At the dusk of a day in the year 1822 a man stood pensively by the side of a long pile of adobe tiles, about the height of a hedge, the work of a long day—the beginning of the Mission of Santa Clara. The man was clad in the brown habit of St. Francis, shod in sandals, the cowl thrown back upon his shoulders. He was building for himself a dream; yet he was a cautious dreamer. He knew that the humblest dreams are oftenest fulfilled, so he tethered his fancy and builded his dream upon earth, and of adobe. He envisioned only a chapel; a cloister for his orisons; a shaded olive grove; and a harvest for the mouths of his neophytes, for they must be fed ere they would consent to be instructed. Having builded his dream, he lent it sinew in prayer. And the roof-tree rose before the year was out. And all that was one hundred years ago.

The monk died at length, but his Mission continued fruitful. Its fecundity it took from no single generation, but from all generations in succession. The first cowled figure passed from Matins to Lauds, and presently to Vespers and Compline, and in peace was gone at last. But the cloister did not hear the whisper of his passing, for other feet along its shadows took up the accustomed tread, and behold! a younger figure pacing out his Matins in the corridor! Thus that motive principle which had its expression through the humble nucleus of the Mission has persisted, and whether the robe be brown or black, Franciscan or Jesuit, whether the task be conversion or education, the first, indeed, being but a preliminary to the latter, the soul of the first Mission has lived these hundred of years.

The celebration of the Centenary of Santa Clara, during the first week of May, 1922, was in truth a eulogy of the Mission and the renaissance of a day that is gone; a hearkening back to an era, which, romantically beautiful as it has come to seem in retrospect, is a long and marked step backward from the present.

The commemorative program as announced by Reverend Father Rector, Zacheus J. Maher, following his plans out-

lined by his predecessor, Reverend Timothy L. Murphy, was as follows:

May 1.—Closing day of essay contest on "Mission Santa Clara" for High School pupils throughout the State.

2.00 P. M.—Special performance of the "Mission Play of Santa Clara" for Schools and Colleges, University Auditorium.

9.00 P. M.—Formal Centenary Ball, Hotel Vendome, San José.

May 2, 3, 4, 8.00 P. M.—"Mission Play of Santa Clara."

May 5, 2.00 P. M.—Opening of Rodeo.

May 6.—Alumni Day.
2.00 P. M.—Rodeo.
5.00 P. M.—Convention, U. S. C. Alumni Association.
6.30 P. M.—Annual Alumni Banquet.
8.30 P. M.—"Mission Play of Santa Clara."

May 7, 11.00 A. M.—Centennial Solemn High Mass.
12.30 P. M.—Genuine Spanish Barbecue.
2. P. M.—Closing events, Rodeo.
8.00 P. M.—Final Performance, "Mission Play of Santa Clara."

Of this hearkening to the past, the Mission Play of Santa Clara was the very voice. It is an epic of the Mission era during the period of the American occupation. To the peculiar genii of the Mexican regime, both in Government and Church, it gives specific manifestation and accoutrement; it hangs upon the thread of the times. Still, it is not lifeless in itself, like many a symbol; nor is it pompous or frowning in the consciousness of its historical import. The play is beautifully lyric; for California was a land, a century ago, of sacrifice, then conquest, and peace last of all; and these are the warp and woof of poetry. Small wonder that for us this poetry runs rank among the very stones of the Spanish courtyards. A San Francisco paper said of the Mission Play: "They turned the clock back 80 years at Santa Clara last night, back to the splendid idle forties, when, under the gentle rule of the brown-robed Franciscans, the Missions were in their glory; when dashing caballeros rode over their broad acres; when the tinkle of guitars and the clink of cas-

tanets filled the languid air; when the American flag first flew in the California breeze over Monterey."

The play was highly commended by the leading dramatic critics of the West. One of the most enthusiastic reviews was from a man, noted for his severity and frankness, who, when assigned to cover the play, said: "What! Do I have to sit through that amateurish thing?"

"A play of plays is in progress at Santa Clara" he wrote, "which, for dramatic strength, scenic beauty and acting of superfine quality merits the attendance of all lovers of fine drama finely produced.

"Martin V. Merle, author-producer, has evolved a stage performance of great interest to ear and eye, historically correct and mightily attractive through elaborate stage pictures enlivened by acting of young enthusiasts." After lauding the players individually and the perfectly trained ensemble, he concluded: "A great play, amazingly well produced. Stage settings of unusual beauty. Acting of a sort seldom seen off the professional stage. See it by all means. You will certainly be pleased beyond all expectation."

The Mission Play was poetry, in a sense, and so it would be an unpleasant thing, were it badly done. But it was most beautifully done; its beauty endured the infinite rehearsals, and the six performances; the thousand little frictions and conflictions of technical and mechanical detail; the dross that so dulls the gold.

Capacity houses greeted every performance. When it is realized that Santa Clara is 50 miles from San Francisco, this is in itself no small achievement and bespeaks the universal interest created by this dramatic triumph.

A feature of the play worthy of special commendation, is that its production interfered in nowise with the regular collegiate work. Try-outs were held in the Fall; rehearsals began in January and were held during recreation hours or on holidays. Not an hour of class or study was lost because of them. All of which is a compliment to the wonderful spirit of co-operation existing in the Student Body.

This spirit was the heart and vitals of the whole effort; perhaps because it was so distinctly Santa Claran. As one paper commented: "It is charactertistic of the Mission Centenary that every bit of the program is prepared and executed by 'sons' of the Mission, the students of the University whose traditions are rooted in the Golden West. The music of the play, every detail of its presentation, the costuming, the

scenery, the staging, are the work of students or alumni. The cast is entirely from the present Student Body. It is, throughout, a work of love."

Probably one of the most artistic creations of the Mission Play were the lavish interior decorations of the Auditorium. From the foyer to the footlights no detail was omitted to transform the prosaic walls of the theatre, now glorying in the sixtieth year of its existence, into a veritable Mission garden, whose atmosphere transported the audience back to the dim, distant days of "mañana." In the decorative scheme were used an immense quantity of artificial dogwood blossoms, together with thousands of palm branches and sprays of huckleberry. A permanent improvement was also effected by the installation of a system of indirect lighting.

The formal Centenary Ball, held at the Hotel Vendome, the Valley's most renowned hostelry, was the concluding function of the first day of Mission Week. This affair, sponsored by a committee of San José ladies, was attended by society folk from the entire Valley.

At the close of the week, for three thronged days, the crowds gathered at the Rodeo of Santa Clara. The Rodeo is the festival of the cattle, prairie and the round-up; an annual event during May or June, in the early days of California. Social festivities, too, were in order and demonstrations of feats of skill. This element of the celebration was entrusted to Jose Ramon Aurrecoechea, A.B. '17, a direct descendant of the Dons, who revived with all the color of California's faded past, the rodeos of a century ago. Under his direction Mission Field was transformed; arena and track supplanted gridiron and diamond, and where the caballero of old once sought favor by his feats of dash and daring, a later generation of horsemen renewed the ancient diversions of the fiesta.

For two weeks prior to the event, vaqueros came trooping into the gayly-decorated Mission town from rancho and range, to try their skill and fortune at roping, racing, bull-dogging and bronk-riding. Such was the array of horsemen, that with little effort the imagination stole back to the mad, glad, sunshine drenched days of California, when the whispered prayer of the Saint was mingled with the reckless cry of the caballero. Authorities on this sport peculiar to the far West, proclaimed the Santa Clara Rodeo a thorough triumph. The variety of events, the number and skill of the contestants, the collection of horses and stock participating, ranked it as the

best in years. And so it should have been, for when Pendleton, Prescott and Cheyenne were unknown, hearts were being broken and history made at the rodeos of Santa Clara.

Interest created by this feature of the Celebration was widespread; visitors came from far and wide to view this phase of the re-incarnation of the Mission days. Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, and party, attended, together with civic officers of the neighboring cities. Filmdom was represented by "Jackie" Coogan and other stars of the silver sheet.

The diminutive celebrity of the screen, accompanied by his parents, made a special trip from Hollywood for the occasion. Welcomed on his arrival by the entire aggregation of rodeo stars, and by city officials, he was escorted to the Hotel Vendome where breakfast was served in his honor. Thence a-top a tally-ho, reminiscent of the early California, and surrounded by a cordon of vaqueros, the child favorite of the films proceeded, amid a blare of trumpets, to St. James Park, where he inaugurated Coogan-Poppy Day by auctioning off the first poppies—not the ordinary variety that color fields and border gardens in California—but a type that bloomed especially for Santa Clara, as their inscription testified; and "golden" poppies they proved to be. This novelty, so auspiciously begun, was carried on by a bevy of young ladies belonging to various Catholic organizations in the vicinity and within a short while, Santa Clara poppies were universally displayed throughout the Valley.

The Centenary Celebration was in reality a home-coming of the "old boys." The meeting held prior to the annual Alumni Banquet took on the appearance of an international convention. Cablegrams gave assurance that Santa Clarans abroad were present in spirit. The banquet itself was held in the adobe building, now used as the Students' Dining Hall. These walls, redolent with memories of generations, rang with merriment as the sons of Santa Clara gathered around the festive board. Former presidents of the University were the guests of honor. Hon. Joseph Scott, Ph.D. '10, of Los Angeles, the principal speaker of the evening, struck a sympathetic chord as he eloquently pictured the evolution of the Mission and the work accomplished by the Fathers in education and culture.

After the banquet the Alumni assembled en masse for the presentation of the Mission Play. In the audience were many who had participated in its première in 1913; assurance was theirs that the flaming torch of drama and art, which they had

jealously handed on to their successors, had not dimmed in the interim.

Gorgeous with artistic beauty, pomp and splendor was the Centennial High Mass at the close of the celebration. Within the shadow of the Mission walls, at the foot of the Cross the Padre at his advent had set as a symbol of his task, the altar was erected. The outer campus, carpeted with grass and golden poppies beneath a May sky, was Nature's own basilica.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the silver bells, presented a century ago by Carlos Cuarto of Spain, announced the procession to the altar. In the vanguard moved gay hidalgos and dashing caballeros from the Mission Play of Santa Clara; there followed long lines of scarlet-clad altar boys, diocesan clergy, members of various religious orders and the officiating priests in vestments of gold.

Long before the ancient silver-tongued bells chimed their message, Governor William H. Stephens and his party arrived for the religious ceremonies. "El Prologo" of the Mission Players, buoyant with the spirit that has colored California with fascination and romance, welcomed the State's executive with the words: "Excellentia! In the name of the Mission I bid you welcome to Santa Clara."

Through a delicate maze of blossoms, the background of the sanctuary, the thousands of spectators thronged in reverence before the altar, beheld the ivy-covered walls of the Old Mission and heard a choir of 200 voices render an impressive Mass, all blending into a perfect ensemble of color, form and harmony.

Amid such a setting, where his predecessors had offered Holy Mass a century ago, the Franciscan Provincial of California, assisted by two of his Order, enacted that same sacrifice which only the passing of a hundred years made possible. Surely, his thoughts must have been with Serra in his grave at Carmel, and with Catala under the stone by the altar in the Mission.

In eloquent language, Monsignor Joseph M. Gleason of Palo Alto, eminent authority on the Mission lore of California, depicted the humble beginnings of the now famous landmark, the trying times through which it passed, and the cherished associations and memories that bind Santa Clara to a hallowed era in the history of the State. Thrilled by the picture, his hearers read into those mouldering walls and there beheld, not the handiwork of pioneers of the West, but a labor of love, devotion and sacrifice of generations of Saints.

After the Mass, Governor Stephens and party, with a gathering of prominent citizens of the Valley and the Bay Cities, were guests of Reverend Father Rector at a luncheon served in the Students' Dining Hall.

Another touch of realism redolent of the long ago, when life was in the open and the tastes of men less fastidious, was added by the Coyote Club of Salinas at Sunday noon, in the form of a Spanish barbecue. The Coyote Club is a gathering of pioneer families of the State, and includes among its members several alumni of the University. A toothsome repast was prepared and served on the inner campus, savory beef and frijoles were the substantials. Here were accommodations for the thousands who would sate their appetites whetted by life in the great out-doors.

Nothing, perhaps, ever undertaken by Santa Clara received such extensive publicity. The Mission was a mecca for feature writers and staff photographers seeking, for the various dailies, atmosphere which retrospect has colored with romance. Magazines gave it prominence in their columns. Though the character of the Celebration was thoroughly Catholic, all California was heartily in accord with it. Thus, an editorial in the San Francisco *Examiner* sounded the keynote of the Centenary: "Every Californian who knows and loves his State knows that the 'difference' of which most Americans speak, when they first reach this part of the country, is traceable directly to the fact that the first colonists in California were not after wealth or commercial opportunity primarily, but were Missionaries aiming at the salvation of human souls. He must understand, then, the great importance of the founding of these Missions which start at San Diego and end at Sonoma.

"To re-create oneself anew in the springs of California history and the California Spirit, no better prescription, one believes, could be offered than the suggestion to visit Santa Clara some time during the current week."

A eulogy of the Mission though the Centenary was, as it was a eulogy at the graveside. The Mission of Santa Clara, indeed, is the dream of the monk in the dusk beside the wall; is but a garment cast off, a tool laid aside; a relic of an elder day, it is no longer needed. But reverence at a tomb is a matter to be quickly done with—particularly if the tomb is an old one, and they who are gathered there are soon dispersed to the field and the road and the city. California unbends her knee, and prepares to sow her own seed—the heritage of

the hundred years of the Mission. The heritage is one of education and culture, the University rising out of the dust of the Mission, the lily out of the dead lips of the Saint.

Education has this in common with the Church, and with rivers, perhaps, that her march must be ever down all the miles of time, till time moves no more; for man's need of education will not cease till the day of Revelation. The vision of the monk, at eventide a century ago, no doubt did not extend as far as this, for his care was only for the most pressing and immediate needs of his time; and perhaps it was better. But standing upon the work that he has built, we can see farther than he, and we can build our dream beside the foundation of a great University.

Thus, from the vantage of one hundred years, both a hope and a fulfillment are within our uplifted vision. Like flower within flower, every fulfillment bears a further hope. There is a road before us, the end of which we cannot see; but there is a long road behind us, and the half-done task impels us to its completion. From Mission to University, "Consider how far you have already come."

JOSEPH J. DONOVAN, S.J.

THE TEACHERS' SODALITY, ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA

In May, 1922, the Teachers' Sodality of Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom and St. Francis Xavier was nearly seven years old, the first meeting having taken place on November 2, 1915.

The foundresses numbered 15. Every year saw an increase in membership until it reached 122 on the above date in 1922, and included six Religious, four who attend only on Sundays and 112 in full attendance. A few are music teachers, four or five are teachers in parochial or private schools, and the rest are employed in the high schools and grade schools of the city. The ages run from 20 or 21 to 65; the average would be about 35.

The Monday meetings are at 4.30 P. M. and last one hour, with reading, beginning at 4.25, office, conference and Benediction as the details. On the second Sunday of the month, there is a Mass and General Communion at 8 A. M., Thanksgiving in common, breakfast, and from 9.30 to 10.30 the

exercises of the Monthly Recollection: Monthly Examen of Conscience, Prayers for a Happy Death, Meditation, Benediction and Monthly Act of Consecration. These exercises are replaced by feast celebrations on the two patronal feasts, and on Foundresses' Day and Pilgrimage Day. The Council meeting is held on all the second Sundays. Meetings are never omitted unless on full holidays in the public schools.

At several of the monthly meetings a presentation is made to Our Lady of *Little Flowers,* acts of devotion done for the Souls in Purgatory (November), in the spirit of penance (Lent), and out of love for her (May). The presentation is made by the Prefect in a hearty and inspiring address.

From the beginning, attendance has been particularly insisted on. As a result, the Sodality could boast of 22 never absent last year, and of 22 others not absent over four times, while of the 278 meetings since the beginning, six members attended 270, and 20 were not absent over eight times, and this notwithstanding bad weather, teachers' meetings in school and sickness at home. The average attendance would have been about 34 meetings out of 41. The average number present last year was something over 86. An excuse is always required for absence.

Mention has been made of the patronal feasts. That of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom, transferred to the second Sunday in May, is New Year's Day in the Sodality. On that and on St. Francis Xavier's Day, transferred to the first or second Sunday in December, there is solemn reception of new members. The ceremonial is very solemn indeed. There is a written address to the candidates, outlining the sodalist's duties in this Sodality, and the Act of Consecration is recited by the candidates singly before the Blessed Sacrament exposed at Benediction.

Foundresses' Day comes in February, and is celebrated with a literary and musical academy. The topic is something touching the Sodality, such as Great American Sodalists, Noteworthy Sodalities.

Pilgrimage Day is on the second Sunday of October. On that day, the Sodality goes to some Convent and spends the day there, religious exercises giving a flavor to the social gathering. Contact with the various Sisterhoods has been a revelation to many of the members, not a few of whom received their whole education in Public Schools.

The sections have varied somewhat, old ones being dropped and new ones instituted as there was need or occasion. In the

first years, there were Sections composed of those who made 15 minutes of meditation daily, who said the beads every day, who went to Communion once a week, who made up the stipends for two Masses a month for the Sodality, who provided fresh flowers for the altar and shrine. The Meditation Section was discontinued in 1921, as its zealous head had induced practically all the members to join. Meditation after that became an obligatory custom of the Sodality according to the Rules. The Rosary Section was dropped in 1920, the saying of the beads then being universal, and so it was possible to put that detail of the Rules in force. In 1917, practically all went to Communion once a week and so the standard of the Communion Section was raised to at least twice a week. In May, 1922, there were 61 members of this Section, with nearly 40 daily Communicants. The Mass Section was discontinued in 1921, the stipend money being taken thereafter from the Common Fund. So was the Flower Section, which was merged with the Sanctuary Section.

There is a Choir Section in the Sodality; a Literature Section, to contribute used literature for the prisons, etc.; a Reparation Section, to recite the aspiration *Thy Kingdom Come* frequently, as a means of reparation when one sees or hears something wrong done or said, and also as a help to the spirit of recollection; a Sanctuary Section, to contribute at least 5 cents a month towards the upkeep of the Chapel; a Spiritual Reading Section; a Visit Section, to make visits for the Sodality. The Prayer Pact is another Section. The members pool all the impetratory part of their good acts every Sunday and the whole is applied by four different sets of members in rotation through the month to any object they wish to pray for. The Self-denial Section is the latest addition to the list. A printed paper of little acts is distributed every month for the members to choose two for the coming month. This Section was not enthusiastically received at first, only about 30 responding, but the membership is now considerably above the majority.

Besides the Literature Section and the Reparation Section, the Sodality's work for the neighbor includes the Holy Souls Section, which contributes indulgenced good works for the suffering souls, and the Mission Section. This used to collect and sell cancelled stamps and tinfoil for the Missions. Stamp collecting was given up in 1922, as the return did not compensate for the labor, and the work of the Propagation of the Faith was taken up instead. It has proved remarkably

fruitful of results. The Sodality also supported, by the Orphans' Section, two French war orphans during their preparatory studies for the priesthood. The Section was replaced early in 1921 by a general Sodality work of founding a scholarship in St. Joseph's College or High School, if possible, for a poor boy looking to the priesthood. One scholarship has already been founded and another is well under way. Finally, the Sewing Section sews for the poor, especially little children preparing for First Communion.

Of Academies, there have been three. In the Catholic Doctrine Academy, lectures on doctrine or on such topics as *Evolution* were given to some 40 members. The plan was changed in 1918, and one detail of dogma or moral at a time has been explained since then at each meeting. The Parliamentary Body, aimed at cultivating debate and the art of governing assemblies. The Reading Academy had for its purpose the diffusion among the teachers and outside of Catholic pamphlet literature, two pamphlets a month being distributed. Besides this academic work, the College course of Theodicy was given to 18 of the teachers in 1922.

Each of the Sections named above has a head, on whom it devolves to work up her membership and report three times a year to the Council or Sodality. The Parliamentary Body has the ordinary officers of a debating society.

The organization of the Sodality is that commonly used in such bodies. The Higher Officers are a Prefect and two assistants, a Secretary, an Instructress of Candidates and a Treasurer. There are 12 Consultors, whose duty is limted to advising.

The record of attendance is kept by the Director. Printed envelopes with blank spaces for date, dues, excuse for absence and name are used at each meeting. The Treasurer takes out the dues and records them and sends the Director the other details. He copies them himself in a book, by this means controlling the attendance, which is the mainspring of this Sodality. It is he, also, who sends inquiries to absentees that fail to hand in an excuse.

The officers and officials are all changed on the Sodality's New Year's Day every year, the only exception being the Organist and the Sacristan. It will not be necessary hereafter to keep even the Organist in office two years in succession, as there are now five or six for the post, and the head Sacristan is new already every year in the sense of not having been head before.

The officers are appointed, not elected. But a secret vote of the Council is taken on the higher officers, and a secret vote of the Sodality on those of Prefect and Assistants. The votes are advisory and the Director generally follows the advice, but is himself responsible for the appointment. This has proved an excellent plan and has resulted in giving the body able and devoted officers and in preventing canvassing, cliques and jealousies. These things, in fact, are unknown in this Sodality the way they are in many others.

It is easy to carry out the prescription requiring selectness, for the Sodality has the reputation of aiming high, and such as do not wish that do not apply. It is said to number among its members the very finest element of the teacher body in the city. Occasionally, a teacher has presented herself as a candidate and has afterwards withdrawn. During the present year, one came who was otherwise desirable, but she discovered that no one who kept company with a non-Catholic was admitted to membership and she dropped out forthwith. A similar case happened two years ago.

The conferences include two parts—a short bit of dogma or moral, as has been said, and a talk on some subject likely to be of a spiritual profit to just that audience. Thus, for instance, in the first division Fundamental Ethics was discussed in a good number of meetings, and the Mass, the Sacrament of Penance, Evolution, the Commandments, Matrimony. In the second, Points of the Daily Life (25 talks); Current Mistakes (12 talks); Duties (26 talks); the Devout Life (31 talks); Prayer (14 talks); the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, the Sodality Rules. At each meeting, too, the anniversaries of the dead of the Sodality—including near relatives—are announced, and the ecclesiastical events of the following week are noted.

The style used in addressing the Sodality is that of simple and direct talk. The Director speaks from notes, seated at a little table placed on the floor of the Chapel. He has about 20 minutes altogether.

It was quite difficult to get the teachers acquainted, and several years passed before much general sociability was produced. But there has always been a bright and cheery feeling among them and towards the Sodality, and a sense of belonging to a body that was well worth while. This has been a precious asset in the work and has kept the members remarkably devoted to the Sodality and unwilling to give it up, even when there were many calls on them from other sources. A

considerable help towards mutual acquaintance and appreciation has been the having of a Sodality Villa at the seaside, where 10 or 12 could be accommodated at a time.

The administration of the rules, common and local, has been strict as far as the body is concerned, but very gentle and considerate as they touch the individual. The practice is, perfect confidence in the good will of each, and the avoidance of urging beyond it. Scolding and nagging have been most carefully eschewed. This does not mean that the members have never undertaken anything they would have preferred not to touch, but where they have, it is their own will, moved by motives presented of the supernatural order and by the good example of their fellow members. Where something unpopular was on the program, the plan was first to secure a few volunteers and trust to their example to draw others. The volunteer principle has been kept constantly in mind, and once, about two years ago, as many had entered the Sodality before certain things not in use at the beginning were introduced to complete the program, but which involved self-denial and labor, it was announced that they would not be required to do them, but might leave the Sodality then without disgrace. The effect was to clear the air and make the members still more anxious to remain.

In the early Sodalities, the Director was called simply Father. This has been the keynote of the Director's attitude in the Teachers' Sodality. He has regarded all the members as his children and, with exception of a few of the very oldest, has called them by their first name, insisting that they shall call one another the same way, as being members of the same great family. The effect has been distinctly good, making it possible for them to deal with him with ease and confidence though with respect, and for him to deal with them with the spirit of a father, laying down plans, guiding, disapproving, correcting, suggesting, praising and encouraging, and even reproving, as the occasion demanded. He has not hesitated to place before them the practice of the highest kind of virtue, as he thought it likely that they could be got to respond, and he has only once or twice met with unwillingness, and then in individuals.

Does the Teachers' Sodality do any good? To answer this question fully, it would be necessary to reveal secrets which are not at the disposition of the writer. But here are some things that may be told. The Sodality has preserved the Faith from utter collapse in some cases, has counteracted infidel teaching in others, has infused principles of Catholic

living in a great many, has brought nearly all to more frequent reception of the Sacraments. It has created or deepened in all devotion to Our Lady, and has inspired them with zeal for the personal perfection required by the rules in her Sodalist servants. It has sustained and comforted many under trial, temptation and suffering. It has given all, perhaps without exception, an entirely new view of life, rendering the supernatural familiar. Indeed, new Candidates, as they report, hardly come among the members before they feel they are in a different atmosphere, where the chief element of the air they breathe is the supernatural. Aims, ambitions, conversation, motives, they say, are all different from those you meet outside.

The Teachers' Sodality is clearly attractive to its members. What is the attraction? Put briefly, we may single out the following details. Devotion to Our Lady is made much of and is made a tender and strong thing in Sodality works. Encouragement is given by word of mouth and by example to practice thoroughly Catholic things like frequent Communion, which many non-Sodalists would take up only they are afraid of what people will say of them. The sense of having petitions backed up so powerfully—and Our Lady has answered a great many Sodality prayers for the members; the remembrance of their dear departed ones on their anniversaries and once a year in common; the fact that on each member's death each of the others must have a Mass said for her; the variety there is in the events of the year; the realization that anyone may be chosen to fill any office, seeing the yearly change of officers; the meeting of people with like interests—these are some of the details.

There is another item for this list, perhaps the most telling of all. That is the personal interest of the Director in each. This is a very difficult matter to keep up because of the number and because of natural traits so very different and sometimes not at all attractive, and besides it is not possible to see the individual often or for any long time. The chief occasion is before and after regular meetings. After it, nearly all are in a hurry to get home for supper; before, many cannot come until meeting time. The only way, then, is to let no one into the Sodality without getting well acquainted with her, taking in her home surroundings, her school work, her companions, her education and whatever of her spiritual life may be on the surface. The ice thus broken for good and all, a word now and again is sufficient to keep up the personal interest desired. A yearly visit to the Director at the Residence and an oc-

casional brief note would help a great deal, but it has not been possible to use these means with a large number.

Thorough-going Sodalities of people young enough regularly produce Religious vocations. This is so of the Teachers' Sodality to only a limited extent. There are eight members who have joined religious orders, and three or four more who want to join as soon as they can, and no doubt many more would if they could. But very few of the members are free to leave home. Parents, brothers or sisters or others depend on their support. To do the best they can, however, not a few have undertaken in the world a life beyond the ordinary, binding themselves by temporary or even perpetual vows.

One of the great features of the Sodality, no doubt the most important single instrument for good, is the annual retreat. The proposition to make one had to be approached cautiously in the beginning and with fear even that the majority would not respond. But they did, and after a few experiences, the retreats became closed. Four days are spent in a convent at the work. The regular time is at the end of the school year. It is very encouraging to see that the Sodality wants the Exercises of St. Ignatius pure and simple, and not that series of lectures and pious discourses which they hear is sometimes given to bodies like theirs. The Exercises, accordingly, are given them, generally a whole day at the Foundation, a day and a half at the First Week, and the rest at the Kingdom, the Standards, Classes and Degrees and such meditations from Our Lord's Life as are suitable for them, ending with the Contemplation for the Love of God. Nothing of the highest spirituality is omitted, and it is edifying to see how many take up with marked profit the practice of downright self-denial, the third degree of humility and so on.

One purpose has been constantly in mind throughout the seven years of the Sodality's existence—the carrying out of the new Sodality Rules of 1910. It may be said that this has actually been done, as far as the rules regard an individual Sodality. One thing is abundantly clear, namely, that these rules, the hardest of them, can be perfectly executed in America. This is sometimes called in question, but *contra factum, etc.* Neither is it a most difficult matter, provided the Director has sufficient time to foresee, plan and prepare. Of course, though, he must be thoroughly interested in the work and be willing to learn from experience and to study how to do the work when he does not know.

ELDER MULLAN, S.J.

LETTER OF FATHER M. McNEAL ON HIS WAY TO JAPAN

Steamship Tuscaloosa City,
Pacific Ocean, June 1, 1922.

Dear Father Editor,
P. C.:

After we got out into the Pacific from the Panama Canal we had an uneventful but not uninteresting run up the coast to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles. This run lasted from the evening of May 5 to the morning of May 15. It was made interesting by the sight of the shore of which we got frequent glimpses from time to time, and by the abundance and strange character of the marine life in this part of the Pacific. I may also add that it was made delightful by the most charming weather, for the most part quite cool and never hot enough to be oppressive, though you must remember that we were far enough to the southward to have the Southern Cross in sight for a good part of the time.

I was puzzled at first to find that for a day and more after leaving the Canal we were sailing in a southwesterly direction. This I found due to the fact that the so-called "Western" or Pacific end of the Canal is at the northern end of the Gulf of Panama, and in order to get out of this gulf we had to sail southward and round a considerable elbow of the little Republic of Panama before we could turn due westward and then northwest along the coast to California. As it took us some time to do this I began to realize that this little Republic is somewhat larger than a peanut. In fact, it is over three hundred miles long, and varies in breadth from thirty to a hundred miles, and has a total area about as big as the State of Maine. With its tropical climate and varied population, white, brown, yellow and red, it is quite capable of kicking up as much historical, political and diplomatic dust as a thorough-going independent government should do now and then. After passing Panama and heading well on our course to the northwest we were still in sight of land for some time.

This land I found to be the Republic of Costa Rica, the most prosperous of the Central American Republics, and for that reason somewhat slow to enter the Central American Union, the other members of which enjoy a rather shaky financial reputation. The contour of the coast was very beautiful, showing a fine skyline of mountains covered with tropical forest. The next Republic is Nicaragua, famous for its canal project so long a rival to the claims of Panama. I do not think we saw much of this land for it sets back to the eastward and so, in keeping our course, we passed along it somewhat out of sight of land.

Though we lost sight of the land, interest was amply sustained by what we could see in the water. By night it was swarming with phosphorescent animalculae, less brilliant and numerous indeed than what we had observed in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean, but still quite an entertaining display. By day its surface was almost incessantly skimmed by flying fish, now singly darting for refuge in the air from some unseen enemy under the surface, now rising in whole schools like a flock of birds, songless, but making up in the brilliancy of their iridescent glassy wings and scales for what they lacked in voice; and not altogether soundless either, for the hum of their wings, like that of some rapidly moving insect, gave warning of their appearance so that one knew in due time which way to look for them.

Honduras, like Nicaragua, lay somewhat too retired to be seen from our course, but the sea still upheld its interest. And the sky took a hand in the game, so that we had as fine a little display of fireworks as you could get some hot summer afternoon when Boston or New York or Baltimore had been sweltering beyond endurance and suddenly the gathering clouds have threatened to smash things up generally before vouchsafing a generous downpour of refreshing rain. Every electric wire about began snapping and spitting, "Sparks," the wireless man, found his office quite a hotbox, and a particularly vicious little bolt took a nip out of one of the topmasts. Then, of course, a delightful cool evening and a smiling heaven as innocent looking as a child whose temper has overpast.

During the day these sunlit seas had always something new to show us. Huge porpoises could be seen indulging in their elephantine gambols on the surface of the deep, spraying their broad backs in boyish sport or hurling their big bulk into the air and describing a graceful arc as they returned for a

plunge into the depths. Often they appeared singly or in pairs; more rarely in great schools covering a considerable area of the horizon. Their speed was remarkable. Far from experiencing any difficulty in keeping up with the steamer, they were oftenest to be seen far ahead, keeping well in front of our prow like a platoon of mounted police clearing the way for a procession.

When the porpoises were no more to be seen we kept a lookout for sea-turtles. It had to be a sharp lookout at that. For these monsters, though measuring from four to six feet in diameter, were, for the most part, swimming a few inches under water, not even their heads protruding, and their shells covered with slime and sea-weed were so much the color of the dark green water that it was a keen eye indeed that could discern them. They might be seen in twos or threes almost any time during the day, and at times they appeared in schools that covered all the sea around the ship. Two huge blackfish, a sort of amphibious creature that abounds in these waters, were caught up with and passed one evening, but the real event of importance in this line was the sighting of two real, live whales. They were the first I had ever seen, and realizing the situation, they arose to the occasion and behaved as all good whales always do in such circumstances and set up showers of spray and sported about in a truly admirable fashion.

Salvador and Guatemala, the most northern of the Central American Republics, lie less retired than Honduras, but I doubt if we got even so much as a glimpse of their coasts. I could not, however, help thinking as we plowed the peaceful waters off their shoreline, of the seething world of petty politics and latent revolution we were passing, a world of which I had often read in the papers and in the delightfully satirical pages of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings," but to which I never dreamed I should be as close as I was during these halcyon days.

Clouds gathered and the tired wind freshened and the sea ruffled a bit, and we knew that we were crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and that meant that we had passed the southern boundary of Mexico. I was anxious to get what I knew would be my only glimpse of that afflicted land for whose affliction we Americans cannot but sadly feel that we are in a great degree responsible. Point Angel afforded the first view, a bold headland with a wooded island lying off the end of it. From this point all the way up to Manzanilla we could see

the shore at a distance of between twenty and thirty miles; a continuous panorama of the Sierra Madre and its foothills. Through the warm sea-haze we could distinguish the contour of the various ranges, the green foothills evidently covered with luxuriant forest or jungle, gulches furrowing their sides like great open wounds, cañons leading back to the higher peaks a mile and more in height seen dim and mysterious against the skyline. To sit on the captain's deck and view with the unaided eye or through a glass this splendid silent panorama across a sea of undulant sapphire was an experience never to be forgotten. Mexico! here was the land of the Aztecs, and of Cortes, and of Maximilian, and of Diaz, and of all the mad procession of lust and blood and greed and graft that has come since the passing of the great Dictator. What tragedies lay beyond those mountains! What revolutions smouldered in those cañons! What invisible wires, held in what alien fingers, moved and controlled the melodramatic puppets that did duty for officers of war and State in that nondescript realm, a republic without a public, a monarchy without a king. Conscience smites one to think of how often one has joined in the chorus of criticism which every American thinks himself at liberty to raise against his Government and its officers when rather we should be daily on our knees thanking God for the blessings of peace and order we enjoy; not our own work for we have done little enough to upbuild or maintain it; not our own desert for we should be Pharisees indeed to imagine ourselves so far the superiors in virtue to our brethren across the Border.

We lost sight of land again as we crossed the mouth of the Gulf of California. Our next glimpse of it was Cape San Lucas, the southern end of the peninsula of Lower California, that wild and unknown region cut off from our California by an imaginary line, and cut off from the rest of Mexico by the Colorado River and the aforesaid Gulf. A weird region this, with a wonderful history of Jesuit missionary work among the most degraded of the red race, a work interrupted by the suppression of the Society and utterly destroyed by the rapacity of so-called patriots. Neglected by the two adjacent republics, this land has become the scene of a number of alarming Japanese fairy-tales, zealously propagated by the patriotic publisher of our yellowest journals. Along its coast lies the much-talked of Magdalena Bay from which the Japanese Navy was supposed to be crouching for a spring at our fair coast cities. Seen from the "Tuscaloosa City" the shore

looked gaunt and wild enough to harbor almost any menace or monster. An irregular outline of wild hills contrasted with the rich verdure of the mountains we had seen to the southward. The broken shore, dotted with dangerous rocks and islands, was marked here and there by lights none too well tended by the light-house service of the existing Mexican Government which doubtless has more urgent matters to think of nearer home. While coasting along here we passed the "Steel Ranger," a sister ship of the Isthmian Line, and exchanged wireless messages with her and a few wig-wags on the searchlight. The list of place-names along this shore reads like a Litany of the Saints and justifies the boast of the old Spanish poet, Calderon, that Satan, in search of harbor, could find no place in the Spanish Empire which his accursed bark might enter.

The cool weather we enjoyed during this part of the trip afforded an opportunity to visit the engine-room through which I was conducted by Captain Pratt and Chief Engineer Siegelman who called attention to more interesting things than I can hope to record here. A steep ladder of steel led us down to a fully equipped machine shop with a store of all sorts of duplicate parts for every emergency that might arise aboard ship. A still deeper plunge into the vitals of the vessel brought us down to the turbine, a busy little thing not much bigger than a flour barrel, all boxed in with steel and singing sweetly to itself on a perpetual high key while it nonchalantly reeled off 3,200 revolutions a minute. There are two of these little wonders, one of them taking its steam directly from the boilers, the other taking the used steam from the former one. Going forward through a low door and a short tunnel, we came to the boiler room itself. The "Tuscaloosa" being an oil-burner, this room had none of the mussy appearance usually associated with the stoking of furnaces. The furnaces were there and the fire, a glance through a little mica window in the furnace door told you at a glance what a terrible fire it was, smokeless, whitehot, roaring; Dante's "Inferno" had quite a mild climate by comparison; but there was not a spot of dust or soot to be seen. A few little valves controlled the flow of the oil which was stored in great tanks just forward, and instead of brawny stokers, a few quiet, vigilant men kept going back and forth to see that the appetite of the furnaces was kept satisfied. Another low door astern of the turbine room led into the shaft alley where, supported on blocks of steel and bathed in oil, the propeller

shaft was spinning about somewhere between eighty and ninety times a minute. It is connected with the turbine by gears and the operation of stepping down from the high speed of the rotary engine to the more moderate speed suitable for the propeller shaft causes the high singing note which I had heard whenever the turbines were in action.

And now, at last, the shore of our own California was in sight, or at least it should have been, but it was for the most part shrouded in a morning fog. But seeing is not everything, as I soon learned. "Sparks" called me up to his perch, clapped a pair of receivers over my ears and in a few minutes I was listening in on the morning conversations going on between the Movie folks on Santa Catalina Island and their partners up in Los Angeles. It was amusing, and at the same time uncanny to hear the telephone girl called and the number given, the person called respond and discussion commence over some order for groceries or a laundry bill or other matter of business, and then the usual closing of the interview with perfect distinctness of utterance and distinction of voices, and all drawn out of the air from two places neither of which was in sight or had ever been seen by me. These rather prosy conversations were suddenly broken in on by a burst of music when one of the battleships lying in the harbor began sending out its daily radio program for the entertainment of the neighborhood. We soon ran into San Pedro Bay which, though 20 miles from Los Angeles, is the harbor of that city, connected with it by a high-speed interurban electric railroad. We docked for oil at 11 in the morning, and I had from then till 5 in the afternoon to reach Los Angeles and do the town. I did it. The interurban fairly flew along a chain of pretty suburban towns interspersed with truck gardens which latter I was given to understand were largely controlled and operated by Japanese. This I had to take on faith for I really saw very few members of that race, either along the line or in the city. The electric train landed me right in the heart of the business district of Los Angeles, and I could see at a glance that it was an up-to-date and wide-awake town, its commercial center having grown up with lofty buildings and excellent stores around the park of palms which had been the plaza of the original old Spanish city. I headed for the Jesuit College of Loyola which I reached by an interesting trolley ride through a prosperous and beautiful zone of the city. Arrived there, I was surprised and delighted at the substantial and artistic character of the new building, the

existence of which was quite news to me. The Reverend Father Rector greeted me cordially, gave me the letters which were awaiting me from the East and insisted on my taking lunch, though I told him I was too anxious to see things in my limited time to give many moments to anything so prosy as eating. But the delay was profitable, for while I was stowing away substantials and topping off with California oranges, the Father Treasurer had secured a student with an automobile who kindly volunteered to take me to Hollywood. This young man rejoiced in the grand old Catholic name of Alan MacDonald, and with him at the wheel I sped along palm-bordered streets, past the big Movie studios and along avenues until we came to a beautiful bower of palms and cedars which I recognized as the garden of the Jesuit Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Right at the entrance was posted one of those memorial bells erected by the California Historical Society to commemorate the date of the first Mass on that spot. Again, swift but cordial exchange of greetings, a little conversation with Father Philippi who knew many of our eastern Fathers from Woodstock days, and meanwhile the kind Brother in charge was gathering up some packages which had been sent by parcel post from Washington, and preparing me some California wine for Mass during the rest of my trip. This done, I was off again by trolley along Hollywood avenue and through I know not how many miles of beautiful streets running uphill and down dale and lined with terraced gardens all run over with some kind of pink flowering vine and dotted with the most inviting little bungalows, a background of mountains, purple and green and gold showing at times through some break in the hills or vista of the streets; then there was a swift plunge through two tunnels cut right in the hills of this residence district, and I suddenly found myself back in the middle of town. A few steps took me to the Pacific Electric Station in time for the train which was to take me to the "Tuscaloosa" at San Pedro. On the return trip I caught a glimpse of the hill covered with derricks which gives evidence of the growing oil business of Los Angeles. I also noticed a number of Japanese in the car, among them a lady and her little girl who seemed quite at home in American garb and millinery.

The swift interurban hurried me down to San Pedro in time for supper aboard the "Tuscaloosa City." Amid the gathering shadows and clustering lights of the evening, she drew out of the river and into the spacious bay. Huge hulks

of battleships drifted astern blinking strange signals from their antennae. Into the dying sunset we sped past the two headland lights. Behind us the city and its adjacent towns were marked by spots of electric glow along the horizon. At last, only one such spot remained faintly discernible. I strained my eyes to keep it in sight. It faded and failed. It was the last glimpse of my native land.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

PAPAL RELIEF IN RUSSIA

We preface the following letter from Father Edmund A. Walsh who, since his arrival in Russia, has traveled over the greater part of it on his mission of charity, with this clipping from the *Bombay Examiner,* September 2, 1922. Father Walsh's first purchase was 861 tons of foodstuffs, flour, rice, corn, milk, fats, bacon, tea, cocoa, sugar, beans, etc. He adds in a private note to the Editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, "I know now why Divine Providence permitted me to get some knowledge of foreign lands, foreign trade and economics when helping to organize the Georgetown School of Foreign Service."

Here is the clipping from the *Examiner:*

"On July 26, 1922, the 11 envoys of the Holy See embarked at the port of Bari for Russia, to distribute among the starving Russian people the relief provided by the Pope.

"Thus comes about the conclusion of the negotiations between the Vatican and the Soviets, about which so much has been heard, and concerning which so many sensational reports have been circulated. It had been said that a Concordat had been concluded between the Vatican and Moscow; though, as a matter of fact, nothing remotely resembling a Concordat had even been discussed.

"Last March a certain document was signed, on the one hand by the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, and on the other hand by the Soviet representative, Mr. Vorovski. Certain points were discussed at Genoa, for determining the conditions in which the messengers of the Holy See could venture into Russia to carry relief. It was decided that they should act purely in a charitable capacity; to have

nothing whatever to do with Russian political matters, nor to act in any way as religious propagandists. That was the sole scope of the mission.

"The Russians, on their side, guaranteed such personal immunity to the Papal messengers as is generally accorded to diplomatic persons: they were assured freedom of movement, and no obstructions were to be placed in their way.

"Quite apart from all this, the Holy See has already distributed a good sum for Russian relief, through the medium of the Red Cross. But the charitable mission, conceived by Pius XI himself, would have been impossible unless certain conventions had been agreed upon between the Vatican and Moscow. So the Papal messengers, while acting purely as relief workers, have the character of diplomatic personages.

"The mission proceeds direct to Novorominsk. It then divides into three groups; one going to Moscow, another to Rostoff, and the third to Ekaterinador. Provisions have been bought to a value of £20,000.

"But this is only a beginning. Under the protection of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, who has been chosen as Patron of the Papal enterprise, the Papal mission considers itself as making only a first distribution of relief. The Pope has addressed an Apostolic Letter to the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world, and calls upon all Christian people to assist the Holy See in its work of carrying the necessities of life to the famine-stricken peoples who groan under the Soviet tyranny."

Moscow, Russia, November 6, 1922.

Dear Father Editor,

P. C.:

Among the numerous vicissitudes and abnormalities of Russian life there still remains in my memory a very vivid remembrance of one parting injunction given me by His Paternity on leaving Rome. It was to keep accurate account of the beginnings of the important work which the Holy See has seen fit to commit to my care in this distant land, and to send frequent reports on the progress made, as well as on the other matters of considerable moment now being negotiated with the Soviet Government. I am, therefore, sending you a copy of a recent report in the belief that you will find it interesting for the readers of the Letters. I have edited out of the enclosed report such matters as might be considered con-

fidential, and have left the points of common interest. Some paragraphs that remain should not be repeated "extra domum."

If you see fit to use these few hurried notes, may I ask your Reverence to beg the readers of the LETTERS to offer a special memento in their Masses and prayers for

Reverentiae Vestrae Servus in Xto,
EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.,
Directeur-Général,
Aide Pontificale en Russie.

Actuated by the same motives of paternal love and universal charity which prompted his predecessor of venerated memory to raise his august voice in behalf of the famine sufferers of Russia in 1921, the present Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, has inaugurated a world-wide crusade of Christian charity for the rescue of the famine-stricken children of Russia. To bring the Pontifical aid direct to the Russian children, always the first and innocent victims of wars, famine and disease, His Holiness has despatched a fully equipped Relief Expedition to Russia and already the voices of thousands in that distracted land are crying their thanks and gratitude to their distant friend and benefactor on the banks of the Tiber. And for the first time in centuries the Papal flag and the Papal coat-of-arms—the crossed keys of Peter surmounted by the Papal Tiara—may be seen flying freely in the streets of Moscow, Petrograd, Krassnodar, Rostov-on-Don and in dozens of towns and villages of the Crimea.

In response to the appeal recently made by His Holiness, funds for the Catholic Relief Mission have been contributed from all quarters of the world and are now being administered in Russia by special representatives of His Holiness chosen from different nations. The personnel of the Papal Relief Mission at present is composed of the following members:

Professor Edmund A. Walsh, Director-General (America); Aristide A. Simonetti, Representative, Moscow (Italy); Pierre Cziguth, Assistant, Moscow (Italy); Giosue Conti, Assistant, Moscow (Italy); Edward Gehrman, Representative, Crimea (Germany); Joseph Feikus, Assistant, Crimea (Germany); Nikomede Dohnert, Assistant, Crimea (Germany); Pedro Voltas, Representative, Rostov (Spain); Angelo Elorz, Assistant, Rostov (Spain); Jean Capellos, Representative, Krassnodar (Greece); Domenico Piemonte, Representative, Krassnodar (Italy); Josef Belokostolzky,

Assistant, Krassnodar (Czecho-Slovakia); Louis J. Gallagher, Secretary (America).

Assisted by a corps of Russian employees, clerks, interpreters, translators, typists, warehouse managers, chauffeurs and such indispensable adjuncts of an operation which must be conducted on business lines, involving as it does the purchase, shipment by land and water, insurance, storage and wide distribution of thousands of tons of foodstuffs, the Papal Relief Mission has established four main distributing stations, viz., Moscow, for northern and central Russia; Eupatoria, on the Black Sea, for the Crimea; Rostov, where the river Don empties into the Sea of Azov, for the Cossack country; and Krassnodar for Kuban and the North Caucasus.

The Vatican Agreement, signed at Rome by the Papal Secretary of State and the Roman Representative of the Soviets, guarantees the Papal Relief Mission all the rights and privileges accorded to foreign relief organizations now operating in Russia. At the request of the Soviet Government, the first Catholic kitchen was opened in the Crimea, where the need is particularly urgent, as half the population are in dire distress. In all, it is estimated that 7,000,000 Russians will be facing death from starvation during the coming winter. There is no longer talk of surplus but of serious shortage, especially in South Russia and the Crimea. Although the magnificent work of the American Relief Administration has conquered the famine in the Volga region, nevertheless drought, crop failures and the general demoralization following the social upheaval in Russia are already beginning to cause deaths from starvation in the Crimea. Consequently, upon the arrival of the Papal Mission, steps were taken at once to open public feeding stations at Eupatoria.

This city, one of the well-known ports on the west coast of the Crimea, originally counted something like 40,000 inhabitants and still shows signs of its former prosperity. But today the inhabitants do not number more than 12,000, and the ruined houses, villas and public buildings are mute reminders of the successive waves of invasion that have swept over the place during the past eight years. First came the Germans, then Bolshevik armies, then Wrangel's army, and finally the triumphant Reds again, each contributing his share to the destruction that gives such an air of melancholy desolation to this entire district. Crumbling ruins abound,

especially in the Tartar section, where the miserable survivors of war and famine have stripped their poor dwellings of every stick of available wood in order to provide firewood for the winter. Along the curving beach, once considered among the favorite Russian watering places, still stands many a white stone villa and rich mansion. But they are deserted now, gaunt skeletons, roofless and windowless, the empty window spaces silhouetted against the sky like the staring eye-sockets of a human skull.

It was here that the allied British and French Armies disembarked during the Crimean War, in September, 1854. But with what different motives did the last allied group, the members of His Holiness' Relief Mission enter Eupatoria in September, 1922!

After much preliminary labor spent in finding suitable lodgings for the members of the Mission, and in constructing the necessary kitchens, where even the stoves and ovens had to be installed, the long expected day of opening arrived, a day destined to bring great joy and happiness to thousands of half-starved children who had almost forgotten the taste of white bread and wholesome food. In a large building formerly used by the Mayor of Eupatoria as the City Hall, the members of the Mission had caused two large halls to be prepared, cleaned, whitewashed and furnished with simple tables and benches. At one end of the main hall is a smaller connecting room where, on the morning of September 29, three huge cauldrons began to simmer over a roaring wood fire, the wood itself having been obtained by the demolition of some unused building.

The cauldrons that were filled for the first time that morning with soup, cereals and other wholesome food for the thousand expectant children who gathered an hour in advance before the door, have themselves an interesting pedigree. As swords have been beaten into ploughshares when the gates of the Temple of Janus re-open, so explosive mines, originally intended for the destruction of enemy ships, have been shaped into pots and kettles for use in Catholic feeding stations in Russia. For these utensils are nothing else but the outside coverings of Russian naval mines that have been swept up from the waters of the Black Sea and shaped into huge cooking vessels. A man could be drowned in the largest of them. It was one of the many duties of the Director of the Catholic Mission to scour the beach in company with the local representative of the Soviet Government in search of suitable mines

for this peaceful purpose to which these engines of destruction have finally come.

At one o'clock, in the presence of members of the local Government, townsfolk and members of the Mission, the formal opening of the first Catholic kitchen in Russia took place. Festive garlands and simple green boughs had been hung by the enthusiastic employees. Over the table, where the bread is distributed, hangs a crayon portrait of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, depicted in the act of blessing the assembled multitude and the long files of children passing beneath. The portrait is hardly an accurate likeness of His Holiness, but is sufficiently true to convey the message of love and sympathy. It is the work of an ancient artist, a man who at the age of 75, blind of one eye and weakened almost to exhaustion by the privations of the past five years, still contrived to sketch a portrait of His Holiness from an ordinary newspaper print. It was an expression of gratitude to the august benefactor beyond the Dardanelles.

Each child, in accordance with the system adopted, had been furnished with a printed card bearing his or her name, address, school, age and the other data found necessary in mass feeding of this kind. Provision is even made on the card to note the weight of the child at different intervals during the operation in order that the effect of the feeding may be accurately and scientifically determined. The date of vaccination is also noted, as a vigorous campaign has been inaugurated in the Crimea to educate the peasants to the necessity of preventive measures against cholera, typhus, typhoid and the other epidemic diseases that take such heavy toll yearly among the Russian people as well as among the Asiatics.

It was indeed a pathetic sight. In rags, many of them barefooted and emaciated, showing evident signs of the misery to which Russian children succeed as to a grim heritage these days, this variegated assemblage of Russians, Tartars and Armenians might well serve as a cross-section of contemporary Russian life. Yet, under and through it all flashed occasional revelations of the intrinsic dignity of the human soul and appreciation of true spiritual values which the true Russian in all his agony and abandonment has never quite forgotten. Young faces are old in Russia, but it is rarely that one sees a Russian child without a simple cross, the symbol of its faith, hung about its neck. There is suffering and anxiety seared into faces that should only express the

joy, the laughter and sweetness of childhood. But they have not forgotten how to make the sign of the cross when passing before the church door.

Dominated, as this nation has been, for four awful years, by the one idea of self preservation in the form of material bread for gnawing stomachs, the great masses of the people have preserved their faith and the mysticism of the Slav. It has baffled every attempt of the most radical exponents of Communism to eradicate it. It has proved, as one writer has recently said in speaking of Russia, that the human spirit is greater and stronger than all the combined forces of brute matter. Despite the repeated attacks of a professedly atheistic state, and in the face of such slogans as "Religion is opium to the people," placarded on the walls of Government buildings, one detects a growing elevation and purification of spirit in the Russian people, especially in their writers and poets. This renaissance of spirituality has already attracted the attention of the literary and critical world, and it has quite definitely attracted the attention of the Soviet Government. Two hundred intellectual leaders have been named for banishment, the first contingent of 80 having already been exiled.

When the first meal had been distributed, the Chief of the Crimean Division of the Catholic Mission, Edward Gehrman, addressed the attentive children. He spoke in simple and picturesque language, adapted to the mentality of his hearers, describing the pain which His Holiness had experienced on knowing that so many little children were dying of hunger in Russia.

> "The Holy Father heard of your great suffering, heard that you were hungry, and so He sent a letter to all the people, asking them to send money to buy bread for you. And to bring the food to you, He has sent His own representatives from America, from Italy, Germany, Spain, Jugo-Slavia and Czechko-Slovakia to assist and comfort you."

After urging the children to be prompt in attendance and to observe the few simple disciplinary rules of the kitchen, the speaker ended by saying:

> "Thus we shall all work together so that the number of children may increase in this and in our other kitchens, and thus more and more Russian children will be saved from death by hunger and made strong and healthy by the loving care of our Father in Rome."

This address, translated eloquently by one of the employees of the kitchen, a courtly gentleman, once a functionary in the Czar's Government, but now content to labor for a pittance of salary and a monthly food ration, was received with great applause and shouting by the children. They cried aloud their thanks to the Holy Father in Rome, while many of the adults present made no attempt to hide their tears as they saw the happiness of their children, and felt assured that their lives would at least be sustained through the coming winter.

The local representative of the Soviet Government responded with an address of welcome on behalf of the Moscow Government, and terminated his remarks by bidding the children show their gratitude to Pope Pius XI by again applauding. This they did with much gusto, to the accompaniment of rattling spoons and the waving of their pitiful tin cups and plates.

Thus began the work of Catholic Relief in Crimea, a work which embraced 5,000 children within a short time, and is now being rapidly extended until it will embrace some 35,000 children in northern Crimea.

Similar relief operations have been inaugurated at Rostov-on-Don and Krassnodar and Moscow. At Rostov, 1,500 refugees are being daily fed by the Catholic Mission. These wretched wanderers, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, men, women and children, of all nationalities and types, fleeing from the Caucasus, Astrachan and Daghestan, and headed for—they know not whither, but only *away* from the haunting spectre of death by starvation—are here concentrated in a huge field and fed by the charity of His Holiness.

In Moscow, the Catholic Mission is aiding the Soviet Government to cope with one of the most appalling problems of post-war conditions—the care of orphans and abandoned children. The Director of the Catholic Mission was recently informed by the Soviet Government that something like 2,225,000 children are now orphans and homeless in Russia. Of these there are over 40,000 in Moscow alone. Every night dozens of these homeless waifs are gathered up from the streets and brought to central "Collectors" or "Priemniks" as they are called in Russian, where they are first submitted to a cleaning and delousing process, and then classified as sick, defective or healthy. After a two weeks' stay in these central Collectors they are then distributed among the different homes and institutions in which the Soviet Government is attempting to form the citizens of the future.

In Moscow, the members of the Catholic Mission are lodged in the old German Embassy, the palatial residence in which Count Mirbach was assassinated, in 1918, after the signing of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

To the foregoing letter the Editor adds this note taken from the *Messenger* for February, 1923:

FAMINE-STRICKEN RUSSIA

In a letter addressed by his Secretary of State to the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, expresses the deep joy and consolation he has experienced at the prompt and generous response of our Associates to his touching and earnest appeal in behalf of the poor famine-stricken people of Russia. It is simply impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the utter misery and want into which a whole nation has been plunged, and it would be the ardent wish of the Holy Father to lend them aid in a measure corresponding to their frightful distress.

The Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer have contributed to this object, through the various *Messengers of the Sacred Heart,* the sum of 200,000 lire, which is equivalent under normal conditions to $40,000, and Pope Pius XI thinks with intense emotion of the sorrows which it will enable him in some degree to alleviate. To each of the donors he says, "May God reward you," and with all his heart he imparts to them the Apostolic Benediction.

He would not, however, have them cease from "that holy activity which this beneficent Association," as he calls the Apostleship of Prayer, "puts forth in the fruitful silence and pious recollection, which characterise it." He would have them continue to exercise their generous charity towards those who still stand sorely in need of it.

And the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, who is officially Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, as well as of the work of the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart, suggests that it would be a most fitting and appropriate thing if those families, which have consecrated themselves to the Heart of our Divine Saviour throughout the world, would take it upon themselves to save the starving families of Russia by giving as liberally as they can to rescue them from dire want. What a blessed rivalry, if

they would vie with one another in hastening to the relief of those whose misery has brought them to the brink of despair! Surely the Sacred Heart would not permit them to suffer in consequence of so noble a charity.

And what will our little ones, whom God has so blessed with the good things and the comforts of life—what will they do to aid the poor famished children of Russia? By abstaining from sweetmeats, and moving picture shows, and other luxuries, the children of one school alone saved as much as 20,000 lire (the equivalent now of about $1,000) to be added to the Holy Father's Russian relief fund. Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus will gladly place in the hands of the Holy Father all offerings forwarded to him, and for each and every one of those, who by their charity in thus giving shall have imitated the loving pity of the Heart of Jesus, he will ask of the Sovereign Pontiff a special blessing.

Contributions to help the famine-stricken should be sent to Russian Relief Fund, Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 801 W. 181st Street, New York, N. Y. If cash is sent, the letter should be registered.

ON OUR WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES

Dear Father Editor,

P. C.:

You asked me to write a few notes about the trip of the Philippine Missioners. With the perspective of thousands of miles to help, we are now in mid-Pacific, I'll try to jot down the interesting happenings.

Our visit at home was a crowded ten days, as we expected. And it was a pleasant surprise to find the Jesuit missioner greeted with marked attention and respect. At times, indeed, we were bewildered; at least those of us recently fledged from Woodstock were; as when, for instance, a Pastor in our presence, would tell his school children what wonderful men we were. And gifts—of money, or useful presents, or offers of future help—were rather the rule than the exception. Not an endowment for the Ateneo, it is true, but still, substantial presents. Remember too, these were not solicited, but spontaneously given. The mere presence of the Jesuit missioner elicited them.

This excites a thought worth considering. The Society needs men and money for its missions. Should not, then, its missioners, just before departure, be formally assigned to stimulate the attention of home cities to their future work? Secular priests remark that we do not solicit in their churches, as other Orders do. And our own experience has proven that considerable help, spiritual and material, would follow; and precious vocations, also, it is logical to infer.

Four of our party found time to visit the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. We were cordially greeted by busy, keen-eyed, Father Walsh—that Henry Ford among American Missioners, he has been called—and shown over the establishment for whose existence he is so largely responsible. Its site is imposing, on a high hill overlooking Ossining town and the Hudson River. On the crest, the first permanent building is under construction, of field stone from the property, with upturned eaves suggesting the Oriental. The unfinished rooms are already occupied, the community buoyant with the zeal and cheerfulness for which Maryknoll is noted. And over in the smaller buildings, in the Field Afar, printing and distributing shops, in the large laundry, we found the same spirit. The Maryknoll Sisters were there, diligently at their tasks, but with a smiling greeting and word of explanation to any interested visitors. Our only regret was that we had so little time to spend in this delightful place.

Here, also, there was mentioned to us the proposed scheme of unified Mission aid and Mission collections, under the direction of the Bishops. It is not a Maryknoll scheme; indeed, I do not know if they even desire it. It emanates from Father Kelly, of Chicago. But our ignorance of the entire subject prevented us from even giving an opinion on the subject.

Again this year Benediction was given to the departing missioners in St. Francis Xavier Church, New York city. Again the plain line of black robes knelt just inside the altar-rail, while the great organ played, and the great congregation prayed; then Omnipotence silently blessed us and our labors. The occasion must have deeply impressed all present. I think the powerful sermon that followed was scarcely needed to fire the great audience with mission enthusiasm.

Right Rev. William O'Hare, of Jamaica, preached the sermon. His vigorous words were backed by 17 years of practical mission experience, and they pointed the simmering

enthusiasm of the congregation into the practical channels of spiritual and material aid.

Only one adverse comment was heard upon the sermon. "He emptied my pocketbook," said one of the ladies present.

At the little reception that followed in the school building, Bishop O'Hare was the leading figure, with kindness and the utmost democracy wandering in and out of the different groups.

Before the services, Rev. Father Provincial chatted with us for about 30 minutes, and gave final instructions. He outlined very definitely the difficulties to be met, and St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier must have smiled warm approval at his practical advice.

Then across the hall Brother Ramspacher was at home. In perhaps 30 seconds, he gave his instructions and a batch of tickets for the 10,000-mile journey. After two weeks of travel we realized how much we owe to Brother's careful foresight. Every possible detail had been prearranged; we needed only to "Forward, March!"

This we did the next morning, Monday, June 26, at 11 A. M., on the Lackawanna, from Hoboken. We were headed by Father Parker, as Superior, but his dress and manner made me think, before I knew who this Jesuit was, that he was going all the way to Jersey City, perhaps to hear Confessions or the like. Since we numbered only nine, or rather only seven, since two of the party had gone on ahead to visit relatives in Canada and the middle West, no private car could be obtained. But we got what was next best, chairs grouped together in the last car, with the observation platform convenient at hand. Very soon we felt right at home, and tranquilly ate our sandwiches and fruit. And during the rest of the way to Buffalo, as in the other stages of the journey, although we were not the sole occupants of the car, we acted and felt as if we were. Which, after all, is quite as satisfactory and much less expensive.

That first day's travel, through Delaware Water Gap and the Pocono Mountains, then up through Elmira and Binghampton and southwestern New York, was a very pretty ride. First a range of mountains, then a wooded lake, then a long valley vista, then vast expanse of richest farming country, one beauty succeeded another almost uninterruptedly. Indeed, after we reached the coast and had seen the middle West and its prairies, and the grandeur of the Rockies, we still gave

first place to that first cool day on the Lackawanna from New York to Buffalo.

Two or three hours out of New York, as the train climbed the steep Pocono grade, a brakeman came through calling "Parker, Parker!" He had a telegram from Rev. Father Provincial, "The province is praying for you in the Litanies." It was a characteristically thoughtful message, strengthening and heart-warming.

Concerning the city of Buffalo, our first stop, I shall say little. I shall mention only the points of special interest.

But let me preface this sketch with a grateful recognition of the splendid charity shown us by our Jesuit brethren all across the country. In our own province, in Missouri, in the West, it was always the same. At the station one of the community would be waiting for us, even though the train was hours late. Machines were at hand to take us to the College. There rooms were assigned and a schedule arranged by which we could see the city's sights, or attend any private business at hand. Fine automobiles were borrowed or hired, we paying not a single cent.

Then, just before the train pulled out, when we would try to thank each Father Rector for his great kindness, he would silence us—"It was a pleasure to do it. I only wish I could have done more." Such charity, where could it be excelled! In the hearts of each one of us, needless to say, it elicited warm gratitude.

We reached Buffalo and Canisius that evening, in time to be escorted directly, by Father Ahern, to the Dante pageant in Canisius' huge open-air theater. Adequate description of it is here impossible. It was a civic affair, over one thousand members of different organizations participating, and its year of preparation was rewarded with deserved success. From the newspapers it received universal commendation, and too much praise cannot be given to Father Ahern, who, as chairman of the city's Dante Guild, was the dynamic force behind the enterprise.

The next day a trip to Niagara Falls was arranged. As guide we had our Geologist Rector, his learning entirely at our disposal, a very great added advantage. Rain and unusual mist obscured much of the spectacle but we came away thrilled and awed by its terrible power. Back at the College we found a banquet awaiting us to which all Jesuit Buffalo had been invited. Very pleasant, it was not without embarrassment that we, most of us so young, should receive such

kind treatment from these men, most of them grown old now in God's service. Our first day's stop had given us new and considerable items to add to our Litany of Thanksgiving.

That evening we boarded a New York Central sleeper for Chicago. For geater comfort, our trip had been arranged to give as much traveling by night as possible. But to some of the babes - fresh - from - the - woods, inexperienced travelers, these nights were dreaded. With the first night, however, came disillusionment. The rattle of the rails, instead of annoying, droned a monotonous lullaby, and we awoke in the morning, not as refreshed as after a night on a Woodstock cot, but quite well satisfied with the first experience, and ready to spend a busy two days seeing Chicago.

Father Agnew, Rector of Loyola, welcomed us to Chicago. Assisting him were two scholastics.

It was not until that afternoon that we started our sight-seeing, but then we traveled fast. Down Jackson Boulevard and under the Loop to Michigan Boulevard; through Lincoln Park and the Midway past the University of Chicago; then past the massive Administration Building of the World's Fair, now deserted and crumbling; then through Garfield, Humboldt and other parks to Sheridan Boulevard; then out that to our University on the Lake Front, North Side. Chicago has no subways, and to New Yorkers her high buildings seem squatty; but she justly prizes and boasts of her wonderful parks and boulevard system.

We spent several very pleasant hours out at the North Side. A swim in the lake; a tour of Loyola Academy and the Michael Cudahy Science Building; then supper; then down again to the lake front for a stroll along the white sands. Just the night before, a Chicago newspaper had commented that Loyola University, Chicago, had the finest location of any college in the country. We believed it. With its 1,500 foot frontage on Lake Michigan, it is delightful for summer, with its cool breezes and excellent bathing; at the same time it is in close contact to all parts of the great city by means of trolley, bus and "L" lines.

Because of this and some other circumstances, the Jesuit College in Chicago has the promise of a very bright future.

The next day we visited Techny and Area. And all except the Professor of Chemistry, who had important business over at the University of Chicago, went to the stockyards in the morning. There we made the entire tour.

We were personally conducted by a friend of Father Agnew, Mr. Foley, of Armour & Co. When we arrived at the cattle killing department, he introduced us to its foreman, Mr. Towle, who, like all good Irishmen, was delighted to meet the "Fathers." He ordered a batch of cattle dispatched for our special benefit, and explained the stunning and other details. But it was with gusto that he told about the Kosher cattle.

These are killed according to the rite of the Orthodox Jewish Church, and are not stunned. Their legs are shackled and their bodies held suspended with the forepart touching the floor. Then a muzzle with long handle is slipped over the head and an authorized member of the Church severs the jugular vein. Only the forequarter meat, that in front of the seventh rib, is utilized by Kosher trade. The remainder is sold to the regular trade.

As the old man talked, local color was given to his description by the Jewish rabbis at hand, ready for business. Bearded, of course, with skull caps, bloody apron, and long knives in hand, they awaited their pounds of flesh. They were watching us as the Irishman talked, and I'm sure they guessed his words and his side comments. One of them even smiled under his beard. But it was easily seen who was boss in that shop. For once, an Irishman was on top of the Jews.

The next leg of our journey was overnight on the Burlington to Omaha. There was some confusion at the station when we were told that our car had no lower berths, for which our tickets called, but private compartments only. But we boarded the car at once, it was due to leave in five minutes, then told the conductor to straighten out the muddle. It was his company's mistake, he must rectify. He balked a little and asked for more money, but we sat firm, demanded our "lowers," and finally he yielded graciously and gave compartments to each. And we rode that night as Jesuits have rarely ridden before, and with extra pleasure, I'm afraid, since we were getting comfort from the Pullman Company that we weren't paying for. One hundred and eighty dollars worth it was, I think; happy slumbers to the unknown clerk who made that unwitting mistake.

The next stop, Omaha, was keenly anticipated by our party for it is the home of Creighton, our only endowed university in the United States. The reality, although not resembling our preconceived notions of modern magnificence,

was not inferior to them. Its Administration and Auditorium buildings are old and substantial, and quite suitable. Its church we did not enter, since it is being remodelled. And it has three new buildings that are really wonderfully fine. Externally they are plain, but within they could hardly be surpassed. The equipment of the Law and Dentistry buildings is excellent, in lecture hall, study hall and laboratory. And the gymnasium is almost ideal. A visit to it would well repay any Eastern Rector who plans to build a "gym." Utility is the Creighton building motto.

In the basement is the office of old Brother O'Connell. Formerly employed in stock and bond business, he has administered, for many years, the Creighton Endowment, and his vigilance and shrewd judgment are responsible, in a large part, for Creighton's prosperity.

Summer school was in session, and among those in attendance were many Sisters, in various known and unknown habits, from 30 odd different States of the Union.

The nicely-shaded lawn in front of the College serves as a recreation place for the Creighton faculty, and there we enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The Missouri Province status had just arrived, and we enjoyed its announcements and their reception with some of that same excitement with which we greet our own doom-sheet. Then about 8 o'clock, Archbishop Harty drove up and lit his cigar with the informal group. He had been Metropolitan of Manila for 13 years, and that afternoon we had called at his palace, but he was out. He chatted with us about an hour.

He told us many things, of course, about the Philippines. He was very glad that we were going, but was surprised that we were not yet in control of the Mission. It was his Spanish predecessor in the Manila See, who had advised the Holy See, at the time of American occupation, to establish at once an American hierarchy. This explains the abrupt change of 20 years ago, when the Spanish hierarchy of the Islands was suddenly displaced by Americans.

The next day, Father McCarthy and another of the Fathers of the Chinese Mission Society of Ireland, came over and ate dinner with us. Their work is flourishing, their new building just outside of Denver being now completed. A Father from Creighton goes out each week to give an exhortation and hear their confessions. Something similar is done by rule, in their house in Ireland, and thus they endeavor to have Jesuit asceticism instilled into their body. About the Mission situ-

ation in the United States, Father McCarthy, who is Superior here, said: "It is not money so much, but flesh and blood which we need, ardent vocations. Some of America's Mission enthusiasts talk money too much. That will come, if we get ardent vocations."

Of Omaha we did not carry away many strong impressions; it seemed just a rich and quietly prosperous city, with nothing very unusual. Its policemen were conspicuous, for they were comfortably attired in shirt sleeves. Directing traffic at one of the busy corners was a red-headed individual, in shirt sleeves and prominent suspenders, and with a very prominent revolver at his belt. One of New York's "finest" would have blushed at sight of him.

But by the Jesuits of Omaha and their wonderful school, and by the cordially friendly Archbishop, we were deeply impressed, and carried away very warm recollections of them all.

An overnight jump brought us to Denver, the gateway of the Rockies. We were scarcely through meditation, and were still away out on the prairies when we first saw the mountains, a jagged, blue cloud against the northwestern horizon. We sat entranced, drinking in the sight; they were soul-strengthening in their silent might; their delicate colors and shadowy outlines gave exquisite delight to the senses.

We were two hours late getting in. And just ten minutes from the station the train hit a truck and badly mangled up the driver. Father Shanahan hurried off and gave him conditional absolution. The train officials waited for an ambulance. From the next day's newspapers we learned that he was hovering between life and death.

From our college in Denver we got a close-up view of the mountains; on a clear day it commands a 150-mile view of the range, North and South. And the next morning we climbed, in autos, the Lariat Trail, a marvellous engineering feat, to Lookout Mountain, with its grave and monument of Buffalo Bill Cody; then to Genesee Park, 8,000 feet high, ate there our lunch, and came down along Bear Creek, a snow-fed torrent, with Mount Evans and the snow-covered Continental Divide to the West, and Pike's Peak cutting the sky 80 miles South. It was a 90-mile mountain drive, and the day was voted as the best of the entire trip.

Denver, itself, is a very healthy city, a mile above sea level, and very progressive. Three typical Denverites showed us its sights. Father Kelly, Rector of the College; Father Mc-

Donald, pastor of our church, and Father Floyd, whom we remembered as Tertian at St. Andrew's, and among whose interesting tales was a very practical one about his summer camp up in the mountains for the boys of our parish.

Denver's Cathedral is very fine, but crowded in a narrow street. The city boasts the brightest White Way west of New York, and has a large civic centre, fringed by public buildings. It has a very large Municipal Auditorium, and the State Capitol gleams bright above the city with its dome of pure gold from Colorado mines. Its homes and parks are unusually handsome, and Denverites point with pride to their lawns, every blade, they say, hand grown by assiduous sprinkling, for Denver's rainfall is slight, only 14 inches a year, compared with New York's 44. Luckily the nearby snowfields provide an inexhaustible water supply.

Regis College resembles Woodstock, in building and approach, a tribute of its first Rector, Father Pantanella, to his old Maryland home. We went out and visited his grave, and prayed for him who had so loved Woodstock and Woodstock men.

The name of the college was changed to Regis just a year ago, since the former name of Sacred Heart often found itself in undignified surroundings on football field, sporting page, etc. The college is booming under its energetic Rector. At present overcrowded, they are acquiring new land, and are very optimistic of the future, if they can only put up suitable new buildings. For the college has an immense field to draw on for students, being the only Catholic college between Omaha and San Francisco. Besides, its high, dry climate makes it very attractive to boys of delicate health from all over the country; and last year 125 such boys applied for admission.

That night we boarded a Burlington train for our 38-hour run to Spokane. It proved, as expected, the hardest part of the trip. Back through Colorado again, we retraced our tracks for 50 miles or so, then cut north-northwest through Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, into Montana. Passing through South Dakota, we had our first Mass on the train. The three Fathers had a drawing-room, and two Scholastics were present for each Mass. Our experience showed us that with another priest at hand to assist, as a precautionary measure, Mass could be celebrated with assurance of safety. The swaying is less than on shipboard when the sea runs high, as the violent lurches of the ship are not had.

That morning, July 4, we were delayed a couple of hours at Edgemont, South Dakota. It was a typical Fourth, blazing hot, and the little town was typically Western, its treeless main street lined with shops, a rusty traveling circus rigged up down a side street, and a few cowboys who had ridden in for the day. The delay here was caused by the striking shopmen in the railway house. The train finally moved off at 11, and snaked its way over the prairies. It was uncomfortably hot, though not distressingly so; trees were scarce, vegetation sparse, and you wondered how the settlers in the occasional cabins managed to stand the scorching; how their cattle ever got enough nourishment to bring a price in the Chicago market. Later we learned these were the notorious Bad Lands of South Dakota and Wyoming, one grade removed from the desert, and the settlers managed to live because each one had at least a quarter section (640 acres) to squeeze from.

That evening, about 6, the Custer Battlefield was passed, marked by a white shaft on the hillside over to the right. And we traversed the Crow reservation and saw many Indians, in settlements or isolated cottages by the wayside. Later that evening we got into Montana and began the steep climb over the Continental Divide, "went over the top" at 4 the next morning, then descended through fertile valleys to Missoula. Originally we had planned for Mass there, allowing a two-hour stop for the purpose; but when morning came and we saw we would be hours late in arriving, we again had Mass on the train. Thus our whole two hours were left free for sightseeing.

Missoula, a new name, even to most of us, proved a very pleasant little city. It claims the State University, and is called the Garden City of Montana. At the station was quite a crowd to greet us, and we were surprised at first. But we were getting used to audiences and newspaper cameras now, so we greeted them kindly. Five Philippine students were there, and a number of business men, and a minister; but they began to show confusion, some questions were put, then suddenly it cleared up—they had heard that the Philippine Commission for Independence, with its 65 members, would stop off at Missoula on its way back from Washington, so the town had ordered its Chamber of Commerce down to greet them and show them around. Someone at the telegraph office had peeked in on our telegram to Father Stack: "Philippine men will arrive on the 9.45," and spread the false report.

The president of the First National Bank was there, a Regent of the State University, a Methodist minister and others, with a newspaper reporter and automobiles.

We broke the news gently. The Methodist minister suddenly disappeared, but the others took it good naturedly, saying they were glad to see us, offering us the "Boom Missoula" literature, and asked to show us around, etc. We accepted the literature, but begged off anything further as Father Stack had a busy two hours planned for us.

He drove us first to the University of Montana, then around the town and down to the Jesuit establishment. A fine church, a high school, grade school, girls' academy, hospital, all are under our auspices. Then Father Stack treated us to a very nice lunch, and we returned to the station delighted with our whirlwind two hours.

The 10-hour ride through Idaho to Spokane was over beautiful mountain country, and a couple of rain and hail storms gave added scenic beauty to the valleys down which they rushed; but it was a very dirty ride. Our antiquated day coach was close behind the two engines, and we received a generous coat of grime, and the train was hours late. It was time for Litanies when we finally reached Gonzaga.

The next morning was quietly spent. We explored, and once again were delighted to find a well-equipped and growing university. The northern half of the California Province was holding its summer school there, villa being postponed to give their mountain lake time to warm up a little. Many tales of Eastern and Western Jesuitry were swapped. Among the Fathers were some Woodstockians anxious to know about old classmates.

That afternoon we saw Spokane, its great falls in the heart of the city. Then we sped out to Mount St. Michael's, and found it as described last year, an almost ideal House of Studies, quite superior to St. Andrews even, and the kind of a place that Woodstock will soon be if the prayers and resolutions of Eastern Jesuits can make it so.

Among its modern features is an up-to-date shoe repairing shop. The old Irish cobbler boasted that "there's not a better machine than this in all Spokane," and he sympathized with us when we told him of Woodstock's cobbler and cobbling. In the boiler room we could scarcely believe our eyes, for sawdust

was being fed to the furnaces as fuel, thus cutting expenses for that item down to one-fifth of the former outlay.

And the chicken establishment is marvellous and eggs plentiful. This hennery is in charge of an old Brother who was up in Alaska for many years and knew Father Barnum very well.

It was very hot that day in Spokane; indeed, almost our whole time in the West was marred by scorching heat. But it was surprisingly easy to bear. It was a very dry heat, and collars and cuffs didn't wilt, nor did foreheads have to be mopped. It was less oppressive than a considerably lower temperature on the Eastern coast. Westerners, however, would gladly have more humidity, even with the consequent inconveniences, for that would mean more rain, from lack of which many of their States suffer very severe droughts.

Between Spokane and Seattle are the Cascade Mountains, and Spokane Jesuits urged us not to miss seeing them. So on our last jaunt we rose very early, and though it was very misty, enjoyed a last delightful morning of America's rockies.

Unfortunately, though, we missed Holy Communion that morning, and it was First Friday. The train was due at Seattle at 8, but didn't arrive until 12, and improvidently we had no altar wine with us, though a private compartment for the service could have been secured.

Seattle we found to be a delightful city. Its climate is that of a summer resort. Besides its many miles of water frontage on Puget Sound, it contains within its limits a 28-mile fresh-water lake—Lake Washington—and the hills sloping up from each are ideal for private homes and public parks. A young friend of the College, with a nicely-riding Cadillac, proudly showed us his city; innumerable modest but pretty little cottages lined the streets, and he claimed his city had no slums or tenements. Perhaps his native pride caused a little exaggeration, but certainly we didn't see any signs of wretchedness in that city. Its merits are being recognized by a very rapid expansion.

Our school, Seattle College, is quite small as yet; but it has a new site, with two fine buildings, and it is steadily expanding. This is principally due to the self-sacrifice of Mr. McHugh, a Seattle business man, who, though of comparatively moderate wealth, is giving considerable sums to the College.

Again, we made it a point to visit fellow missioners—a Maryknoll again—their Seattle Procure and Japanese kindergarten. On the train we had met one of their Sisters, the Novice-mistress at Ossinning, a Dominican Sister, lent for that purpose from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. We met her again at the Procure, and the entire work was explained to us.

Not with bell in hand, but in a motor bus, a Brother combs the streets for children for the school. Formerly a Sister accompanied him, now a Japanese catechist, and the bus has become so well known that pagan parents step before it in the middle of the street and beg schooling for their children. Father Culligan, Rector of our beautiful Seattle Church of the Immaculate Conception, is Chaplain of the Procure. Within the last year he has baptized only a small number, four; but the work is only two years old, and no child is baptized unless the Sisters in charge are quite certain he or she will be allowed to practice his or her religion.

While here a Mr. Frank Sullivan placed himself and his machine at our disposal. He is the prime mover of the Dollar-a-Sunday campaign which, started in our Seattle church, has spread country-wide. The reason for the surprising success of the scheme was explained: "It tells people just how much to give; it is definite, instead of the previous general appeals."

At 9 the next morning, Father O'Shea's friends took us over to Smith's Cove, from which the Admiral Line's big boats sail. It is far on the outskirts of the city, and we were unable to do some planned last-minute shopping. Showing passports, we found our cabins and some very welcome mail and telegrams. But the sailing was very quiet. There were no puffing tugs about, for the big ship backed out under her own steam. The only touch of tragedy was when a Chinese woman in the steerage was judged insane by the ship's surgeon and was set back on the big dock. As we backed away she was standing there surrounded by her relatives and her Oriental baggage.

The ship reversed engines and headed up Puget Sound. And we were left to our thoughts and prayers; about the land the people were leaving; about the work we were soon to do.

(*To be continued.*)

JOTTINGS FROM INNSBRUCK

From a Letter of Mr. Daniel Bassett, S.J.

Innsbruck, September 1, 1922.

Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, is snugly situated in the midst of the Austrian Alps. Lying in a fertile valley between the German and Italian frontiers, mountain breezes from both countries sweep through its narrow winding streets. The city lies on both banks of the Inn. Shady driveways along the river afford pleasant walks along the river where on any day Italian may be heard as well as three dialects of German. It is essentially a border town and much frequented by tourists, especially English and American. Many communists live on the north bank of the Inn. The older and better part of the city is on the south bank, in the center of which are two large houses of the Society, the Canisianum, a seminary for secular students, and the Jesuiten Kolleg, the combined philosophate and theologate of the Austrian Province. Students from both houses sit beneath our Fathers on the benches of the Theological Department of the University of Innsbruck.

The following is an account of the chief events of interest to Ours, in and about Innsbruck since April 1, 1922:

Death of Ex-Emperor Charles.—Many of the community were shocked when they learned of the sudden death of ex-Emperor Charles at Madeira, on April 1. Madeira is a damp little island in the Atlantic belonging to Portugal, 360 miles off the West African coast. Its climate is worse than that of Napoleon's death place, St. Helena. Charles was much loved in Austria and still more in Hungary. Of all the leaders of the late Central Powers, Charles is generally considered to have been the noblest and most generous. He leaves a devoted wife and seven small children to whom he was deeply attached. Unlike most of the former Hapsburgers, Charles was a daily communicant, and in his exile, the

more he suffered reverses the more he leaned upon God. As several of the Fathers here knew the family personally and had received many favors from him in the old days, his picture, draped in black, was hung in the Recreation Hall. Long, black mourning streamers, the same ones which just a short time ago hung for the late Benedict XV, hung also for Charles from the roof of the College. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in our church for the repose of his soul. A similar service took place at St. Stephen's, in Vienna, at the close of which a royalist demonstration was broken up by the police. Austrian royalists have recognized the pretensions of Charles' 11-year-old son, Otto, to the vacant throne. On the night of the feast of St. Otto, his name was written in large letters of fire on a mountain overlooking Innsbruck. One of Charles' last acts before his ill-fated attempt to regain the Hungarian throne, was to send from his exile in Switzerland, clothes to the poor in Austria. One hundred and fifty stout woolen coats were sent to the community at Innsbruck. Kaiser coats they are called, and besides giving good service, remain a touching memorial of the late ex-emperor and a reminder to pray for his soul.

Rev. Augustus Bulot, S.J.—The Visitor of Studies, Rev. Augustus Bulot, S.J., arrived here on April 11 and immediately began his work of inspection. Fresh from his visitation of American houses, he was, in his conversation with the California Colony, very enthusiastic about the United States. Two days before his departure he was the guest of honor of the theologians at the villa, Zenzenhof, an hour and a half walk from the College. The refectory was hung with the flags of France and all the other nationals of the community. During the dinner, a Latin poem and several German songs enlivened the proceedings. A mock defense was held in which an Austrian theologian, Mr. Leopold Brellinger, undertook to defend the following thesis: *"Omnium provinciarum quas visitavit Reverendus Pater Visitator, ei maxime placuit Provincia Austriae."* An American theologian objected, endeavoring to prove that the California Province surpassed the Austrian Province. The comparisons between the provinces, brought out in simple and humorous Latin, drew many a hearty laugh, and especially when the defender, at the end of the sixth objection, fell into a carefully prepared "sack" and threw up the sponge in favor of California.

The next morning a carriage drawn by two white horses drew up to the college door. This unusual event aroused no little curiosity. *"Modo Americano,"* everybody said, for it had been sent by Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., of the New York-Maryland Province, to take Father Visitor to Taxerhof, the villa of the Canisianum, about an hour and a half drive into the hills above Innsbruck. Here Father Swickerath treated Father Visitor and the Californian theologians to an American dinner, at the end of which he paid warm tribute to the guest of honor. Father Bulot responded, saying that as he could not speak German, he had to conduct his visitation in French, English, and mostly in Latin, and it was a pleasure, indeed, to wind up his visitation by renewing his impressions of America amid the hospitality of the American Provinces thus extended to him across the sea. The next day Father Bulot departed for Cracow, his last visitation of the school year.

Holy Week.—There are several ancient Holy Week customs and ceremonies in Tyrol which do not obtain in America. On Holy Thursday night, for instance, a sacred concert was given in our church. An oratorio, portraying the Sacred Passion, was sung by a trained chorus of 20 voices. A 30-piece orchestra rendered a fitting accompaniment. The church was even more crowded than for the Christmas Midnight Mass. Several hundred had to stand in the side aisles and in the galleries; yet they tarried patiently until the end. Another feature of Holy Week is keeping the vigil at the Holy Sepulchre until 6 o'clock Holy Saturday night. All during the vigil the Blessed Sacrament is exposed over a life-size *Corpus Christi* which lies in an open stone sepulchre especially built at a side altar. Adorers, lay and clerical, kneel constantly before the tomb. At 6 o'clock the whole community, together with the Canisianum students, marched in procession to the sepulchre, the celebrant cried out in a loud voice, "The Savior is risen!" the choir broke forth with a triumphant *Regina Coeli,* large purple plaques slowly disappeared from the main altar, electric lamps suddenly blazed out illuminating a large painting of our risen Lord over the tabernacle, and the procession, preceding the canopy covering the Blessed Sacrament, slowly returned through the crowded aisles to the sanctuary. Benediction then brought the ceremony to a satisfying close.

First of May.—May 1 passed here very quietly compared with some of the other European cities. It is now the Euro-

pean Labor Day, and besides being a full holiday, is given over to labor parades, and in some places, to socialist demonstrations against the established Government. Thus there were riots in Barcelona, Paris and Vienna; but as the police and the military are ready for almost anything on that day, prompt action reduced the casualties to a few bruises and broken heads. In Innsbruck, the communists held a parade in which each of the participants wore a red flower or a red ribbon. Most of the bystanders, being friends or relatives of the paraders, were similarly decorated. To avoid trouble, Ours and the Canisianum students were forbidden to appear on the streets. At 1 o'clock, a detachment of about thirty men and thirty women going down town to join the main body of their comrades, marched two abreast in complete silence down the center of Sill Gasse. It was a tense moment. An American scholastic leaned out the window and gave the astonished communists a friendly salute; another ran to his room and waved at them a small American flag. The men took their long Tyrolese pipes from their mouths in amazement, while the women, who looked as if they had just escaped from jail, nudged each other and began to talk excitedly. The detachment passed on discussing, no doubt, the eccentricities of American students.

Death Visits the Canisianum.—Classes were called off at the University on the afternoon of May 22, to permit the students to attend the funeral of a theological student who died after a short illness at the Canisianum. He succumbed to an attack of meningitis. He was but 22 years old and a Benedictine from the Monastery at Salzburg. His mother was too ill to leave home, but his father, brother and sister hurried to his bedside and witnessed his holy and edifying death. Six young Benedictines, Canisianum students, acted as pallbearers. About 450 took part in the funeral procession, walking four abreast and forming a column a block and a half long. In biretta, cassock and surplice, the theologians of the Canisianum marched first. Immediately before the hearse walked the Benedictine Abbot of Salzburg in black cope and white mitre, a deacon on each side of him in a black dalmatic. The mourners followed the hearse accompanied by Father Hatheyer, Regent of the Canisianum; then came the local Benedictines, Jesuits, Franciscans, Capuchins, philosophers and lay students; last of all marched about twenty nuns saying the Rosary aloud. The cemetery is about a mile and a half from the Canisianum. Bystanders stared

at the procession with mingled curiosity and reverence; boys and men everywhere uncovered their heads. The line of march was along the broad, shady avenue on the south bank of the Inn. As the procession neared the river a band of communists standing on the north bank shook their fists at the hearse and their leader shouted across the water: "Another one of them dead—good riddance!" One of the American students of the Canisianum said afterwards, and with a very significant gesture, "Oh, if they had only dared to say that on this side of the river!" But no further disturbance took place. Not far from the cemetery is a small but very ancient church belonging to the Benedictines. It is an architectural gem set to advantage in the middle of a square. Thither turned the procession to give the young Benedictine a last blessing from the church of his own order. The hearse drew up at the door, and while the bell tolled mournfully, the Abbot blessed and incensed the white casket from the steps before the entrance. The cemetery is a block and a half square and surrounded by a high ornamental stone wall. Following the wall around on the inside is a stone portico beneath which innumerable altars and shrines are erected in memory of the nobility of former times. Beneath these again are large concrete vaults filled with niches for the dead. The Society's dead rest in two of these vaults. Some of the early Jesuits are also buried in a crypt beneath our church. The main body of the cemetery is laid out in plots and graves, many of which are marked with monuments of striking beauty. Into a large plot, among these graves, the young Benedictine was gently lowered after a final blessing by the Abbot. The choir sang the Magnificat, the Fathers spoke a few more words of comfort to the mourners, and the students quietly dispersed to their various homes. For many of them, as well as for the American theologians, this was the first funeral they had attended in Innsbruck.

Rev. William M. Boland, S.J.—The first of the delegates from the Sodality conferences to reach Insbruck from Rome was Rev. William M. Boland, S.J., of the California Province, who arrived here June 7. At the close of the conferences, he and his fellow delegates had a half hour audience with the newly-elected Pope, Pius XI. "He is short and stout," Father Boland said, "with a full, pleasant face, a bright smile and the walk of an American business man." Father Boland also had an audience with Very Rev. Father General who spoke Latin, while Father Boland spoke Eng-

lish. Father General has an exceedingly large store of information about American affairs and is ever eager to acquire more. "Tell me something about your province," he said. "What do the Fathers say about me? Give me criticisms rather than praises. And how are the scholastics? How is prohibition pressing upon you in California? Did you know that I've given permission to go ahead with the new buildings at Santa Clara even though the funds are not all collected? I believe it has a bright future as well as a splendid past." Father Boland will never forget the picture of a slight but venerable man clad in the simple black uniform of a Jesuit, his lean, kindly face, his decisive yet low modulated voice, his steady piercing eyes ever keeping vigil on the watchtower of the Society in the Eternal City.

Catholic Demonstration.—A big Catholic demonstration took place here on June 11 in which young Catholic workmen from Austria and Germany took the leading part. The gathering was an overflow from the annual convention of Austrian Catholic Young Workingmen's Association, held at Salzburg, on Pentecost Sunday. Six thousand young Austrians were then present, and 600 from the Reichbund, a corresponding German organization, were their invited guests. Today, at Innsbruck, these 600 lads from Germany, and 400 more from Austria, chiefly from Tyrol, marched in procession four abreast in platoons of about fifty each. At the head of each platoon marched a chaplain, and beside him a large silk flag or religious banner was borne by members wearing a special uniform. The German lads, many of whom were ex-soldiers, marched snappingly singing *"Die Wacht am Rhein."* Flowers and wreaths were thrown at the young paraders from many windows. Dr. Waitz, Apostolic Administrator of Tyrol, preached the sermon at Innsbruck's principal church, the Pfarrkirche. He also reviewed the parade from a stand in front of the Benedictine Church, and then concluded the demonstration by blessing the kneeling throng.

Corpus Christi.—With much pomp and solemnity Innsbruck celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi on June 15 beneath a cloudless sky. The streets were gayly decorated with flags and bunting; sacred statues and pictures were also exhibited in places of vantage along the line of march. Hundreds came to the city from distant parts of Tyrol. It was an imposing sight to see soldiers from the barracks, city magistrates, university professors, men and women students in uniform, little boys with white flowers and white ribbons,

little girls wreathed and all in the white of their First Communion, sodalities and congregations, over fifty of them, each with its gorgeous banner of silk wrought in colors, silver and gold, priests and theological students in surplices—all making this public profession of their devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Under a canopy of white silk and gold, the Rector of the Pfarrkirche carried the monstrance, while on either side student officers of the university in dress uniform, and with drawn swords, formed the guard of honor. After the Blessed Sacrament marched the Governor of Tyrol, the chief deputies, the theological faculty of the university, hundreds of students, and finally the women of the city, poor and rich, each in their best attire. In this last group alone could a close observer detect traces of poverty and suffering. The streets are usually thronged by so many well dressed tourists that it is difficult to see the real Innsbruckers, especially the women, because ashamed of their frayed garments, they rarely leave their homes. Corpus Christi is the one occasion of the year which exposes most of them to the public gaze. The procession was two hours in passing the College. Scarcely was there a home along the line of march without some sort of a banner or sacred picture. The convents and other religious houses were more elaborately decorated than the rest. Our house on Sill Gasse had two streamers of pine branches hanging from the fifth story to the sidewalk, a dozen long flags, Austrian, Tyrolese and Papal, and 25 large paintings taken from the church, each hung in a window according to a carefully arranged plan. Corpus Christi at Innsbruck, in these days of the republic, as well as those of the departed monarchy, is easily the biggest day of the year.

Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J.—On June 19 Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J., Editor of *America,* stopped off here after having represented the New York-Maryland Province at the Sodality conferences at Rome. He visited some of Innsbruck's poorest religious communities and was so moved by their pitiable condition that he distributed $1,200 which had been given him for this purpose by generous American friends. Shortly before his departure he spent a day at Taxerhof with Father Swickerath who gave an American dinner in his honor. Mr. Joseph Breen of New York, European Representative of the N. C. W. C., and an old Jesuit boy, was also present, as well as the California theologians from Innsbruck. Speeches were made by Father Swickerath and one of the theologians congratulating Father

Tierney on his splendid work in bringing American aid to Austria. The conversation was chiefly devoted to new ways and means of helping the suffering Catholics of Austria. Father Swickerath received $18,000 last year from American friends and distributed it amongst needy Austrians. From contributions of subscribers to America, and from charitable New Yorkers, Father Tierney was able to send $52,000 to Austria in 1920. In 1921 he sent over $47,000. And now that he himself has seen and heard something of the adverse conditions, in the future years, he hopes to distribute even more than he did in 1920. Before leaving Austria Father Tierney was presented with a large hand-carved crucifix, a beautiful specimen of the wood-carving industry so common in Bavaria and Tyrol. It was a token of gratitude from Tyrolese Catholics who felt that by his charity a large number of them had been saved from starvation. Again and again during his stay he was reminded of the grateful prayers of hundreds of children, pious families, and cloistered religious, which were being offered up constantly for the success of *"America"* and the apostolic labors of Ours in the United States. In Vienna, Father Tierney had several interviews with an old friend, Archbishop Francis Marquetti, Apostolic Nuncio to Austria. Some years ago Father Tierney had been the Archbishop's English tutor when he was in the United States. He is a staunch friend of the Society. During the Eucharistic Congress at Rome, he collected over $6,500 for the Austrian Jesuits alone, chiefly for our college at Kalksburg, where the Nuncio is a weekly visitor. He is very desirous of having an American Jesuit to look after the large number of Americans in Vienna.

"What do you think of Austria's future?" Father was asked.

"Dark clouds hang over the poor country," he replied, "and many of them are tinged with red. Communism is rife among Austrian industrial workers. If Bolshevism once bursts through the Russian barrier, Austria's plight will be pitiable."

Monsignor Seipel, the Priest-Premier, also sent for Father Tierney to talk over American and Austrian affairs. The Premier said: "I have been called from a sick bed to direct the Government through a grave political and financial crisis. No one would step into the breach after Herr Schober's resignation, and so in the last hour they came to me, priest that I am, to keep Austria from utter ruin."

"How long can the Government continue with the funds now on hand?" he was asked.

"Probably until the end of September."

"How much would you need to put Austria completely on her feet?"

"About $80,000,000. This would enable the Government to develop fully our agricultural resources and to save expenditures for coal by completely electrolizing the railroads."

"From whom do you expect to borrow this money?"

"As the United States Government has given no sign of offering to help, I am compelled to open negotiations with private American bankers."

Cardinal Piffl, the Archbishop of Vienna, was away during his brief stay. While in Rome, however, during the Eucharistic Congress, the Cardinal sent for Father Tierney and thanked him in the name of the Austrian Episcopate and the Austrian people for his splendid achievements in behalf of Austria.

Feast of the Sacred Heart.—On Sunday, June 25, the external Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated here in a manner utterly unknown in America. Each year, the celebration at Innsbruck, owing to the numerous high mountains surrounding the city, takes on very unique features. All day long members of sodalities, congregations and other student organizations climb the mountains, each one with his burden of oil, pitch or other combustibles with which to illuminate the sky when darkness falls, in honor of the Sacred Heart. On the highest peaks the young mountain climbers took their stand, each group advantageously placed according to carefully worked-out plans. At 8.30 a brilliant light burst out on Prandjoch, 8,400 feet high, then another and another until the whole north range, about ten miles long, from Solstein to Bettlewurf, each close to 9,000 feet high, was aglow with over 150 fires. To the southeast, Patcherkofel, 7,300 feet high, and southwest, the Nochspitze, 7,800 feet high, each were lighted with a dozen fires. Between these two peaks and farther south stands Mount Serles, 8,900 feet high, which, owing to its perfect conical shape, is known throughout Austria as the Rose of Tyrol. A huge fire burned on the summit and one on each side on spitzes lower down. Though 25 miles away the fires on Serles were more brilliant than the rest. At 9.30 two special pieces, each in the shape of a heart, were lighted on the slope of the north range in the open between the timber line and the jagged limestone summit. The

larger heart was about 500 feet in diameter, and was composed of over a hundred fires. At 10 o'clock a huge cross was outlined with more fire on the slope of the Prandjoch also above the timber line. The vertical beam of the cross was over 1,000 feet long, and together with the horizontal beam was lighted with 150 fires. From time to time red fire was lighted and rockets were fired from the summits of Prandjoch and the Nochspitze. Frau Hitt, a jagged, dangerous rock, projecting 200 feet above the sky line near Prandjoch, was lighted with three colored fires. The Tyrolers say that over 50 people have been killed in climbing this rock. At 11 o'clock the young mountain climbers began the descent, making their way down the steep paths with the aid of lanterns and pine torches. And though 20 lives were lost in and about these same mountains during the winter of 1921-1922 (the last victim was one of the curates of the Pfarrkirche), these 500 Tyrolese lads reached their homes without a single casualty. The cost of the illumination was defrayed partly by the City Government and partly by generous citizens of Innsbruck. The Catholic religion is very dear to the devout Tyrolers, and every year they take this extraordinary means of paying public homage to the Sacred Heart.

Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S.J.—Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., founder of the Queen's Work, and now Sodality Organizer of the Missouri Province, was a visitor here from July 17-20. He had been in Rome since March 8 working to prepare for the conferences of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin held there May 21, 22, 23 and 24. He was first summoned to Rome by Very Rev. Father General in August, 1921, just after Paray-le-Monial, and told to begin preparations for the conferences. After doing what could be attended to at that time, he returned to the United States for some months and then came back for the immediate preparation. On returning to Rome, in March, he had as associates, Fathers from Italy and France, and after Easter a fourth Father was sent to help from Germany. Besides the preparation of programs, the most important work was the drawing up of what was entitled a "Brevis Conspectus" of the points concerning the Sodality which were to be presented to

the consideration of Ours. These points completely summed up the chief questions concerning the Sodality, its interior spirit, its apostolic work, its Director, and amongst other things, its relation with other societies. The preparation of the conspectus was very carefully done and took two months of hard work; but the committee was rewarded for its labors when Very Rev. Father General, after carefully going over the whole, approved it with but slight corrections, and the assembled delegates, in the course of their discussions, found little to change or criticize. Father Garesché said that one of the most striking features of the whole series of conferences was the substantial unanimity of the delegates in most matters of importance. There was much discussion, but the differences brought up only served to emphasize the general agreement. Before leaving Rome the committee prepared the reports of the secretaries (who had taken down everything as fully as possible), and made the Acta of the conferences ready for publication. They will probably be sent out before long. The Brevis Conspectus has long since been in the hands of Ours, having been sent to the Provincials and delegates some time before they came to Rome. Father Garesché also said that he intends soon to carry out a promise made in response to a request of the Editor of Woodstock Letters to write some account of the conferences for the Letters. He was in the Hague, July 31, for the International Congress of Catholic Young Men, where he represented the United States. He also expected to attend the Katholischen Tag in Munich late in August, and to return to his province in September.

Summer Vacations.—Three scholastics and a Father from the French Provinces, an English scholastic, three theologians and two Fathers from Rome are spending their vacations at Innsbruck and taking advantage of the opportunity to study German. The English scholastic, Mr. Basil Fitz-Gibbon, is one of a community of ten at Campion Hall who are preparing to take degrees at Oxford. The School of Divinity there is now thrown open to all denominations, and during the past school year Ours have taken advantage of this opening to lecture on Catholic Theology. The lecturers last year were Rev. Leslie J. Walker, S.J., Rev. Joseph

Rickaby, S.J., both of the English Province. Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., of the same province, has been lecturing for some years on the Classics.

Cardinal Billot is often spoken of by our theologians in Rome. With much interest, they watch the edifying struggle between the dignity of the purple and his Jesuit humility. The Cardinal is obliged to wear a ring, but most of the time he hides it in his pocket. Sometimes, when the ring is required for some special function, he has difficulty in finding it, and then the function over, when he thinks he is unobserved, he slips it back to its hiding place. He often walks about the streets without his carriage, his servant a few paces in the rear. He cannot be persuaded to change his ancient vehicle for an automobile as other Cardinals have done. He resides at Collegio Pio Latino Americano, but most of the time he quietly slips in to second table. During the many years he labored as Professor of Dogma in the Gregorian University, he used to spend some weeks each summer in France; but since his elevation to the Cardinalate he has remained in Rome.

Rev. Bela Bangha, S.J.—On July 20, Rev. Bela Bangha, S.J., of the Hungarian Province, arrived in Innsbruck on his way from Buda-Pest to Munich for the Katholiken Tag. Father Bangha is the Director of the Central Press Association, a Catholic press federation which, after ten years of heroic effort, has finally succeeded in breaking the power of the anti-Christian press in Hungary. During the Red terror under the dictatorship of Bela Kun (formerly Cohn), his entire plant was destroyed and all his papers ruthlessly suppressed. Father Bangha, himself, was proscribed, placards with his picture and description were published broadcast, and a reward of $2,000 offered for his capture. Yet one month after the fall of Bela Kun, he was again at his post publishing four journals and several reviews. Three Catholic dailies under his direction now play an important part in the public life of Hungary. Father Bangha lectured last year in the United States and succeeded in collecting a considerable sum for the Hungarian Catholic press movement. When asked about his experiences in America he laughed

heartily and said: "When I was in the United States they published tales about me that my worst enemies in Hungary wouldn't dare to print. The Chicago *Daily Jewish Courier* said that after one of my sermons in Buda-Pest 4,000 Jews were massacred. They must have thought I wasn't Bela Bangha, but a kind of Jesuit Bela Kun."

Volunteers for Russia. — In response to Very Rev. Father General's call for volunteers for the Russian Mission, of the many who offered themselves from the Austrian Province, two theologians and one philosopher were accepted. One of the theologians and the philosopher left today for Cracow where they are to complete their studies and learn Russian. The philosopher, before his entrance to the Society, spent three years as an Austrian soldier in a Russian prison camp. The other theologian leaves in a few days for the same destination.

Austrian Crisis.—When disquieting reports about Austrian affairs reach our College, the theologians' conversation often turns to Vienna. Last May Monsignor Seipel, a Catholic priest, succeeded Herr Schober as Prime Minister of Austria. Austrian finance was in a sorry plight and the crown was rapidly falling. From October, 1921, to May, 1922, the crown fell from 2,000 to 10,000 to the dollar. Monsignor Seipel was constrained to take the post as the head of a coalition and to work a first-class miracle by saving the crown and stabilizing the tottering Government. Hope had fled from Vienna, and when the news of his acceptance got about, the common saying around the city was, "Austria has always been a Catholic country, and now that she is about to die she must have a priest to administer the last sacraments." The Austrian press sang the praises of the new Premier. A month after he took the office the foreign papers began to recognize his talents and administrative ability. *La Nouvelle Presse Libre,* anything but friendly to things Catholic, thus wrote: "We salute, in Monsignor Seipel, an able and prudent priest with conciliatory manners; he is the most striking personality of his party, a diplomat well qualified to head a coalition." The *Etudes* said of him, "The room where he lives is a cell, two steps only from the chapel where Jesus Christ dwells in the Blessed Sacrament."

REMINISCENCES OF STONYHURST RATIO STUDIORUM

NOTE—These Reminiscences are from the pen of one who was a boy at Stonyhurst more than fifty years ago. He writes as one actually living over again the years he spent there. Hence, throughout the article, the present tense is used. The author entered the Society September 8, 1863, and is now Spiritual Father at Florissant, Mo.

Stonyhurst has gained a reputation for classical scholarship. Some of its customs are peculiar. The Prefect of Studies examines all the classes orally at the end of every quarter. Then, before all the students and faculty assembled, he reads a well considered report of the progress of each class, distributing praise or blame according to deserts. The students, as well as the masters, listen, breathless, to their sentence from this court of last resort; and, whether proud or ashamed, all are animated to greater efforts; and thus rivalry is excited between the classes. The Prefect of Studies must be a ripe scholar. In my time, Father Porter succeeded to Father Gallman and was followed by Mr. Edward Purbrick, a scholastic, who held the office for three years; then came Father Kingdon, and finally, Father Tickell.

The three higher classes gave an annual display of their proficiency in the class authors in the public hall. This was called an Academy, hence the name "Academy Hall." The lower classes used to challenge one another to a public *concertatio* between the leaders in the Latin Grammar. This was occasional. But for daily lessons, the master divided his class into two armies opposing one another—Greeks and Romans—with secretaries marking tallies for victories on either side.

In the vernacular we had a written composition every week; but in the six years I was at Stonyhurst I never opened an English Grammar or English Rhetoric. English was cultivated indirectly in translating the classics. There was no debating society. This deficiency was compensated by a thorough training in the classics, allowing four hours a day for Latin and Greek.

Old traditions and mild government preserved order, piety and college spirit. The boys saw little of the Rector, but vigilance and energy in every department kept the students at their best and in good spirits. In general, the boys loved their professors, who were styled masters. On Sunday afternoon, when not interested in games, the boys would ask their master to take them out for a walk in the country. The medal boy of the class enjoyed the privilege of inviting the Master. Then all the class followed in bunches of two, three or four; and they could walk for an hour without stepping out of the College property, which made them feel the pride of proprietorship. Sometimes they would meet another class and its Master in the park or by the riverside. Some land near the boundary might be rented out as a farm. Once, when the boys were walking over a ploughed field, in scattered lines, thoughtlessly, as boys will do, a farmer came after them armed with a pitchfork, and they agreed to follow the path. Those walks kept a good understanding between the boys and their Professor.

As to piety, with the help of Sodalities, weekly Confession and Communion were pretty general. On Sunday mornings, at about 6 o'clock, between morning prayers and Mass, they heard a sermon from the Spiritual Father. The hour was suitable for effect, while so many were preparing for Communion. And Father Fitzsimon, with his ascetical profile and venerable bearing and fiery speech, was the man to produce an effect. Very few forgot his earnest words and holy advice. It was a remedy for temptation in after years. From this one is not surprised at the daily custom of a visit to the chapel in a body, for a quarter of an hour just before night studies. At the tap of the gong for the end of recreation, all proceed to the chapel. The "Universal Prayer" is said by the Prefect of the Sodality, leaving ten minutes for private devotion.

The College menu is simple and wholesome. At breakfast and supper, bread and milk, with a choice of hot or cold; at supper, a slice of cold meat is added, perhaps potatoes (memory fails me); and the dinner is very substantial, all one could desire. Beer is served at dinner for those who desire. Tea and buttered toast is a rarity that can be enjoyed all the more as a reward on "Good Days." At afternoon recess, about 4.30, a cup of milk or glass of beer can be had in the Refectory. At this time, on Tuesday and Thursday, there is

a candy counter at which the boys with pocket money can buy all the cakes, tarts and candy they want. At meals, the dishes of food are not placed on the table. Trusty servants of the House are the waiters. One passes round with a large basket of bread, strapped to his shoulders, and with a fork he lays at each plate a couple of thick slices. So he passes before all the tables, one behind another. Then follows another servant with a spacious milk pitcher and fills each bowl; and bowls are good sized to suit a healthy appetite. We must not forget the librarians. Each class has its library, and the librarians pass around books at breakfast. So every boy is seen with a book while he munches his bread and milk. At dinner and supper there is public reading by a student of the higher classes. And he reads the Latin Martyrology, with the "Die Mensis" and "Die Lunae." That is a task they get accustomed to.

The large Refectory holds all the students (about 250 in my time). It is shaped in the form of a cross, with the top cut off like a church with transepts minus the apse. The lower classes occupy the body of the hall, tables in the middle and broad aisles at the sides. The upper part is elevated a few steps for the three College classes, Syntax and Poetry in the wings, and Rhetoric in the centre. The Minister of the House walks up and down the aisles to superintend the waiters and see to the comfort of the boys. Any disorder in the Refectory is a thing unheard of. The etiquette of those boys amounts to superstition. Yet I noted Jesuit prudence in forestalling disorder. In front, against the wall, is a high chair surveying the whole Refectory. There sat old Father Clifford during dinner, immovable as a statute, without apparently blinking an eyebrow. If any disorder arose, he could see who caused it. He was a saintly man. It took a Saint to sit in that chair, and you do not meet such a man every day.

Toward the close of the year, when the boys would be granted a "Good Day" for success in their studies, that Refectory would ring with fine cheer, song and music, ending with the chorus, "God save the King."

But it is in the playground you can observe the healthy tone and fine spirit of the Stonyhurst boys. Good humor and fair play is the rule of the games. The yard runs the whole length of the College Building which appears to be about 600

feet. A raised walk running back from the College door to the garden beyond divides the yard into two playgrounds called "The Higher Line" and "The Lower Line." Each playground is 100 yards wide and about 160 yards in depth. The division on the left is the Higher Line for the three higher classes, Rhetoric, Poetry and Syntax; that to the right is the Lower Line for Grammar, Rudiments and Figures. The raised walk between them is the Prefects' Parade; it is shaded by five large elms and surveys the whole yard. At the near end of this walk is seen the Handball Court, with room for two games on each side; it is seldom idle.

On a line with the Handball court, a pair of goals for football matches is erected in each playground, and to offset them is another pair of goals about 100 yards higher up.

Football is the popular game from September to Shrove Tuesday; Lent introduces Stonyhurst Cricket, a peculiar local game, good for healthy exercise in rough batting and long fielding. London Cricket is the game for summer.

The football season closes with Grand Matches on Monday and Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. They are very exciting. The English and French flags are flying from the opposing goals, and a cannon is fired at the beginning and end, as a reminder of Waterloo. Every goal taken is rewarded at dinner with a hot, sizzling pancake. It is an honor much envied. But any good match, which occurs usually on a Thursday or holiday, is worth witnessing. Football, as played here, is a clean game. The ball is kicked with the toe, not carried in the arms, and it must be in play all the time; when caught in the air, it must be dropped and kicked or dexterously forced past opponents. A game is played in both yards at the same time, and all the boys of the yard take part in their game.

A captain or "Head of the Line" is appointed, who divides the boys into two camps and posts the lists on the Handball alley, so everybody knows his goal, on which side he is to play. It is a game in which you can take as much exercise as you please. Some stand around in knots waiting for the ball to come their way, while the real sports are following the ball all over the field. These latter are enthusiastic for their side and they get all the fun out of the game.

The Jesuit scholastic Masters often doff their cassocks and join in the game among the seniors in the Higher Line; so too

would a young Priest occasionally. Father James Clare was a Professor of the Philosophers and was expert at football. He had a sure kick and a good eye, and could take a goal from any part of the field. Whenever he played, the boys of the opposite side watched him closely to block a fair kick. At every recreation the boys practiced the high kick and the long kick. And daily practice formed many good players.

Stonyhurst Cricket was a great invention, well suited to the dull, chilly weather of Lent. It gives great exercise in quick running, batting, catching and throwing at long distance.

In each playground six or seven games are going on at the same time. In the upper end are six or seven *stone slabs* in a line at a distance of 10 yards or 12 yards from one another. At each slab, the catcher, batter and bowler are busy. It is a lively scene to view seven balls flying in every direction, and 25 fielders in the offing, each intent on his own ball and home-base.

The same scene is staged in the Higher Line, on the other side of the Prefects' Walk; only, as their number is smaller, they may be limited to five games. That is Stonyhurst Cricket: 12 games in full swing, and about 50 fielders running, catching, throwing a dozen balls without mistake or interference.

There were no outside games as there was no College near to challenge them and try their skill at cricket.

But that inconvenience was not felt. For as summer advanced there came "Blandykes" and "Good Days." A Blandyke rejoiced the boys with expectation of great sport in the forenoon, a sumptuous dinner for whetted appetites, and a pleasant afternoon, perhaps a concert from the band and choir. "Blandyke," it is reported, was the name of an old villa at St. Omers; for Stonyhurst was the offspring of that College. One of the surprises was salmon fishing in the river Ribble, which flowed through the Stonyhurst property.

Salmon Fishing was delightful amusement to the boys. They dressed in the oldest toggery for a plunge in the cool

waters, and had a long walk after the Prefects to the river. The gamekeeper, with a few men, had carted down a boat with a huge net and other apparatus. He selected a long stretch of shallow water that ended in a deep hole. There his men had spread the net from bank to bank. As soon as the boys arrived, they were allowed to drive the fish into the net. They jumped in with a whoop and tramped and shouted enough to frighten any creature hiding in the rocks. As they approached deep water, the Prefect gave the signal to come out. Grouped on the bank, they watched the men draw up the net; and lo! it was filled with big and little salmon, plunging and tumbling before their eyes. What a joy, to think their drive was so successful. They walked up the river, following the boat, to find another such hole; and with new elation the process was repeated. Of course some lads could not resist the chance to take a swim out of sight of the Prefect. They walked home pretty tired, but glad in the prospect of a good dinner.

A *"Good Day"* is a distinction given for faithful service or success and diligence in studies. Thus, the actors in the Christmas Dramas have a good day. A Good Day is given to the choir and musicians. And towards the end of the year's studies, the six best of each class enjoy a good day. After a choice breakfast of tea and toast and fruit, they go trout fishing in the country brooks. With a small hand net, they go through the same process as in salmon fishing, the three lower classes by themselves, and the three higher classes apart. As they are small groups of trusty students, they need no prefect; and there is no danger of accident. If the Higher and Lower Line have their fun on the same day, they take dinner together, which ends with a glass of wine, singing and music. The afternoon is spent pleasantly in playing ball, or in a trip to the ruins of Saully Abbey, some miles away, where they may be refreshed with eggs and ham to relieve the walk home from fatigue. Whatever amusement turns up, they enjoy the good day with a feeling of gratitude and a sense of distinction, and they go to bed happy.

The separation between the Higher and Lower Lines is an old custom, and the Prefects see to the observance of this rule. However, there is one exception, which denotes another peculiar English feature. On Sunday morning, playing ball is forbidden to avoid Puritanical scandals. I often wondered why, seeing no Protestants in the neighborhood. However,

the air is Puritanical. Having no regular classes, it was hard to fill out the hours. The result gave the boys an hour and a half recreation after their breakfast, which was spent walking up and down the yard. Then, any boy of the Lower Line who had a brother or cousin in the higher classes, could walk in the Higher Line with his relation. Most of the boys walked in knots of three or four. There was one group of 10 to 12 or 14 walking in a line which was conspicuous. These were the sons of Lords and Marquises; and as those noble families were inter-married, their kin composed a big bunch. To their credit be it said, those gentlemen wore no airs; and the boys took it for granted and passed no envious remarks. For all were commoners in class and playground; and the noble sons were among the most popular and took a lead in the games, if not always in studies. This group (60 years ago) were Marmaduke Maxwell (Lord Herries), Henry and Arthur Maxwell, Reginald Weld (the pink of a gentleman), Ed. Arundell, Chas. Weld Blundell, L. Clifford, Wm. Petre, —Shirburne, Bernard and Reginald Vaughan, Henry Stourton (leader in his class), Stepney Manners, Wilfrid Tempest, Hy. Chichester, Arthur Maxwell and Hon. Wm. Petre were my classmates and friends; and Bernard Vaughan was one I admired particularly, and he was deserving of it.

In a boarding college, the *Christmas plays* filled a dull week with excitement, keeping the boys' minds off mischief. A tragedy of Shakespeare was acted every year for two nights; then a comedy and a farce were added to occupy four other nights; on the Sunday intervening, not a play, but a concert was prepared.

The acting was always up to expectation. So were costumes and scenery. One of the Masters drilled and managed everything. It was strenuous work and accomplished within three weeks. On December 8, he gave out the parts. From that on, the actors were a privileged set, spending every recreation at rehearsal, and keeping everything a dead secret from the boys. Nobody knew the name of the play till the curtain was raised on December 26.

If a non-actor were caught at the keyhole, he would be mobbed. This feeling gave rise to some spicy adventures. One year, a few lines, overheard, were sent to the Preston newspaper. But the clue was too vague—there was no answer. The Masters were in league with the actors, and none could be bribed. It kept the boys wound up with curiosity.

Henry IV would be acted one year; the next, Hamlet; then King Lear, King Richard III, Macbeth, The Tempest, etc. Some of the characters, like Falstaff, Hamlet, are imprinted on the mind, the acting was so lifelike. Stonyhurst, it was said, had the best private stage in England.

A Retreat.—The way of conducting the annual retreat is another feature peculiar to Stonyhurst. Three priests were engaged in it. Father James Clare, then a young priest, probably a Tertian, gave the meditations. He did not preach, but after dividing the matter, he remained before the altar and made the meditation with us, considerations, aspirations and resolutions succeeding one another. The boys maintained strict silence, not playing, but walking in the yard and making paths, returning on their steps.

About 2 P. M., in the Academy Hall, Father Albanie Christi explained the Commandments in a plain, catechetical instruction; after that we marched to our little cells in the dormitory, drew the curtains and examined our conscience for 30 minutes. After free time in the yard for another half hour, we met in the chapel Father G. Harper. That was a treat, relaxing the pent-up feelings. A little fiery man, with burning eyes and full of animation, held a conference on the follies of youth. It was sparkling with wit and humor—Addison and Swift rolled into one. The boys gaped at every word. "That's so," they thought. "I know fellows just like that." At the next sentence he felt hit himself and hung his head, half inclined to laugh at his image so well taken. If Father Harper had the reputation of a pungent speaker, those boys agreed he deserved it. They saw their folly and were converted. That was a satisfactory retreat.

After living in the States over 50 years, I believe it hard to find a college where one can learn so well and live so happy.

James J. O'Meara, S.J.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Mother Machree (Macmillan), by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

There is in the lyric "Mother Machree" that haunting beauty, "like the sound of a great Amen," that lingers long on the souls of those who have heard John McCormack sing his classic. It is this difficult gossamer stuff of dreams that Father Scott's pen has caught and fixed into the chapters of his latest book, "Mother Machree."

It is not, however, the tenor who larks his way through these pages, but "Barney Kenney," a little New York chorister, whose dead mother "was the best singer in all Ireland, sir."

"Barney" is an angel in knickerbockers, who lived with his sister "Alice." His "solos were soul flights," and his own soul was as pure as his notes.

If rumor is reliable, this "Boy Knight" has more fact than fiction in his makeup, and his chubby counterpart sang in Father Scott's choir at St. Ignatius,' New York City, till he met his death a decade ago.

For the novel—it is not a juvenile—Narrates the all too brief rise to choral fame of a small Gotham "lark of song," in whose throat was "a little bit of Heaven," but enough to make "Mother Machree's" readers—and they are going to be many—put down this book with moistened eye and heart, grateful to Father Scott for making them acquainted with the self-sacrificing "Alice Kenney" and her charming brother.

The Life and Times of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, by Peter Guilday, Ph.D., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University. Popular Edition, one volume, large octavo, Vellum cloth, $5.00. Special Library Edition, two volumes, large octavo, extra quality cloth, gilt tops, head bands, $7.50. The Catholic Encyclopedia Press, 119 East 57th Street, New York.

We gladly give a notice of this work in the Woodstock Letters, because Archbishop Carroll was one of our own.

Then, too, there are some chapters in the biography that treat especially of the Society. We hope to say more about this fine publication in a future issue of the LETTERS.

" 'The Life and Times of John Carroll' is a model of historical composition. It is the first chapter in the history of the Church in the United States written according to the latest methods of research and selection. It is the story of the origin of conditions as they are today. To write it, the well-equipped and ardent Professor of American Church History has searched the libraries of Europe and this country; he has exercised rare discernment in the selection of his materials, and throughout he has shown extraordinary moderation and judgment and the true historian's breadth of sympathy.

John Carroll will ever be the centre of interest in the history of the Church and of its hierarchy in the United States. He conceived the ecclesiastical policy which has since guided his followers, and he planned for the development of religion on lines that are still discernible in every field of Catholic life, in education, in seminary training, in the introduction and expansion of religious communities, and in all their manifold works of mercy; in the formation of new sees; in the regulation of Christian life; in determining the relations between Catholics and their fellow citizens; in establishing a new order in the relations between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities; and in frustrating attempts from many quarters to inject foreign influence into the young American Church; in keeping Catholics clear of foreign entanglements; and in accustoming them to live entirely in accord with the institutions and spirit of American life.

The Life of a man like Carroll would be impossible without a survey of his times. Though a religious, he was also a man of the world. He had been educated abroad. He had traveled as chaplain and tutor. He had seen England, France, Germany, Italy and had noticed their decadent philosophies and tottering political fortunes. The experience helped him to foresee the inevitable Revolution at home, and to take advantage of the passing out of the old order and of the forces that were driven back to their old world, to institute the new order in a world that was to be new in its political and other institutions.

Much has been written about Carroll, notably his Life by Shea, in the History of the Catholic Church in the United States. That was well nigh forty years ago, when it had to

be done without numerous documents which the special historical training and active research of the present writer have made available. Only now, thanks to Dr. Guilday, is it possible to discuss adequately points which forty years ago could be presented as more or less in question."

De Religiosis et Missionariis. Supplementa et Monumenta Periodica. Arthurus Vermeersch, S.J. Tomus XI (fasc. i et ii). Bruges, Beyaert. Barcelona, Eug. Subirana. Puertaferrisa. Rome, Italy. Universitá Gregoriana, Via del Seminario, 120.

The first two numbers of the tenth volume of this well known publication of Father Vermeersch contain two dissertations, 11 queries and a large number of the more recent acts of the Holy See. In keeping with the title of the publication, *De Religiosis et Missionariis,* the subjects discussed in the dissertations and in the queries are of interest, not only to religious, but to all priests engaged in the ministry. Most of the Roman documents are followed by explanatory notes.

Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus en France, des origines à la suppression (1528-1762). Tome III, *Epoque de progrès* (1604-1623), *par le P. Henri Fouqueray, S.J. Paris, Bureaux des Etudes,* 5, *Place du Président-Mithouard* (VII^{e}). In-8°, XIV-648 pages. Prix net: 30 francs.

Extrait de L'Avant-Propos:

Epoque de progrès, inscrivons-nous en tête de ce troisième volume. En effet, dans l'espace de vingt ans, quarante-cinq maisons s'établissent, deux Provinces nouvelles se forment, une Assistance de France est devenue nécessaire, les Missions du Canada et de Constantinople, vigoureusement entreprises, donnent déjà de belles espérances. . . .

Sous la protection de Henri IV;—sous la protection de Marie de Médicis;—sous la protection de Louis XIII jusqu'au ministère de Richelieu, la Compagnie de Jésus poursuit son œuvre apostolique, non sans être atteinte par les révolutions de l'Etat, soit qu'elle ait quelque part aux évènements, soit qu'elle se trouve exposée aux retours offensifs de ses adversaires. . . . Tout ce qui affecte la vie nationale est ressenti plus ou moins profondément par un Ordre dont l'existence dépend des pouvoirs publics, dont les membres les plus influents servent parfois d'intermédiaries aux Souve-

rains Pontifes ou dirigent habituellement la conscience des princes et celle du Roi Très Chrétien.

L'histoire générale de la France sera donc cette fois encore le cadre du tableau plus restreint où nous allons retracer la vie propre de la Compagnie entre 1604 et 1623. . . . This work will soon appear.

St. Ignatius of Loyola, by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price $1.50; postpaid, $1.60.

A very readable book for one who looks for the main facts briefly and clearly related. The Saint's early career, his trials and persecutions, his studies and subsequent life in Rome are all told with a brevity and rapidity that is almost curt. The best chapter in the book, we think, is that in which the Spiritual Exercises are analyzed, and subsequent criticisms of the book are answered. The preface tells us the author's viewpoint—to stress the *Saintship* of his subject—the manner in which St. Ignatius carried out the imitation of Christ.

The Values Everlasting, by Rev. Edward Garesché, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, 1922. Price $1.25; postage 10 cents extra.

"This new book by Father Garesché offers a remedy for the worldliness of modern life.

"To counteract the subtle, destructive influence of the unholy, irreligious, and pagan views put forth by writers in the daily press and elsewhere, we must stock our minds with reading that will render us immune against such attacks. Father Garesché, in his new book, supplies such a remedy. In his usually brisk and cheery style, he treats of a variety of subjects, pointing out the reasonableness and advantages of the aids given us by the Sacraments and devotions, and teaching us to realize the defectiveness of worldly standards and the wisdom of seeking the things that are of God."

The reviewer, in the London *Tablet,* December 23, 1922, thus speaks of Father Garesché's books:

"We have read all Father Garesché's books, and we want more. They are, we think, the most helpful of all recent spiritual books."

We have also received the following works. Lack of space prevents us from giving them a longer notice.

The Divine Counsellor, by Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 1922.

You and Yours. Practical Talks on Family Life, by Martin J. Scott, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Les Exercises Spirituels de Saint Ignace de Loyola. Histoire et Psychologie. Alexandre Brow, S.J. Paris: Pierre Tequi, 82 Rue Bonaparte, 1922.

Collection de la Bibliotheque des Exercises de Saint Ignace. No. 77-78, Septembre-Octobre, 1922. Jubileum Societatis Jesu Seculare ob Theologiam Mysticam in Eadem Exultam et Illustratam. Auctore R. P. Maximiliano Sandaeo. 1640. Editio nova variis Documentis Aucta, 1922. No. 79, Janvier, 1923. L'Ascese des Jesuites et la Mistique Allemande. Par le P. Maurice Meschler, S.J., Traduit de l'Allemand.

OBITUARY

Brother James McNulty

That the love of common life and the faithful practice of it which characterized his saintly brother, John Berchmans, might be his, was the daily prayer and constant effort of Brother McNulty from the day of his entrance into the Novitiate at West Park, on June 21, 1880, until he was called, on June 29, 1922, to join the company of his heavenly patrons. And how well he succeeded in this, his life's ambition, throughout his 42 years of devoted service as a hidden worker, is attested by the eloquent testimonials of all those who were privileged to live with Brother McNulty.

Just previous to his last illness, Father Minister, at Saint Andrew-on-Hudson, noticing that Brother was not feeling well, suggested to him that he might be excused from attendance at Litanies, but the old Brother begged to be allowed to be present with the community. Indeed, members of the community at Saint Andrew will recall the familiar figure of Brother McNulty kneeling in devout prayer at the altar of Saint Alphonsus. Each evening, after the Spiritual Reading in common, Brother McNulty, beads in hand, would make his way over to the Domestic Chapel, and there he remained until Litanies, before the altar of his model. The single small lamp on St. Alphonsus' altar cast its rays on the kneeling figure of Brother, statue-like in his prayerful intercourse. Faithful attendance at all community exercises characterized his Jesuit life. "Brother McNulty knew where he got his strength—from the prayers in common," remarked one of his superiors. Even when he was no longer able to go over to the Brothers' Recreation Room for Spiritual Reading in the evening, one of the younger Brothers used to go to Brother's room and read aloud to him from some spiritual book; this in addition to the spiritual reading which he himself had made during the day.

Brother McNulty was a loving child of Our Blessed Mother and her beads were ever in his hands when he had finished his various duties. Surely it was in his Irish home,

and at his Irish mother's knee that he learned to finger the little beads—at Ardagh, in the County Mayo, for there he was born on January 25, 1846. And in later years he was wont to say, "After I got to this country, as a young man I often used to wish that I had wings to fly back to my old Irish home." Frequently, during his sickness, Brother spoke of his devotion to Our Lady's rosary, and of his fondness for his habit beads, "and I don't think there is any wrong attachment in that," he said. About three weeks before his death he was talking to one of the younger Brothers who had been the soul of kindness to the sick man, ministering to his every want; and finding that the younger Brother's habit beads were rather poor Brother McNulty handed him his treasured habit beads saying. "I shall not use these again; these have seen long service in the Society since I too received them from an aged Father on his deathbed." "I shall always remember the Father and you whenever I use them," replied the Brother. "That is good," said the sick man quietly, "that is why I gave them to you."

For some years James McNulty worked in Liverpool, England, coming to America at the age of 24. During the years previous to his entrance into the Society he lived principally in Brooklyn, with his sister, though for a year or so he was a resident of Poughkeepsie, besides spending some time in Canada. Ever intensely religious and devoted to works of piety, James McNulty desired to serve Our Lord in some special way, so when he heard that the Jesuit Fathers were giving a mission in New York City, he journeyed to the services each evening, making the trip from Brooklyn after his day's toil was done. God rewarded his earnestness and self-sacrifice, and during those days of grace vouchsafed to call him to the religious life. The call received a willing and enthusiastic response, for soon Brother McNulty entered the Novitiate at West Park as a Lay Brother, June 21, 1880.

On his way from the station to the Novitiate Brother McNulty was invited by a pedler to ride along the road with him. "So you are going to West Park; you are a Catholic then, and you want to be a religious, well"—— said the pedler. "Yes," answered the Jesuit-to-be, " and evidently you are a Catholic." "I used to be but I gave it up a long time ago." Brother McNulty gave the pedler his beads assuring him that Our Blessed Mother would bring him back to the Church, and the pedler promised to say them. "This was my first missionary work," he smilingly remarked. However,

this incident is indicative of his devotion to Our Lady; he could think of no better reward for the many kindnesses shown to him, especially during his illness, than the promise of a rosary. And even while his benefactor was busy about the sickroom he would take his beads and begin his prayer of love and gratitude.

Before the completion of his Noviceship Brother McNulty was sent to St. Peter's Church, Jersey City, and there he remained as tailor for the next six years. In 1889 he was changed to Holy Cross College, Worcester, where for 11 years he took charge of the chapel, besides his regular duties as tailor. One of the Brothers who was intimately associated with Brother McNulty during these years, said of him: "Always a quiet, good-hearted man, he was ever a faithful and tireless worker, never grumbling, but always an obedient son of St. Ignatius, even to the letter." In 1904 Brother McNulty journeyed up the Hudson, and with the exception of one year at Woodstock, 1908, he was a member of the St. Andrew community until his holy death. During all these years his daily work was in the tailor shop, though he was best known as a specialist in birettas. "Indeed." as one of his co-workers at St. Andrew remarked, "it made little difference what the work was; if he was told to do anything most obediently did he set himself to his task."

For several years Brother McNulty suffered greatly from an old complaint due to a previous operation; yet he bore it all in patient silence. Early in 1922 he was forced to remain in bed because of a very heavy cold, and though the doctors were not concerned at his condition he himself seemed to realize that death was not far off. He was anxious to die, yet always conformed, adding, "If it is God's will, God's will be done." It was evident to those assisting him that he was practicing resignation and conformity. All his reading was directed along this line for he considered Rodriguez's treatise on "Conformity to the Will of God," the best in his books, and this he read and meditated on frequently. Always very spiritual he passed the day in a most holy manner; he said that he could spend a half hour on one ejaculation, repeating it over and over again without getting tired. Then for the next half hour, to refresh himself, he would read something interesting from the *Ave Maria* or some similar book. After a half hour of reading he would say his beads; and thus repeating these spiritual acts he kept himself occupied with the things of his soul throughout the day.

Towards the middle of June Brother McNulty was daily growing weaker and weaker, and his thoughts were now concerned only with his soul; he stopped reading and did not want the books any more. Of things that were found here and there in his room he would say, "Well, I will never use this any more." And to the encouraging words of the Brother Infirmarian, "when it becomes nice and warm you will be able to get out and go around," his answer was "No, I do not think so." Shortly before he died his old friend and Noviceship companion, Brother Flaherty, came to see him; Brother McNulty's old, thin face lighted up. "I can now die happy when I have seen you, my great friend. God is a cheerful giver, He will never go back on the two of us. I will die before you. Where you and I go we will have a happy home." On June 27, he told the Brother Infirmarian that he felt very, very weak—"the end is very near now."

During his last hours he was muttering in gasps, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," for this was his favorite ejaculation as he had often mentioned—as Jesus, Mary and Joseph were his favorite patrons. He had pasted a picture of the Holy Family on the wall opposite his bed where his eyes could rest on them. At 6 o'clock, on the morning of June 29, while two of the Tertian Fathers were reciting the prayers for the dying, Brother McNulty's pure soul was called to enter into the joy of Our Lord.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints," and even in death, Brother McNulty looked like one of the old Saints, with his emaciated features, his white hair, and his peaceful, serene look. The unspoken word of all his religious Brothers was "surely he is in Heaven."

Requiescat in Pace!

Father Joseph Winkelried

Father Joseph Winkelried was born on August 9, 1844, in Ulrichen, Canton Vallis, Switzerland, of pious and respectable parents, who bore a name famed in the song and story of the little Republic. From remarks dropped in conversation, it seems that he had one or more brothers and at least one sister, who became an Ursuline nun and who died a few years before himself. He made his studies at Brieg in his native canton. He was a day scholar at the famous college in that place, then conducted by secular priests in the employ

of the Swiss Government, but before their expulsion, in 1848, in charge of the Jesuits. For a time this college had been used as a novitiate by the Fathers of the German Province.

Father Winkelried pursued his course of studies as far as rhetoric, when he left to enter the Society of Jesus. This he did on June 16, 1865, and made his novitiate at Goerheim and Munster in Germany. Why he entered the Province of Lyons, which at that time had the present New Orleans Province as a mission, is not definitely known, but it is probably due to the influence of his compatriot, Father Peter Imsand, for many years the zealous pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Mobile, Ala. He made his juniorate at Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, and his philosophy at Stonyhurst, in England. He then taught five years at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., and often spoke of some exceptionally talented boys he had in his classes. One of these, who excelled in Greek, later became Judge Paul Leche of Donaldsonville, La. Father Winkelried studied theology at St. Beuno's College in Wales, where he was raised to the priesthood. He made his tertianship at Frederick, Md., and took his last vows on August 15, 1883.

He filled the position of Minister at Spring Hill College for a time, and then entered the work of the ministry, in which, except for a couple of years, he spent the remainder of his long and useful life. He was, at different times, Pastor of our churches at Mobile, Ala., Selma, Ala., Macon, Ga., and Shreveport, La. In Mobile he purchased the property on which our present church stands, and in Shreveport he collected money for a splendid organ and started a fund for a new church soon to be erected. But it was in Macon that he did his life's great work. Here by dint of hard and persevering labor and much prayer he put up a church which is a distinct credit to the Society, and which would do honor to any city in the country. There are few grander ones anywhere. It is a Gothic structure of pressed red brick and stone with two graceful spires pointing heavenwards. It is furnished with a magnificent organ, Munich stained glass windows, artistic stations, and elegant hardwood pews. Father Winkelried was about to set to work on a marble altar when he was transferred to Selma. When he left Macon there was but a nominal debt on the church. He used to say that he had appointed St. Joseph his treasurer and the Saint had never failed him.

After spending a few years at Selma, Father Winkelried was sent to Spring Hill College as Spiritual Father of the community and Chaplain of the Visitation Academy. He spent one year in this work, and was then appointed Pastor of the church in Shreveport in 1911. Here he displayed his accustomed energy and built up a fine congregation. He celebrated his Golden Jubilee on June 16, 1915. He sang the Solemn High Mass which was graced by the presence of the Right Reverend Cornelius Van de Ven, Bishop of Alexandria, and at which many of the congregation received Holy Communion for the venerable jubilarian. The Bishop also attended the community dinner given for the occasion and made a touching address. Later Father Winkelried celebrated his Jubliee at Macon.

In November, 1920, while about to board a car in front of the church he was struck by an automobile and had his left leg broken near the knee. The driver was at fault. He picked up his victim and brought him to the Schumpert Sanitarium in charge of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate World. The Father received immediate medical attention, but owing, no doubt, to his advanced age, the bones did not heal properly and he was forced to wear a brace for the rest of his life. From Shreveport he once more returned to Spring Hill College, in 1921, as Spiritual Father of the community. For some time he had been suffering from a complication of hernia and kidney trouble, but he still retained his activity, and for a few months did the work of Pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Mobile. The burden was too much for him. He was forced to retire and again went to Shreveport in the spring of 1922. He was now a confirmed invalid and spent practically all his time at the Sisters' Sanitarium. During the last week of his life he suffered excruciatingly, but bore all patiently and edified the doctors, Sisters, nurses and his friends by his piety and resignation. One of the Sisters said he was always praying, either saying his rosary or reciting ejaculations. He received the last Sacraments with great faith and fervor, and passed to his reward on July 27, 1922.

Father Winkelried was a typical Swiss mountaineer, tall, erect and strong, with a large head, regular features and a kindly face. He was of a jovial disposition and fond of music. He could sing the national yodle beautifully. He was a man of indefatigable energy, and possessed no mean

powers of organization and financial management. He was an ardent lover of the Blessed Sacrament and very devout to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Ignatius. But his outstanding trait was an unbounded zeal for the beauty of God's house, and he could aptly say with the Psalmist: *"Zelus domus tuae comedit me."* Let us hope that he now occupies a mansion far more beautiful than even his beloved St. Joseph's Church in Macon.—R. I. P.

Father Terence J. Shealy

The Maryland-New York Province of the Society suffered a great loss on September 5, 1922, in the death of Father Terence J. Shealy, at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. For the past 13 years Father Shealy has been known throughout the Eastern States as director of the first house in the United States, devoted exclusively to the work of retreats for men, known as "Mount Manresa," situated in the village of Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island. His last retreat, the 386th retreat given since the work was begun in 1909, was conducted from August 25 to 28. Almost all of the retreats were under his personal direction.

Father Shealy was born on April 30, 1863, at the base of the grand old mountain, Galteemore, near Mitchelstown, County Cork, Ireland, and brought up amid its scenes of wild grandeur and beauty. On September 4, 1880, he entered the Sacred Heart College, Limerick, the second student in the Apostolic School which later was moved to Mungret College. Father Michael J. Mahony, of our Province, had preceded him by a few hours. Both of them received the degree of B.A. in the Royal University of Ireland in 1885. Both spent the following year as teachers and prefects at Mungret, and came to the United States together, in 1886, to enter the novitiate at Frederick, Maryland. During the second year as novices, under Father Michael A. O'Kane, both taught their fellow-novices Latin and Greek. After pronouncing their first vows early in September, 1888, they were sent to Woodstock, where they made the course of philosophy in two years.

From 1890 to 1892 Mr. Shealy taught and prefected at Fordham. One of his pupils who became distinguished in later life and always cherished the deepest affection and esteem for his teacher is the Hon. Martin H. Glynn, former

Governor of New York State. The last three years of regency were spent at Holy Cross College where Mr. Shealy taught poetry, 1892-93, and rhetoric, 1893-95. He was an inspiration to the students, several of whom have since held important offices. On December 21, 1893, they presented a Latin play, "Sibylla," composed by their professor. The play was full of classical references and bright, witty quotations; and the rendition of many of Horace's odes, set to music, helped to enliven the performance which earned very high praise. A year and a half later, for the conclusion of the College Exercises on June 21, 1895, he composed a Greek play, "Eutropius," constructed after the model of an attic tragedy. It was presented by the students, and a handsome souvenir volume was prepared containing a libretto of the play with poems and papers by the members of the Class of '96.

In the fall of 1895, Mr. Shealy began his theology at Woodstock, where he was ordained priest by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on June 28, 1898. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for June and July of that year contained two poems of his composition. The first was entitled "From my Mother in Ireland for my First Mass," and signed *"Neo-Sacerdos,* 1898"; the second was "To my Mother in Ireland for my First Mass," by Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J. Father Matthew Russell, editor of *The Irish Monthly,* said of the poems that Father Shealy had interpreted his mother's heart better than his own. The first poem is still making the rounds of the Catholic press, usually without the author's name. One of his fellow-theologians relates that one day in the spring of 1898 Shealy asked him to listen to some verses that he had for his first Mass, supposed to be written by his mother. His auditor got the impression that they had come from Ireland, and when they were finished he said with enthusiasm: "The one who wrote that is a true poet." "Ah," said Mr. Shealy, "now I've caught you. I've just finished writing that piece today."

For the fourth year of theology, Father Mahony and he were sent by Father Purbrick to Milltown Park, Dublin. It was a great joy for Father Shealy to visit his aged mother, and he used to tell how, after his Mass in her home, she brought him the habit, to bless, in which she wished to be clad in her coffin. On his return to New York, Father Shealy was assigned to teach rhetoric at Georgetown Univer-

sity. Here he remained for two years, during one of which he was faculty director of the *"College Journal."* The year 1901-02 was spent as a Tertian at Florissant, Mo. When he returned to the East he joined the staff of St. Francis Xavier's College and remained until his death, 20 years later, a resident of New York City. From 1909 on, he was stationed at Kohlmann Hall. After a year teaching literature, Fr. Shealy taught philosophy to Fordham juniors for four years, and to the seniors for two years, and at the same time attracted much attention as a brilliant preacher. During the Lent of 1908 he preached five sermons on Christian education, in the Cathedral of Albany, New York, before crowded congregations. According to one of the newspapers, "seldom in Albany has such interest been aroused as was awakened by the lectures of this eloquent Jesuit preacher. Strong in reason and rich in diction, his sermons have been a chain of rare, intellectual and charming utterances on a subject usually handled as dryly as it should be interestingly. . . . Representative men from all the professions were in attendance. " Another comment ran as follows: "Last night's topic was 'No True Education without Moral Training,' and it was handled with the mastery that has made Father Shealy's name so familiar in the literary and oratorical world. . . . His style of speaking is all his own. He copies no man, and is as effective as he is original. He captivated his audience last night." The same course was given with equal success in the New York Cathedral in the Lent of 1915.

In addition to his work as teacher of ethics and preacher, Father Shealy was actively engaged from 1905 on in the organization of the Fordham University Law School, of which he was secretary, though practically doing the work of a Dean. He began the course of General Jurisprudence, considered a novelty in the law schools. It met with instant success. These lectures be continued until recent years. In 1909, it was reported that the course was "attracting more attention from the legal world than any other course offered at Fordham." He gave, also, for some years, the course of Medical Ethics, in the Fordham University Medical School.

His appointment, however, in April, 1909, to give the retreats to the laymen who wished to found a house of retreats, marks the beginning of Father Shealy's great life-work. The movement for the establishment of a house of

retreats for laymen in the vicinity of New York took definite form in January, 1909, at a meeting in the house of Mr. Sidney J. Finlay. On February 8 the following letter was sent to Father Hanselman, then Provincial:

"Several weeks ago a few Catholic gentlemen, including myself, held a meeting at which we discussed the feasibility of establishing, in New York or its vicinity, a house of retreats for men. We decided to take no further steps in this matter before seeing you, so I now write to ask you if you will name some day when we may wait upon you.

"Trusting that this request will not put you to any inconvenience, I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Sidney J. Finlay."

The plan at first proposed contemplated the appointment of some Father or Fathers to give the retreats, the men themselves undertaking to furnish the retreatants and the house. And at the end of March Father Hanselman wrote that he intended "to entrust the management and details of this work to one of the Society who will take special interest in it." On April 27, Mr. Finlay was instructed to call on Father Thomas J. McCluskey, the Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, and learned that "Father Shealy had been appointed to take charge of the work." On April 30, a meeting was held at which Father Shealy was present with the following gentlemen: Messrs. Harold B. Atkins, E. J. Cornelis, C. P. Davis, Joseph H. Fargis, Sidney J. Finlay, Fred S. Jackson, Charles H. Schultz and John A. Tennant. Father Shealy said an initial retreat could be given at Fordham towards the end of June. They hoped to have 30 men make the first retreat. Arrangements were made with Father Daniel J. Quinn, Rector of Fordham University, and the first retreat, with 18 men in attendance, was held from July 9 to July 12. Four other retreats followed at Fordham, with 25, 16, 15 and 31 retreatants. The sixth retreat was held at Manresa Island, South Norwalk. In this first year Father Shealy gave 10 retreats to 179 men. In 1910 there were 19 retreats and 300 retreatants; in 1911, 20 retreats and 430 retreatants.

From the start, Father Shealy realized that if the work were to be successful, he must himself find the means to carry it on. Had it not been for his energy and devotedness, little

would have been accomplished. On one of the first retreats, a well known manufacturer gave $1,000 to start the Building Fund for the purchase of a suitable property. This was the nest-egg. By much begging he had in hand $13,000 in the spring of 1911. In April he found "Mount Manresa," then known as "Fox Hill Villa," in the village of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. It was purchased for $50,000. Two loyal friends lent $7,000, and a religious corporation, made up of members of the Society, took possession, subject to a mortgage of $30,000.

Both house and grounds were in bad condition, but everything was cleaned up and the house refurnished when it was opened for the first band of 35 retreatants on September 8, 1911. This was the inauguration of the first House of Retreats for laymen in the United States of America. The gentlemen to whom the Laymen's Retreat Movement owed its inception, in 1909, had prepared the following statement to be presented to Archbishop Farley:

"With the approval of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, it is proposed:

"First—To establish in his Archdiocese a house for retreats for laymen.

"Second—To endeavor to make the same self-supporting.

"Third—To have this work carried on by an organization composed of Catholic laymen.

"Fourth—To have the retreats conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

The objects of this work are to prevent the spread of false doctrines and to combat Socialism, especially among the laboring classes."

It is not surprising, then, that from the very first there was much talk about the means to be taken to guard our Catholic men from being infected with the false principles taught on so many street-corners of our cities. The result of Father Shealy's work in this line was the formation, early in 1911, of the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies. His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, accepted the Honorary Presidency, and the Bishops of Brooklyn, Trenton and Newark became Honorary Vice-Presidents.

The following letter was written by Archbishop Farley in February, 1911:

"Archbishop's House, 452 Madison Avenue,
"New York, February 24, 1911.

"Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J., *Spiritual Director,*
"Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies,
"801 *West* 181st *Street, New York City.*

"Rev. and Dear Father Shealy:

"I am much gratified to learn that the Retreat movement begun by you two years ago for laymen, and so bountifully blest by God in its results, has taken on a permanent and organized form in the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies. The new feature, i. e., Social Studies, is highly to be commended for reasons too obvious to the man of the world to call for special mention. Social questions are uppermost in the minds of thinking men today, and calling for solution such as only careful study by the members, and clear exposition by the leaders of your League, can deal with successfully.

"I, therefore, cordially approve and bless the movement, and trust it will prove a fruitful source of enlightenment to those who shall be so fortunate as to confront these active problems, equipped with the knowledge acquired during your course of lectures.

"It is needless to say that I look to the Social Studies as forming an added attraction to the exercises of the Retreats which form the basis of your association.

"With a blessing, I am,
"Faithfully yours in Christ,
"John M. Farley,
"Archbishop, New York."

A public meeting was held at Carnegie Hall on May 7, at which the Archbishop presided. His Grace spoke in glowing terms of the Laymen's League.

He wrote again to Father Shealy in September, after the first retreat was held at Mount Manresa.

"Archbishop's House, 452 Madison Avenue,
"New York, September 26, 1911.

"Rev. T. J. Shealy, S.J., *Spiritual Director,*
"Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies,
"801 *West* 181st *Street, New York City.*

"Rev. and Dear Father Shealy:

"I wish to acknowledge, through you, the receipt of the resolution of thanks to myself from the members of the Lay-

men's League, at their first retreat in the first House of Retreats for Laymen ever established in America.

"It has been one of the very great consolations of my administration to lend my cordial approval and extend my warmest support to the movement begun by you so auspiciously.

"God grant that it may be attended with all the blessed influence amongst our laymen that you pray and hope for, and that your example may be followed far and wide throughout our beloved country.

"Meantime, I am,

"Very faithfully yours in Christ,

"JOHN M. FARLEY,
"Archbishop, New York."

On Monday, November 6, of that year, the League formally opened at the rooms of the Fordham Law School, 140 Nassau street, New York City, its "School of Social Studies." The purpose of the school was to train a body of lecturers in a thorough knowledge of Socialism and send them out among the Catholic Societies to tell Catholic men and women the truth about Socialism. During the first session Father Shealy delivered 12 lectures on the subject: "Socialism, in its Principles, is Irreligious and Immoral." A course of popular lectures was also given under the auspices of the Laymen's League, at Cathedral College, during the winter of 1911-12.

Father Shealy was also active at this time in the foundation of "The Social Reform Press" which began, in January, 1912, the publication of a monthly magazine, "The Common Cause," and on February 26, of a weekly, styled "The Live Issue." After doing excellent work for over a year, both publications had to be discontinued for lack of financial support.

For one year the classes of the School of Social Studies were held at the Fordham Law School. Then for four years the School was connected with St. Francis Xavier's College. During the year 1915-16, 225 students were registered, and up to that date about 500 lectures had been given in connection with the Lecture Bureau. In 1916, Father Shealy was asked to organize the School of Sociology and Social Service, in Fordham University, the primary purpose of which was to train Catholics as efficient social workers, fitting them to take the positions offered by the city. His School of Social

Studies was affiliated to the School of Sociology, and classes were held in the Woolworth Building. The development of the School of Sociology, and the growth of the classes of the Graduate School brought about the crowding out of the School of Social Studies at the beginning of the Fall session in 1919. This nearly killed the School, and the anxiety occasioned by striving to find a suitable place had a bad effect upon Father Shealy's health. Some years before he had begun to show the strain of so many activities.

It had, however, been a source of great consolation to Father Shealy to receive, in July, 1916, the following letter of congratulation from Very Rev. Father General, dated "Zizers in Helvetia, 12 Julii, 1916":

"R. P. Assistens Americae de opere mihi narravit apostolico, quod R. V. in Domo 'Mount Manresa' sustinet. Quem R. V. misit prospectum vidi neque sine magna mea satisfactione et consolatione cognovi, quanti fructus spirituales in illa domo jam collecti sint. Rae. Vae. igitur ex corde de isto genere laboris apostolici gratulor, quem semper plurimi aestimavi et pro viribus foveo atque promoveo. Miram enim et secretam Exercitia spiritualia S. N. Patris Ignatii in se continent vim, dummodo rite et secundum mentem S. Fundatoris nostri tradantur; spemque nutrio fore ut opere et efficacia eorundem Exercitiorum spiritualium, omnia paulatim restaurentur in Christo.

"Qua occasione utor ad significandum Rae. Vae. quanti aestimen etiam suos labores felicesque conatus in promovendis studiis quaestionis quae dicitur socialis. Quae quidem studia, dummodo secundum mentem S. Ecclesiae tractentur, rem catholicam magnopere commendant aptaque sunt ad conciliandos religioni nostrae animos quoque eorum, qui adhuc in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent.

"Rae. Vae. ejus sociis, toti operi vestro mihi carissimo ex animo benedico meque Rae. Vae. SS. SS. enixe commendo.

"Rae. Vae. servus in Christo,

"W. Ledochowski, S.J."

During these years Father Shealy had to refuse many invitations to preach and lecture. When he did appear before the public, it was always with brilliant success. His study of Socialism equipped him for the preparation of a lecture that, in the opinion of a scholarly priest, who had heard, he

said, all the great American orators of recent times, from Wendell Phillips on, was the grandest oration he had ever listened to. Father Shealy's lecture on "Ireland's Ideals" was said by Justice Keogh, of the Supreme Court of New York State, to be the most wonderful oration on Ireland he had heard during 40 years of devotion to Ireland's cause. Naturally, his busy life gave him little leisure for preparing these addresses for publication; but it is hoped that some may be found in such shape as to warrant printing. Among these are the sermons preached at Georgetown University on the occasion of the unveiling of Archbishop Carroll's statue, and at the consecration of the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica.

Space will not allow us to dwell upon the splendid fruits accomplished by the retreats given from 1909 until ten days before his death. Nor were these retreats confined to Mount Manrsa. From 1913 to 1921 he gave two retreats each year to the laymen of Philadelphia, at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. The first two in 1913 were attended by 65 and 85 men respectively. In the later years the seminary was filled to its capacity, over 200 men making the exercises each week. The direct outcome of this work was the opening of a House of Retreats for the Archdiocese of Philadelphia in the spring of 1922. He gave other retreats at Georgetown University, to the men of Baltimore, at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, to those from Harrisburg, at Rochester, Oswego, Hartford, Albany, Chicopee and Atlantic City. Everywhere it was the same story of unbounded enthusiasm. Before 1909 he gave retreats to priests and seminarians with like approval. His last retreats to the clergy were in 1910, for three weeks, at Overbrook. In 1921 he received the following letter from the Provincial of the Fathers of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, which gives some idea of the impression he made:

"My Dear Father Shealy:

"You will not remember me. I was only one of a group of seminarians to whom you once gave a retreat at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C. But I cannot forget you; and now that I am in a position to choose a Retreat-Master, I am asking you to give our community retreat at Notre Dame toward the end of June, this year.

"If it is at all possible for you to come about that time, then, later, I can let you know the exact date. If your coming is out of the question, please recommend some Jesuit of the Missouri Province.

"I may tell you that this is the first time we have approached the Society with such a request. I don't know why this should be so, and I have no interest in learning the reason, if any reason there be. Since, however, this is the first time that I have had the privilege of choosing the Retreat-Master, and since it is the first time the Jesuits have been invited, I am most anxious to secure the best available man. You must be so accustomed to tributes more stunning than this that I feel I can say this to you without quite covering you with confusion; because I desire to make it plain I want you in the first place, and if you cannot come I want you to pick the best man for us in this part of the world.

"With every good wish for the New Year, and asking a remembrance in your prayers, I am,

"Sincerely yours in Xto,

"Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.,

"Provincial."

Another phase of the apostolic work in which he engaged was known to few outside of the religious community at Kohlmann Hall. Every week he went to Marymount Academy, Tarrytown, N. Y., to give an exhortation to the religious, and catechetical instruction or sermon to the children. The Sisters have written a beautiful tribute to his memory:

"Only those intimately connected with Marymount and its interests during the past 15 years can estimate the extent of our loss in the death of this royal-hearted son of St. Ignatius. Did he not share in all our joys and sorrows? Was he not ever our prudent counsellor, our devoted friend? Did he not, by his word and example, ever strive to lead us onward under His standard? No one could have even a casual acquaintance with Father Shealy and not be the better for it. None could resist his forceful eloquence. None could be content with mediocre ideals, either in the religious life or in ordinary Christian life, when in contact with his burning zeal."

Little wonder, then, that Father Shealy wore himself out in the service of Christ. Early in life he had set before himself the task of saving souls. For that cause he would give up everything. He had great literary talents, but they meant nothing for him except as a means of stirring men's hearts. One of his fellow-novices recalls how, 35 years ago, in the noviceship, Father Buckley suggested to Carissimus Shealy to devote his life to literature. "Literature!" exploded the

young man, "I didn't leave Ireland and come here for literature; I want to save souls." And God gave him opportunities in abundance to satisfy his thirst for souls.

Neither Father Shealy nor the physicians whom he consulted several years ago realized the serious nature of the malady with which he was afflicted. This was due, in part, at least, to the fact that after getting some ease from the remedy prescribed he did not think it necessary to continue treatment. In 1921, however, his suffering became very great and he consulted one of the best surgeons in New York. It was decided, in November, that an intestinal operation was imperative and offered the only hope of staying the progress of the cancer by radium treatment. The last two retreats of the year were combined and given by Father John H. O'Rourke, when Father Shealy went to the hospital. The operation took place on December 1 and verified the diagnosis. Few who knew the real condition entertained any hope of complete recovery, though Father Shealy kept up his courage to the end. After many weeks of suffering in the hospital, he was able to be around again just before Lent, and resumed his talks to the School of Social Studies, and made his preparations for beginning the retreats at Mount Monresa on April 7.

With astonishing energy in his post-operative condition, he begged to be allowed to continue the retreats at Mount Manresa. The physicians, when consulted, advised that he should not be withdrawn from the work, declaring that the retreats would distract him and, on account of his intense nature, would help rather than injure him. He was permitted to alternate with Father Corbett in giving the retreats.

Twice he was obliged to ask for help, on June 2 and August 4. But the next week he was ready for the work. Those who made the Exercises from August 25 to 28 noted no dimunition of his old-time vigor and were amazed at his courage and zeal. Father Monaghan, of the Missouri Province, who has charge of the laymen's retreats in St. Louis, visited Mount Manresa on Thursday, August 31, and found Father Shealy eager to give all information about the work, insisting that he was going to recover. "I am going to win out, I am going to get well."

That night he began to suffer excruciating pain and the physician who was summoned ordered his immediate transfer to St. Vincent's Hospital, Staten Island. Later, on Friday

afternoon, it was found advisable to take him to St. Vincent's Hospital, Manhattan, where an operation was performed. Peritonitis had set in, and it was clear to the surgeons that there was little or no hope for his recovery. The operation took place at 10.45 on Friday night and, as his condition was serious, he was anointed on Saturday morning.

When informed of his danger, he was completely resigned to God's holy will and requested that Father Longo, his spiritual director, be called. From Saturday until his death on Tuesday morning, at 2.20 A. M., the condition varied. On Monday, especially, there was a ray of hope, but by nightfall it was evident that the end was near.

At 1.25 A. M. Father Mullaly, who was waiting in a nearby room, was called by the nurse and told that Father Shealy was sinking. His mind was perfectly clear. He recited the Act of Contrition with the priest, and when the Absolution, the Last Blessing, etc., were given, showed that he understood clearly. About ten minutes to two he received Holy Communion with great marks of devotion repeating the name of Jesus and the aspirations that were suggested. Father Dinand, who had been sent for, arrived and whispered to him a short formula of the vows which he repeated fervently. Thereafter his sufferings became intense and gradually his head sank upon the pillow as he breathed his soul into the hands of God, after a life of tireless, self-sacrificing labor for souls.

At the funeral Mass on September 7, His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, honorary president of the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Service, was represented by the Right Rev. Bishop John J. Dunn, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York. Among the clergy present were the following prelates: The Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph H. MacMahon, LL.D.; the Right Rev. Monsignor John J. Flood, LL.D.; the Right Rev. Monsignor William Livingston, the Right Rev. Monsignor Gallus Bruder, the Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Smith, the Very Rev. Monsignor Joseph P. Dineen, Chancellor; the Right Rev. Monsignor David J. Hickey, the Very Rev. Monsignor Francis J. O'Hara, the Very Rev. Monsignor Luke J. Evers. Many rectors and assistants from the city churches were present in the sanctuary in addition to Jesuit Fathers from all the neighboring colleges, together with Carmelite Fathers, Capuchins, Franciscans and a representation of the Society of the Atonement, Graymoor. From Philadelphia came the Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan, D.D., director of the

Laymen's Retreat House at Malvern, Pa., with a delegation of laymen; from Albany diocese, the Rev. Francis Roche and Edward A. Riley.

The low Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Provincial.

Nine hundred retreatants and members of the Laymen's League together with many of the laity filled the spacious church. The active pall-bearers were gentlemen closely associated with Father Shealy: Thomas F. Woodlock, Hon. John P. O'Brien, Corporation Counsel; Hon. Martin J. Glynn, former Governor of New York State; Charles J. A. Fitzsimmons, Joseph P. Carlin, Stephen F. Eiseman, Joseph F. Bough, P. M. Woods. The burial was at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. About 70 men accompanied the body to Poughkeepsie.

A telegram of regret at not being able to attend the funeral was sent from Washington by Senator David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, and the following letter of condolence from Rear-Admiral William S. Benson:

"The United States Shipping Board,
"Washington, D. C., September 6, 1922.

"Rev. and Dear Father Dinand:

"Your telegram announcing the death of Father Terence J. Shealy was received this morning.

"I cannot tell you how terribly shocked I was to hear of the death of this saintly man. No one can ever measure the tremendous good that he did in helping other men not only to maintain religious stability, but to go out and extend their influence among their fellow men for good.

"It was my good fortune to attend many of the week-end retreats at Overbrook which Father Shealy conducted, and I feel a deep sense of personal gratitude to him for the help he has been to me. If it were at all possible I would show my regard by going to New York and attending his funeral; but due to the fact that I have been away from my office so much for the last two months, I do not feel that I could spare the time. I shall, therefore, confine my meed of gratitude to having a number of Masses said for the repose of his soul.

"Thanking you for your kindness in sending me the telegram, I am very sincerely yours,

"W. S. Benson."

It would be impossible to describe adequately the love and affection of the men for Father Shealy. As a retreatant said some years ago: "During the time of retreat Father Shealy is at his very best, and far surpasses anything he has done before. His one ambition is the making of real men, honest with themselves and their fellow-men, and his success is attested by the hundreds that make his retreats."

The following appreciation from the pen of Mr. Patrick F. Scanlon, managing editor of *The Tablet,* of Brooklyn, N. Y., appeared in the issue of September 9. It deserves a permanent record:

"Seldom has the Catholic laity of Brooklyn been so sympathetically moved as during the past few days after the death of Father Shealy was announced. Catholic laymen in every walk of life, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, pious and worldly, professional and menial, loved, admired and looked up to Father Shealy as a priest, as an intellectual giant and as a man.

"Years ago , we think it was at the opening of Brooklyn College, Father Shealy made his first big public appearance in Brooklyn. His oration on this occasion, the depth of his scholarship, the fire in his delivery, captivated everyone present. It was then and there that the seeds were sowed for the great success of the retreat movement. It was then and there that many Catholic men were inspired by him.

"Later, when the Retreat Movement got under way, and in an organized fashion, Brooklyn became its right arm. The Knights of Columbus and the other societies of this Diocese got behind the movement right from the start and made it the great success that it is at the present time. Again and again has Father Shealy said to the writer: 'I don't know what I would ever do if it was not for Brooklyn.' On numerous occasions he wrote and communicated with *The Tablet,* thanking us for boosting the movement and expressing his gratitude to the priests and laymen of Brooklyn who so staunchly supported the work.

"Greatly indebted though Father Shealy was to Brooklyn, it was nothing compared to the debt Brooklyn acknowledged it owed Father Shealy. We personally know several dozen men whose religion practically amounted to a mere attendance at Mass on Sunday, eating fish on Friday, and an occasional visit to the Sacraments. But after a visit to Mount Manresa they were entirely changed. They came back with an entirely different view of life, they had a spirituality and

philosophy that they did not possess before. Like the run-down electric vehicle, unable to make progress, they had been re-charged at the power house and came back with renewed force and energy to carry on life's battles. We do not doubt that this remarkable transformation has occurred in the lives of thousands of spiritually famished, and intellectually starved men, who were fed with the bread of life at the wonderful banquet table prepared and presided over by Father Shealy at Mount Manresa. Many noble women were instrumental in sending their loved ones there and have gone on record as stating that the sojourn made them greater assets to the Church, to the Nation, to the home and to their very selves.

"Father Shealy was first a priest. He was at times abrupt, nervous, fidgety, and insistent on his point of view, but yet he had the genuine charactertistics of a true priest. On the few occasions that we had to serve his Mass, to behold the edifying piety and devotional recitation of the Latin, we could not help but feel uplifted by him. In the confessional, too, his salutary advice, his grasp of one's difficulties, his exhortation to be loyal to the Saviour, affected nearly everyone. The simplicity with which he discussed spiritual truths, his rugged but saintly countenance, above all his life as an exemplary priest ,breathed forth a religious fervor that was part and parcel of the man.

"Father Shealy was an exceptional orator, an intellectual genius. Give him one text from St. Paul—"Let us go back to St. Paul," he would say—and he could speak hours on its meaning and its application. And he would do it with such animation, such force, such fire, that one's interest would never lag. A born actor was Father Shealy. His dramatic denunciation of the sins of capitalism, his vehement attacks on present-day hypocrites, his sarcastic descriptions of milk-and-water Catholics, his mimicry of society personages, his invectives against the orgy of salaciousness that corrupts society, made such impressions on his hearers that they never forgot him. His scholarship? Year after year he would take a new subject and then speak nine or ten hours on it, from various viewpoints, during the three-day retreat. The knowledge of history, the familiarity with the scriptures, the variety of incidents, the grasp of language, the picturesque description, held men there spell-bound. Many times while Father Shealy spoke, perhaps to only a few, as in the begin-

ning, we thought of the Saviour Himself, helping, instructing and inspiring His Apostles.

"Father Shealy was a man's man. He loved the men who were associated with him. Laymen were, perhaps, his nearest and dearest friends. He could and would talk to them on any subject. He was so interested in hearing of their experiences and he could entertain them with a knowledge of their particular line that was, at times, bewildering. His personality was beyond description. Incidents and examples that he was a man's man could be given by hundreds of men from Brooklyn.

"This priest was interested in many other works besides the retreat work which he nationally established and popularized. His work at the School of Social Studies, the other works of the Laymen's League, his remarkable ability as a lecturer at the Fordham Law School, are simply rungs on the ladder of fame which he mounted.

"We are hurriedly writing these lines in a room in St. Francis Xavier's College on Wednesday night. Hundreds of men, from neighboring cities as well as from New York, are coming out of the little room next door where the remains of Father Shealy lie. Many have tears in their eyes, many are depressed, all feel that this is indeed a very sad time for New York to lose such a grand warrior. And yet Father Shealy has performed his work. That figure that now lies there solemn, stolid and silent, has established several important works. It remains for those now gathered in this sacred edifice, and his numerous other followers, to carry on that task. Let the Catholic men of Brooklyn, who are taking a last look at his countenance now, resolve to continue their identification with the Retreat Movement and the other works, to continue to make them flourish. And, moreover, while we praise his virtues, extol his character, dwell on his genius, and at the same time stifle the tears that rise instinctively within, let us not forget to remember him in our prayers. He had his trials as well as his victories, his discouragements as well as his encouragements, and some of the bitter disappointments which all great Catholic leaders have. From those who have been drawn by his example to a virtuous life, from those who have felt the consolation of his words and ministrations, from those who have tasted his kindly charity, been inspired by his zeal and entranced by his knowledge, he would ask but a prayer as a token of their gratitude and affection.

"May dear Father Shealy rest in peace!"

Over four hundred men who have made retreats were present at the solemn month's mind Mass on October 5, celebrated by Father John Corbett, at the invitation of the Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Service. A sermon was preached by Father John H. O'Rourke. The following letter had been sent to all former retreatants:

September 29, 1922.

Dear Fellow-Retreatant:

You have received the sad news of the death of our well-beloved Spiritual Director, Father Terence J. Shealy, S.J., who for 13 years has been under God the life, the soul and the inspiration of the Laymen's Retreats.

On May 5, 1909, Father Hanselman, then Provincial of the Society of Jesus in New York, wrote to Sidney J. Finlay (founder of the Laymen's Retreat Movement in America), the following words:

"I am glad there is a Shepherd for the flock. Father Shealy will take good care of all the interests concerned."

It was a true prophecy. From that day, 13 years ago, to almost the hour of his death, Father Shealy gave to the Retreats all that he had to give in him. Almighty God dowered him with great talents, and above all, with a measure of manhood heaped up, pressed down and flowing over. He spent it all for God and for us. Who among us has not had the very depths of his soul stirred as Father Shealy pleaded with us the cause of his Master? Who among us can ever forget those hours spent in the Chapel of Mount Manresa where we listened to his impassioned words, and watched that strong, earnest face burning with zeal for souls? Who among us may not say with all reverence, "Was not our heart burning within us" while he spoke? What do we not owe to him? What would we not do to pay it?

Suppose we were able to call him back for a moment to ask him what he most wished of us, what would he say? It is surely not hard to guess.

His first and last word would be, "Carry on!" and that should be our resolve, made in this, our hour of bereavement, to carry on. Hereafter, while each one of us lives, we owe it to Father Shealy to make our yearly "week-end" without fail, and to do all in our power to bring others to Mount Manresa. Let us do at least so much toward the discharge of our debt to him.

It is a time of sorrow for us all, but from our sorrow let us take new heart and courage to stand by Mount Manresa, and to do all that in us lies to make it what Father Shealy wished it to be—a place where men shall come in ever growing numbers to renew their strength that they may better fight the good fight for God.

Let us one and all pledge ourselves to this.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES J. A. FITZSIMMONS,

President.

One of the most consoling testimonies to the influence that Father Shealy exerted on the men of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey is the enthusiasm with which they have kept up their zeal for the retreats. He trained them to look beyond himself and to esteem the work as greater than any individual Jesuit. All during the fall the retreats were well attended so that at the end of the season the register of Mount Manresa for 1922 showed 2,109 retreatants, 59 more than during 1921.

During recent years the retreat-house has often been overcrowded. On Labor Day, this year, from September 2 to 5, when Father Shealy lay dying in the hospital, there were 99 men on retreat. On one retreat in 1921 there were 105 men. It was Father Shealy's hope that he might live to see more commodious buildings erected at Mount Manresa. Hardly had he passed away, when the men resolved to bend all their energies to realize the plans that he had been formulating.

A Building Fund Committee was organized early in October and $16,500 was pledged by the first band to whom the project was proposed. The retreatants have all been grouped into bands under their respective promoters. On February 1 pledges had been received amounting to $78,000, and the sum of $40,000 was already in hand. The circulars of appeal pay him the following tribute:

"For eleven years Father Shealy *was* Mount Manresa and Mount Manresa *was* Father Shealy. Some thousands of men have made their Retreats there during those years, and for those men Mount Manresa will ever recall him vividly to their minds. They will need no "Memorial" other than the place itself, every inch of which at one time or another came under his loving scrutiny and care. It is, however, supremely fit-

ting that for those who come after them there should be a visible commemoration of the great Jesuit priest who gave his best to a great work and who literally died at his post. Father Shealy gave the week-end beginning August 25, 1922, and 11 days later he died.

"Therefore, the new buildings are to be a 'Shealy Memorial.' A few weeks before his death, in speaking to a friend, he said that these new buildings would be his last work. It is for retreatants and their friends to see that his idea of a greater Mount Manresa is realized. For Father Shealy the Retreats were the great work of his life. He often said that nothing in the way of Catholic works compared with this work for laymen, nothing held greater promise for Catholicity in America, and nothing was nearer to his heart. He was the great apostle of men's Retreats in America."

We could fill many pages with tributes to Father Shealy from the laymen who made his retreats. Year after year they came and never were they sated. Each year he prepared with care a new setting for the exercises of the first week and Christ's appeal to follow him in some apostolic work. This constant labor for souls and stirring up of enthusiasm for our Lord and the Church made Father Shealy himself grow in the love of God. His warm, Irish heart made many friends, and if at time he seemed less interested than he might have been in what others were doing for Christ, this was readily pardoned at the recollection of how completely he was absorbed in his many works. In community life he was kindly and charitable. As every true Irishman, he had a love for "Mary's beads." We think, however, it is true to say that his great charm of personality was exerted most on those outside of the Society. God used this gift to make of him an apostle in many lines. An interesting sketch of his career appeared in *Studies,* for December, 1922, and an accurate account of "Mount Manresa," prepared under the personal care of Father Shealy, is published in the Supplementary Volume XVII of *The Catholic Encyclopedia,* under the heading, "Retreats for Laymen."

VARIA

Auriesville. *The Shrine,* 1922.—The forecast made in the July issue of the *Pilgrim* that the season of 1922 would be the most successful in the history of Auriesville was not without its fulfilment. From the time that the flag of our country, floating from its masthead on the brow of the hill early in the summer, announced the presence of the Shrine Director or his assistant to all the inhabitants of the Valley, to the time when it was lowered for the year, a steady stream of visitors found its way up the steep hill to do honor to the Queen of Martyrs on this hallowed spot. Hardly a day passed without its quota of pious pilgrims, some of them from long distances, who could be seen praying at the various oratories and privately making the Way of the Cross, treading in the footsteps of Father Jogues and René Goupil up the Hill of Prayer.

But it was on the Sundays of August particularly that the Shrine grounds were a sight to see and never to be forgotten. For on these days from all parts of the Mohawk Valley thousands poured into the grounds, brought hither by the organized pilgrimages. Thousands more would have come on these Sundays except that the difficulties of the railroad situation prevented the furnishing of sufficient equipment to carry all who wished to come. Fortunate, indeed, was the possessor of an automobile, for he did not have to depend upon a train. As many as five hundred autos were seen at one time in the space allotted to them.

Schenectady Council No. 201, Knights of Columbus, inaugurated the season on August 6 and was followed on consecutive Sundays by organized pilgrimages from Albany, Utica, Troy and Cohoes, and Syracuse. There was no organized pilgrimage for September 3, the eve of Labor Day, but the announcement of Tegakwitha Sunday on that day brought forth an unusual number of pilgrims, mostly by auto.

On August 20, Rt. Rev. Edmond F. Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Albany, honored the Shrine with his presence and favored the pilgrims by celebrating the pilgrimage Mass and making an address. He brought along with him Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, D.D., Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., and Rev. Gregory H. Keller, S.T.D., of Little Rock College. Bishop Morris carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession and gave the triple Benediction. He was deeply impressed by all he saw and heard,

and in addressing the pilgrims thanked Bishop Gibbons for bringing him to witness the faith of some of his people and promised to bring back to his diocese a lasting memory of his visit.

Announcement was made that subscriptions would be received for the erection of new and permanent Stations to replace those which have done such long service. Most of the Stations, costing $150.00 each, have already been subscribed for by individuals. The rest will be subscribed for by a general fund and the Stations will be erected in memory of some of the faithful friends of the Shrine who have already passed to their reward. Whatever remains after all the Stations have been paid for will be placed in a fund to erect a new Calvary group more in keeping with the designs of the new Stations. In our next issue we hope to give a description of the new Stations and the names of the donors.

Other gifts to the Shrine included a Benediction burse for the main chapel, made and donated by the Sisters of Mercy, Bangor, Maine; also a hand-worked preaching stole presented by Rev. Michael J. Murray, Riverdale, New York, N.Y. To these must be added the opening of two burses in our Jesuit Seminary Fund for the training of two Jesuit priests in honor of Father Jogues and Kateri Tegakwitha. It would be a beautiful thing if other pilgrims to Auriesville would not only complete these burses, but also establish others in memory of each of our American martyrs honored on this spot. If so desired, we could reserve the completion of these burses to Auriesville pilgrims. The full amount required for a burse for the training of a Jesuit priest is $8,000.

A number of important cures received from Our Lady of Martyrs through the intercession of Father Jogues and René Goupil, or from the application of the relic of Kateri Tegakwitha have been reported. We reserve for another issue a description of some of them.

On September 10, three children of the neighborhood who had been instructed by Father Francis E. Keenan, S.J., made their First Holy Communion in the Shrine Chapel. All decked out in their finest array they were a pleasing sight to the pilgrims of that day, and by their innocence of life, no less pleasing in the sight of the Lord and Master whom, for the first time, they received into their hearts.

October 15, the Sunday before Father Jogues' day, was a gala day in the Mohawk Valley, and especially at Auriesville. On that day a civic monument was erected by the Order of the Alhambra on the plateau outside the Shrine grounds.

On Monday, September 11, the pilgrimage season of 1922 had added to the already long list another summer of glory given to God and of honor paid to His Mother as Our Lady,

Queen of Martyrs, at this hallowed sanctuary. The Annals of the Shrine seemed to have closed for the year. But while we were considering all that might yet be done before winter should set in, as well to repair the wear and tear of the past few months, as to plan for bringing more into relief the natural beauty of the place (if such a thing were possible) and for rendering it even more attractive for the years to come, all unannounced there appeared at our door a contractor and his men seeking information as to where they might begin digging to lay the foundation for the new Jogues' Memorial so long hoped for and so often mentioned during the month of August in the newspapers of the Mohawk Valley.

Had these welcome inquirers come only a few days earlier, we might easily have arranged a suitable ceremony for the previous day to signalize in some manner the day on which many pious pilgrims from Syracuse and environs made their first formal visit to the Shrine. As, however, the advent of the workmen was unheralded, the ceremony of breaking ground for the new memorial had to be simple and informal. Only a few lovers of the Shrine were about and these were hastily summoned to witness the historical event. After the circle marking the limits of the base line had been accurately determined, Father Breen, the Shrine Director, loosened the earth and turned the first sod. He was assisted by Father Cleary, of St. Mary's, Amsterdam, and Fathers Welch and Gerard, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester. Mr. Edward Sheehan, our efficient superintendent, was master of ceremonies.

In a short time the ceremony was concluded and from then on, steadily, day by day, the work progressed, as stone upon stone was laid and grew into the mound that was to support the heroic statue of Father Jogues himself. Nor was it long before everyone who passed by, whether on foot or in automobile, would stop to inquire what the new construction might be. Much interest was thus aroused amongst the neighboring inhabitants and it was but small wonder that so many of them came to witness the dedication of this memorial. Perhaps they were not so much interested in Father Jogues as a missionary priest and Jesuit, but they certainly are interested in him as one of the earliest historical personages in the Valley and were willing on this account to show his memory the honor which is its due.

It was originally planned to dedicate the memorial on October 22, the Sunday within the octave of the Shrine anniversary, for on October 18, 1646, Father Jogues fell a victim to the cruel tomahawks of the savage Iroquois. But as everything would be in readiness before October 15th, and as the

weather was then more likely to be propitious than even so short a time as a week later, it was decided to hold the dedication exercises on that day.

Every town in the Mohawk Valley from Albany to Utica had sent representattives and it was not infrequent to see signs of more distant cities and towns. Hundreds of automobiles and busses had been pressed into service to carry to Auriesville the thousands who wished to be there on that day.

The ceremonies were both religious and civic. In the morning as many as six Masses were said on the Holy Hill by priests who had come from distant cities to grace the occasion. At 11.30, on the arrival of the regular train from Albany, Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Antiphello, and formerly Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., began a *Missa Cantata* in the crowded open air chapel. He had for chaplains, Very Rev. Father Michael J. Ahern, S.J., President of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., and Father Breen, the Director of the Shrine. The music and singing at the Mass were furnished by the LaSalle Boys' Choir of Albany, under the direction of Reverend Brother Robert, F.S.C., and Mr. Richard B. Dargan, the organist.

About 1.30 P. M., the number of visitors was considerably increased. Among these were many old friends of the Shrine, including Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. Delaney, Vicar General of the diocese of Albany, representing Bishop Gibbons, who, on account of absence from home, was unable to attend. Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Glavin, of Renssalaer, the zealous director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, also honored us with his presence. So too, did Father Dunney, the Diocesan Inspector of Schools, Father Joseph Scully of Albany, Father Gorski of Amsterdam, Father Crowley of Utica, and a host of other priests from up and down the Valley. Father Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., and Father James A. McGivney, S.J., came from New York city to represent Father Laurence J. Kelly, the Provincial. The supreme officers of the Order of the Alhambra, to whose generosity the Shrine is indebted for the Father Jogues' Memorial, were also present at the gathering.

Promptly at 2.00 P. M. the civic exercises began with an invocation by Msgr. Glavin. Mr. John T. Ryan, of Buffalo, Supreme Commander of the Order, made the opening address, and Mr. Anton B. Neubaur, of Albany, Supreme Scribe, to whose untiring efforts is due, not merely the conception of the plan of this memorial, but also its successful conclusion, pulled the cord and displayed the statue of Father Jogues to the admiring and enthusiastic view of all the onlookers. Msgr. Delaney then blessed the statue and gave way to the distinguished orators of the occasion. Hon. George Hermann Derry, Ph.D., Union College, Schenectady, electrified his hearers as he retold

at length the story of Father Jogues and his companions, and concluded in the midst of a burst of applause from his listeners. If Dr. Derry had stirred their hearts over the portrayal of the example of sacrifice, Father Wynne, the Editor-in-Chief of *The Catholic Encyclopedia,* and himself for many years in charge of the Shrine, was no less eloquent when he came to speak of the spirit which animated the sacrifice. Between numbers on the program, the LaSalle Boys' Choir sang hymns and patriotic songs, and the LaSalle Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps of Albany rendered musical selections.

After these exercises were over, all marched up the Hill of Torture to the chapel where the usual procession characteristic of a pilgrimage was held and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given at the three chapels by Bishop Collins, assisted by the Monsignori and other visiting priests, and thus were closed the dedication ceremonies at the Shrine.

In the evening a banquet was held in honor of the occasion at the Hotel Hampton in Albany.

For the benefit of our readers we subjoin a description of the memorial. The statue of Father Jogues is modelled on the statue made by Sibbel for the diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie, N. Y. Through the courtesy of His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, the statue was permitted to be returned to the Sibbel studio for casting the statue now erected at the Shrine. The new statue was made in cement for outdoor exposure. It is of heroic size, resting on a pedestal ten feet high, surmounting a conical-shaped mound of native rock, encircled by roads leading from the broad entrance steps. The site of the statue is on the south side of the road to Fort Hunter, outside the Shrine enclosure, midway between the steps approaching the gateways. As this statue of Father Jogues is intended to be a civic memorial of the misisonary martyr, it has been placed, not within the Shrine grounds where it might invite religious veneration, but at the entrance, in full view of the thousands who pass by the road yearly. Appropriately inscribed tablets have been placed on the pedestal.

The statue of Father Jogues was erected by the Order of the Alhambra, as part of the purpose of its organization is to place memorials on sites made historical in the annals of America by early missionaries and other explorers who exemplified in their perils, labors and sufferings both religion and patriotism. The Order of the Alhambra is composed of Knights of Columbus from every part of the State. It forms a body quite distinct from the councils proper of the Knights.

BALTIMORE. *St. Ignatius Church. Priceless Gift to St. Ignatius.*—One of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the glories

of St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore, Md., is the part it has taken in spreading devotion to the great Jesuit Apostle, St. Francis Xavier.

Devotion to the Apostle of The Indies, indeed existed in all our Jesuit Churches throughout the earth for centuries back, but in the latter years it took on new life and attained popularity never dreamed of before, in this country, at least, through the efforts of the beloved Father Francis X. Brady, S.J.

It was about the year 1900 that Father Brady began to work up the Novena of Grace. His efforts were so successful, the favors received so remarkable and the crowds so great, that the reputation of this Novena became nationwide. Many other churches took up the devotion, following the method introduced by Father Brady and with such success, that today, throughout the United States, there are probably three hundred thousand of the faithful making this Novena every year. In our own city of Baltimore, this Novena was held in 24 churches last March, and in our own church of St. Ignatius, the Novena of Grace has reached such proportions in the past few years under the Rectorship of Rev. Father McEneany, that it is now a serious problem how to provide enough services each day for the thousands who come.

It has been the earnest wish of former Rectors to obtain a suitable relic of our Saint for this Church, but all their efforts were in vain. Father McEneany felt that no church of the Society of Jesus in the world, deserved a first class relic of St. Francis more than St. Ignatius, Baltimore, because of the wonderful devotion of our people to the Saint; he therefore wrote to Very Rev. Father General of the Society and to Father Hanselman, who is American Assistant to the General, but both were refused and Father McEneany received word that it was impossible to obtain any first class relic of the arm of the Saint. The right arm of St. Francis is preserved in Rome, and at the urgent request of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, was to be carired in procession through Spain and rest for a time in Francis Xavier's home town, where the Three Hundredth Anniversary of his Canonization was to be kept with the greatest splendor, after which the relic was to be returned to its resting place in Rome. Hearing this, Rev. Father Rector wrote again, this time to Rev. John O'Rourke, S. J., Professor of Greek in the Pontifical Biblical Institute, Rome, asking him to present our claims before the proper persons, explaining to them that nowhere on earth was Xavier more honored than in America, and especially here in Baltimore and in this mother church of the devotion in America. As a result of Father O'Rourke's representation, after the holy relic had been returned to Rome and before it was again put in its resting place in the Gesù, under the altar of St. Francis Xavier, a large

relic of the flesh and skin measuring over one inch in length and about three-quarters of an inch in width, was cut from the right forearm and sent to Rev. Father McEneany by the Procurator General of relics of Saints and Blesseds of the Society of Jesus, Father Camillus Beccari, S.J., with the following remark: "I have heard of the wonderful devotion of the people of Baltimore to St. Francis Xavier and they merit a conspicuous first class relic of the Saint." This, indeed, is a priceless gift. The flesh and the skin of the arm of the Saint, as can be seen, is still incorrupt. This is indeed a miracle in itself, as the body of the Saint was placed in quick-lime after death, and every particle of the flesh and skin should have been eaten away in a few hours, as is always the case in the Indies.

We asked the friends of St. Francis to contribute gold, jewels and money for a rich reliquary in which to enshrine our treasure. We are glad to announce that the great devotion of the people of Baltimore to St. Francis Xavier has been amply proven by the generous response to this call. Rev. Father McEneany has received a considerable quantity of gold, jewels and money for this reliquary. The wonderful response and the great sacrifices made by those who have sent us their prized jewels, etc., will surely bring down a blessing on them and on the whole community. St. Francis, it has been noticed, seems to have, even yet in Heaven, a predelection for those outside the Church, and many of his favors have gone to non-Catholics, as is shown by the notices we receive of requests granted to Protestants and even infidels through his intercession. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that a number of donations to his reliquary came from Protestants, and some from non-believers in any creed. We would wish, if possible, to record here all the touching scenes, the great sacrifices and the wonderful manifestations of faith that have come to our notice in connection with the reliquary; persons giving up their valuable jewels, precious mementos of mother, father, husband, wife, prized more than any amount of money, but it is impossible. Many a tear, too, was shed when the cherished gift from a mother or dear one was given over. The Fathers in some cases refused to accept a gift, the giving of which entailed such a sacrifice, only to be told as in several cases we recall: "Father, I must do it for Saint Francis, he has been more than good to me."

We recall also the pain it caused a devoted daughter to give up a ring of her mother's which, for long years, had never left her own finger. Again a little gold stickpin, the only memento a young man possessed of his mother, and which he gave over with these words, "Father, I would like to give you this pin for the reliquary. It is not worth much, but it is gold, and it is very dear to me for it is the only thing I possess from my

mother who is dead.' Many other cases we might speak of, but in all we see the spirit of sacrifice, faith and devotion to Saint Francis Xavier.

Laying the Corner Stone of the George C. Jenkins Science Building.—The laying of the Corner Stone of the Jenkins Science Building, marks an era indeed in the history of higher Catholic education in Maryland. This event took place Tuesday, November 7, at 3.30 in the afternoon. The ceremonies were simple and impressive.

First came the procession of students, alumni, Knights of Columbus, the Clergy and His Grace, to the new building site. A hymn was sung, then His Grace, Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, blessed the stone which was immediately put in place.

Rev. Father McEneany read the Latin, then the English of the document which had been placed in the Corner Stone. In the stone was placed also a medal of St. Ignatius and one of St. Francis Xavier, coins of 1922, the daily papers and a copy of the *Church Bulletin.*

The address was delivered by Mr. James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

Boston. *The College. The Library.*—Harvard College has written a very encouraging letter to Father William M. Stinson, S.J., chairman of the Boston College Book Drive. In this letter they offered to donate books and duplicate sets of books. The Carnegie Foundation, Washington, D. C., has written, congratulating Boston College for its efforts to secure a representative library and offers to send all the year books and other sets of publications, which the Carnegie Foundation issues. The Chinese merchants of Boston have sent a check for two hundred dollars, and it is understood that in the near future a very valuable collection of books will be donated. It is hoped that the new library building, which will have a capacity of 750,000 volumes, will start off with about 250,000. The various committees have been appointed, and the work of obtaining books will go on indefinitely. It is hoped that those favorably inclined will communicate with Father Stinson or some other member of the committee.

California Province. *Santa Clara College. Alumni Science Hall.*—On Wednesday afternoon, December 20, 1922, work was begun on Alumni Science Hall, a three-story structure of reinforced concrete, fireproof and modern in every respect.

The gound floor will be devoted to the Department of Physics. On it will be located a large and lightsome physical laboratory, a balance room, professors' study, a lecture room, an electrical measurement room, a special laboratory for research in radio and high frequency currents, a motor testing room and a hall for the preservation and exhibition of the

priceless collection of physical and chemical apparatus which, for three quarters of a century, has been housed with imminent risk of loss in the now crumbling wooden Science Building. In the early fifties, and continuously since that time, the Professors of Science at the University of Santa Clara brought from Europe the best that could be had in the line of scientific apparatus. The second floor will bring under one roof departments of engineering now scattered throughout several buildings. Here will be drafting-rooms, an asphalt laboratory, a fuel laboratory, an instrument room, professors' rest room, reference and study room, library and lecture rooms for the civil, electrical and mechanical engineering courses. The third floor will house the Department of Chemistry. A large laboratory will be equipped with every facility for general chemistry, while a balance room will provide permanent installation of balances. In addition, there will be a laboratory for qualitative analysis, another for quantitative, and a large lecture room. The geologists will find a section set apart for their work and the resumption of the pre-medical department will be made possible through the installation of a biological laboratory.

The architect, Mr. John J. Donovan, has designed a building which will harmonize with the two modern structures now on the campus, and in it has combined art and service in a way that has won the admiration of all who have studied the preliminary drawings. The J. S. Sampson Company, of San Francisco, was awarded the contract. The price of the building will be $150,000.

Upon the completion of Science Hall, which the Alumni of Santa Clara are proud to call their tribute to Alma Mater, space will be available for the introduction of another much needed course at the University. The College of Commerce and Finance is also to be inaugurated in the fall of 1923.

Raggio Memorial Gate.—The many friends of Rev. Father Raggio, S.J., have erected the beautiful Memorial Entrance as "A Tribute of Love and a Token of Gratitude to Rev. Father Raggio on the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus." As the cost of the gate was oversubscribed, it was decided to utilize the surplus funds in planting the campus, immediately in front of the University, in lawns and trees. A more charming approach to both Mission Santa Clara and to the University will thus greet the visitor.

CANADA. *St. Boniface College, St. Boniface, Manitoba. St. Boniface College in Ruins.*—On the night of November 24, 1922, a terrible fire, whose origin is still a mystery, completely destroyed the historic Jesuit College of St. Boniface. Ten persons lost their lives in the awful conflagration—a coadjutor Brother and nine students.

The Northwest Review, a Catholic weekly of Winnipeg, Manitoba, thus prefaced its description of the fire: "Following upon what may be termed an epidemic of destruction to Catholic institutions, St. Boniface College takes its place with a dozen others laid in ashes during the last year or so. The loss suffered is in many respects irreparable. A landmark has been destroyed that told the history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada from its heroic beginnings. Many valuable missionary records have been destroyed, and one of our most interesting links with the past broken. For fifty years St. Boniface College has been the Catholic intellectual centre of Western Canada. Thousands of priests and laymen have passed through its portals, not only to the evangelization of Western Canada, but to every corner of the globe.

"When the first St. Boniface College was opened in 1818 by Bishop Provencher, Western Canada was a wilderness. The first building of rude logs was a type of the beginnings of Christian missionary work here, but nevertheless a true beginning, a good foundation upon which has been developed more than a century of real progress in the material as well as the spiritual sense."

Our college was indeed a splendid monument to a century of sacrifices in the service of God and Country, and it was around this "Iona of the West," in the depth of that November night that tragedy and heroism—in the words of the Winnipeg *Evening Tribune*—walked hand in hand in the path of holocaust and horror.

St. Boniface College had a precarious existence during the past fifty years. In its inception under the care of the Secular clergy, it passed first into the hands of the Christian Brothers, then to the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, and was finally entrusted to the Jesuits in 1885.

The building, which was totally destroyed, was a brick structure about three hundred feet long. The central portion had been constructed by Bishop Taché in 1880. Since 1885 two additions were added providing sufficient space in classrooms, dormitories, chapel and recreation halls, the latter fully supplied with gymnastic equipment.

The register counted 343 students this year. When the fatal fire broke out 195 persons were slumbering within the college, of which 41 were of the faculty and staff, and 154 were boarding students.

About a quarter past two, Father Lacouture, Prefect of Discipline, whose room was not far from the study halls on the first floor, was awakened by an explosion which seemed to have taken place in that part of the building; simultaneously he heard a noise like falling glass and saw a reddish glare on the transom. In a moment he was in the corridor; a thick, suffocating smoke

was rapidly spreading. He ran quickly to the main entrance where the bells were placed, rang the community bell and pressed the button of the electric bells. This was the rescue of almost the entire house.

On his way back to his room he saw and heard a second explosion which took place in the corridor between the two study halls. The floor was thrown to the ceiling and a violent deep-red flame issued from beneath. It was indeed providential that Father Lacouture had not delayed to find the cause of the first explosion before ringing the bells. The second explosion would most likely have killed him, and many more would have to be counted among the victims.

God seemed to protect us in the disaster. The electric bells continued to ring by themselves and Father Prefect was able to reach the telephone while he continued to ring the large hand bell. Not having his glasses, nor being able to recall the telephone number of the fire station, he sent the porter, Brother Lord, with all speed to the fire station two blocks away. The latter, bare-footed and in night clothes and cassock, sent in the alarm.

Father Lacouture wished to return to his room to save at least the diary and the history of the house. But the flames gained control of the corridor with a terrible rapidity. As he reached his door, he was enveloped with flames which burnt him, not seriously, however. He had to escape by the main entrance. Soon the fire, fanned by the increasing draught, reached the main stairway and cut off all communication between the dormitories and the rest of the house.

All this took place in less time than it takes to describe it. The occupants of the rooms near that of Father Prefect were all awakened by the explosions. Brother Rainville, the assistant procurator, heard both explosions, the second of which shook the floor considerably. As he hastened to dress, he saw, by the reflection on the transom, that the corridor was full of flames. He threw a few books into the safe, locked it and escaped through the window just in time as the glass panel of his door was crashed by the heat. Father Bernier and Mr. Robert escaped by the window, both sustaining slight injuries.

Father Rector had been up at half past one "to see if all was well." There was no indication of anything out of the ordinary. Returning to his room, he sat down in his chair and was suddenly awakened by the explosion. He was unable to reach the study halls where the explosion took place, but ran through the cloister, shouting "fire, fire!" Returning to his room almost suffocated, he made for his window and was revived by the fresh air. He realized that he could not reach the fire-escape from his room. It was too late to escape by the corridor for

the smoke was asphyxiating. After gathering some papers into a valise which he dropped from the window, he made his escape by a ladder.

The other occupants of this floor made their escape; some by fire-escape, others by the cloister stairway, despite the dense smoke. Father Baurnival could have saved at least his own library, but the cries of boys who were weeping, and the shouts of the crowd that had gathered all excited, fixed his attention elsewhere.

The danger was greater on the second floor, where the Scholastics lived. Several of the occupants of the rooms were injured, one succumbed, a victim of the flames. Messrs. Bellerose and Villeneuve were soon on the platform of the fire-escape and did much to prevent congestion here. Mr. Déchêne crawled on the floor along the corridor to the room of Mr. Barrett whom he found sleeping soundly. They unhooked the storm-window and jumped six or seven feet to the roof of the kitchen.

Mr. Dubé, on hearing the alarm, rushed to the chemistry laboratory. He had scarcely gone 15 feet when he was obliged to return. The main stairway, functioning now as a chimney, drew the flames and smoke from below and cut off all communication with the laboratory. Returning to his room, he threw off the storm-window, hesitated a moment and leaped across six or seven feet to the fire-escape which was outside the next room. He caught it by one hand, and helped by Messrs. Bellerose and Villeneuve, he pulled himself up to the landing, and from here descended easily. Running along to a point of vantage, opposite the laboratory, he saw that fire had not reached there as yet. He found, too, that the recreation hall, where an entertainment had been held a few hours before, was still untouched by the flames.

Mr. Mullally had a narrow escape. He could not reach safety by the corridor so he shouted from his window or tried to shout as he was almost asphyxiated. He then waved a handkerchief; fortunately, it was noticed; the firemen raised a ladder and went off to give help elsewhere. Before he could make use of the ladder, it was removed for some reason or other. Again he signalled; he was seen by Mr. Bellerose, who again raised the ladder. The ladder, however, was too short, and Mr. Mullally had to slide down to it as best he could.

There remained on this floor within the cloister Brother Stormont and Mr. Porcheron. The latter ran to the cloister stairway, but the smoke was too thick and suffocating. He returned to his room and threw off the storm-window. Three feet from him was the rain-spout. He grasped it and at no little risk slid down to the ground, a distance of thirty feet.

Brother Stormont had been recuperating for some time in consequence of an operation. He was suffering from asthma and heart trouble. To walk up stairs was enough to exhaust him. Mr. Porcheron and others heard him at his window shouting that he was suffocating and asking for a ladder. The ladder was not then available. Today many means are suggested which would have meant help for the Brother. Today we have time to reflect. Someone shouted to him to try an escape by crawling along the corridor to the cloister stairway. This was the last seen of him, for when an extension ladder was finally raised to his window, the Brother did not appear. The hour of supreme sacrifice had come for this holy religious who had consecrated his life to apostolic work. It is most likely the Brother succumbed at the foot of the cloister stairway as a result of asphyxiation. His charred skeleton and parts of his body were recovered.

On this same floor, outside the cloister, a number of students had their rooms. None of them could escape by the corridor. Their choice lay between jumping or waiting for ladders to come. Shouting was useless. They were heard below but what could be done? Two of them, the Kush brothers, threw a mattress down and several were thereby saved in their dangerous leap. One of these remarked later at the hospital, "From above, the mattress appeared to us the size of a 10-cent piece. And to think we had to jump on it!"

There remains to be told the tragedy of the third floor. The small boys' dormitory occupied the eastern end of the building. Mr. Gervais, who had charge of the dormitory, had his alcove near the door which opened to the tower-stairway. The alcove of his assistant, Mr. deVarennes, a resident seminarian, was directly opposite and near the fire-escape. Awakened, probably by the first explosion, Mr. Gervais noticed the odor of smoke, opened the tower door and, realizing that there was fire below, he closed it at once. He rang the bell and shouted "Rise; dress quickly, as quickly as possible and descend by the fire-escape." "I was about to shout, 'Fire!'" said he, "but I was afraid to unnerve the boys and cause a panic." The electric bell then rang and Mr. Gervais heard the second explosion, strong enough to shake the floor of the dormitory. The lights suddenly went out.

There was no time to lose and now especially one had to keep cool. Mr. Gervais and his assistant were the men to save the situation. A clear passage to the fire-escape was quickly made and the boys were warned to descend it. A senior, running from his dormitory, attempted escape by the tower-stairway with a group of the smaller boys. Mr. Gervais saw them. "Come back!" he shouted. "You are running into the fire!" They obeyed. Later, at the investigation into the cause of the

fire, the presiding commissioner feigned surprise at this docility and asked one of the smaller boys, H. Laflèche, "Why did you not try to descend by the tower since you were so near it?" "Because Father Gervais told us not to go that way, but to go down by the fire-escape." The obedience of a Jesuit! Moreover the commissioner seemed to distrust us. He continued to insist with this witness: "Is it true that there was a Father in the dormitory?" "Yes, indeed," replied the young lad, "there were two of them." A case of *"Ex ore infantium. . . . perfecisti laudem!"*

The descent had begun. Mr. deVarennes prevented congestion on the fire-escape while Mr. Gervais, inside, kept the boys in ranks. Despite his efforts, however, all did not follow instructions. A student from the seniors' dormitory rushed to the tower-stairway and a dozen others followed. With great difficulty and suffering they reached the small boys' study. A window was soon broken and a jump of 16 feet saved them.

The scene grows more and more tragic. Above the terrible commotion can be heard the weeping of the smaller boys, as yet little realizing their desperate condition. To this are joined the tears and cries of parents and relatives gathering from all sides, and especially heart-rendering are the shouts of those who call for help as they rush here and there on the narrow ledge just outside the dormitory windows. What a frightful spectacle! And there we stood helpless, wholly unable to assist these unfortunate ones. One had to be present to realize our sorrow.

Scarcely had the small boys left their dormitory when the college students, in their turn, were directed to this fire-escape. One of these, Hector Allard, bravely assisted Mr. Gervais in saving the small boys who were still in the dormitory. He carried one to the fire-escape whom he found suffocated. When the seniors had gone down, Mr. Gervais, at great risk of suffocation, made sure that no one still remained in his dormitory. It was a great act of devotedness, but he thought not of this. The resident seminarians who assisted our Scholastics in charge of the dormitories showed a whole-souled devotedness and heroism. Mr. Beaulac, after directing the seniors to the fire-escape, found a small boy still sleeping in the junior dormitory. With difficulty both escaped.

All the students of both these dormitories were saved with the exception of Leopold Tremblay and John McGlynn. Their remains were found a few feet from the bottom of the tower-stairway. It is probable that finding themselves too far from the fire-escape, they tried to get out by the tower. Suffocated, they must have left the tower and groped their way into the chapel or study-hall before meeting their terrible death.

Strange to say, the dormitory least exposed to the flames suffered most, i. e., the dormitory of the intermediate boys. These were the last awakened. There was panic; on account of the darkness they could not find the fire-escape. To avoid the fire, which they saw below, some got out on the roof. One of these jumped to the ground, a distance of 62 feet.

It was at the fire-escape outside this dormitory that one of the victims, young Arthur Taylor, a convert, showed himself the hero. Through his valiant efforts many of his companions reached safety; he himself succumbed, probably exhausted and suffocated by the smoke. His was an example of unselfish devotedness for our boys. Mr. Mongeau, the scholastic in charge, was the last to leave this dormitory. Though almost unconscious from suffocation, he attempted to return when he heard that someone was thought to be upstairs but was forcibly held back. Mr. Mongeau has not yet recovered from the terrible ordeal.

To make their escape, those who roomed on this floor had to crawl out onto the narrow ledge near the roof. They were led by Brother Bourrie who recited an Act of Contrition in which all joined. They all jumped to the balcony over the main entrance. Brother Bourrie remained last so as to assist the others, especially a crippled boy, named Merrit McKenty. When young Lawrence Legree's turn came, he was afraid and refused to jump, saying that the ladders would soon arrive. Brother Bourrie insisted, but in vain; and had to leave to assist the crippled boy to the ground. The ladders finally came and those on the balcony were able to get down. Young Legree, however, who had refused to jump, made for one of the fire-escapes at the rear of the building. He did not reach it. What are thought to be his remains were found near the west end of the college.

What is known of the other victims may be briefly told. It is certain that Henri Pélissier was seen outside the burning building; led, however, by the example of a few others, he, too, wished to get his clothes from his locker in the seniors' recreation hall. The others got out safely; he was overcome. Imprudence it was, but very easily pardoned under such circumstances.

This too may have the fate of Oliva Laflèche. He had, it seems, escaped from the dormitory. Some say that he went to get his clothes from his locker, while others state that he entered the building to bring help to some of his companions who, he believed, were in danger. The remains, however, of two boys were found under the seniors' recreation hall. The charred skeletons of three other victims, L. Bouvier, J. Guilbert and James Duquette, were found together not far from the fire-

escape of the intermediate boys' dormitory. It seems that Bouvier was asphyxiated, but as to how the other two met their fate, nothing is known.

Such was our sad loss in victims; ten out of almost 200 persons. As nothing would we count our material losses had we been able to save the lives of these dear boys and Brother Stormont. The thought of their terrible death, with all its horror, haunts us today. But we must be grateful, for a delay of two minutes in sounding the alarm would have probably increased the loss of life tenfold.

I have said little as regards the fire itself! What use? Who has not seen a great conflagration? That of the college was like so many others; to us it appeared more violent, because we knew what was being consumed. Shortly after 3 o'clock the fire had complete control and flames breathed forth from every opening. When the roof fell in, the morning sky reflected the blaze with such splendor that its glare was seen at a distance of 75 miles. Well did we realize what burned within these walls; the labors of several generations of our own fathers and brothers; our historic documents; our libraries; our museum, the finest in Western Canada, containing the best ornithological collection perhaps of the whole Dominion. With these were destroyed the relics of the earliest discoverers and first evangelizers of these regions, the bones of Father Aulneau, S.J., of the valiant son of La Verendrye and his brave men, massacred by the Indians in 1735. Above all do we mourn the loss of our dead boys and our devoted lay-brother!

The hours which followed were, perhaps, still more painful. The boys had been sheltered at the Little Seminary and Provencher School, both near the college. Autos in great numbers brought anxious parents in search of their boys. What a reunion! "I went myself to Provencher School," wrote Mr. Belanger. "I was eager and impatient to see our dear boys again. You would have wept to see these groups huddled together in the classrooms, and, indeed, I could not refrain from tears."

Let us follow, for a moment, one of the first groups of small boys who were saved. One of the fathers had told them to go to the convent of Grey Nuns where they would be sheltered. The convent was at some distance from the college so that the Sisters did not know of the fire. The younsters set out, in nightshirts and pajamas, many of which were badly torn on the fire-escape. They rang the door bell but no one answered. They rang again, but still no response. Without losing patience, they wait, shivering, for it was 16 degrees above zero. Suddenly one of them, young Lemoine, suggested: "We, at least, have been saved; while we are waiting, couldn't we say a prayer for our comrades who may be perishing in the fire?"

All knelt on the cold pavement or frozen ground and prayed. Could God's mercy resist such prayer as this? These boys were later sheltered at the Little Seminary.

During the day a great number of the boys were fitted out gratuitously by various clothing stores of the city; many were welcomed by families who lived near the college. His Grace, Archbishop Béliveau, an alumnus of the college, offered hospitality in his Little Seminary; the Oblate Fathers made similar provision at their Juniorate; it was then decided that classes would be reorganized at these places.

On Monday morning, November 27, the roll was called. Information was asked concerning those who were absent. The answer was: "Gone home with his parents" or "not seen since the fire." Brother Stormont and nine students were missing. After the roll-call, classes were begun. But how could one teach today? Father Gauthier writes: "Out of 40 pupils, 28 were present, and these made no secret of their affection for us. One end of the corridor served as my classroom. I made a pretence at teaching. I tried to say the opening prayer, but could not finish."

While the professors and students were trying to take heart and courage Rev. Father Provincial was deliberating with His Grace, Archbishop Béliveau. Father Provincial was at Sudbury, Ontario, when the fire broke out Saturday morning. He took the noon train and arrived at St. Boniface Sunday evening, traveling 1,000 miles in 33 hours. Monday afternoon His Grace, having consulted his diocesan council. decided that his Little Seminary would become our college and placed it at once under our direction. It was the only means of keeping us in the diocese. The transfer was made immediately. That very evening Ours took supper at the new college, and the Seminary priests at the Archbishop's house.

One can imagine what a sacrifice this meant. It was heroic on the part of these charitable priests. With tears in their eyes they quitted their charge and their beautiful edifice. Their departure creates a delicate position for us. Yesterday the victims, today the executioners! The young seminarians wept for their former directors, a circumstance which honors both master and pupil.

At the present time we face the serious problem of the future of our college. Will the drive, now being organized, provide means to rebuild It seems certain that His Grace will leave us his beautiful seminary which, with the addition of a wing built at the cost of about $100,000, would provide sufficient space. At any rate we must pray St. Joseph to send us, very soon, considerable assistance. The college had been so overburdened with debts and taxes that it was not able to undertake the pay-

ment of an insurance premium which would have covered the total value of the building and its furnishings. The total insurance amounted to less than $150,000, a sum which in no way compensates for the losses suffered, calculated at about $500,000.

What was the origin of the fire? There are good reasons to believe that it is the work of an incendiary; this is, moreover, the only plausible way of explaining the explosions which shook the college so violently; for the furnaces and boilers were found intact. It will, nevertheless, be difficult to prove this conclusion decisive, if indeed it can ever be done. The Government made an investigation. About sixty witnesses were called. No final decision was reached as regards the origin of the fire. The President of the commission commented very highly on the work of Ours. "They did all," he said, "that was humanly possible to be done." The Chief of the Winnipeg Fire Department, which responded to the call of St. Boniface City, declared to Rev. Father Provincial: "Your men did wonderfully well." In general, the Press was very sympathetic, and praised the heroism of Ours. They, however, expressed the regret that there had been no fire-drill at the college nor night watchman in charge.

Let us conclude with a few words concerning the funeral. The work of searching for the remains of the victims was begun at once. Only a few of the charred bones could be identified. On Thursday, November 30, a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Archbishop Béliveau, at which Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg assisted. The Sanctuary was filled with priests from the dioceses of St. Boniface and Winnipeg. At the request of the Mayor of St. Boniface, all business was suspended in the city. No less than 5,000 were present in the cathedral. Archbishop Matheson, Primate of the Anglican Church in Canada, occupied a place of honor. A sermon in French was preached by Archbishop Béliveau. "From a human point of view," he said, "we cannot fathom this recent disaster. But things of eternity are not measured by human standards, and as nothing happens without the permission of Divine Providence, it is God Who will bring good out of our great misfortune." Rev. Father Provincial developed the same idea in English. He, too, found solace in the words of Scripture to raise our minds and our hearts to God, and to prove that trials draw down upon us divine benedictions. *Salus in Cruce!*

On Monday, December 4, the interment took place. Another service was held. Five caskets, containing all that was found of our beloved dead, were placed in the cathedral nave, draped in deep mourning. It was a scene which stirred anew our deepest grief. The obsequies were most impressive and heart-rending.

A mounment will be erected in front of the cathedral on the spot where the remains, so precious to us, now rest.

Numerous, very numerous, were the expressions of sympathy received. One which brought us great consolation was that of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Pietro deMaria of Ottawa, Ontario. On the day of the interment he sang a Solemn Mass at our church in Montreal, the Gesù, for the victims of the fire. A year ago we had given a reception at our college in his honor, the occasion being the consecration of Bishop Prudhomme, an alumnus of the college.

The foregoing is almost entirely taken from the French account, written by A. Buron, S.J., and published in the January issue of the *Nouvelles de la Province du Canada.* The February number of this monthly gives the following additional details: "On January 4, the Provencher School, where our boys were temporarily sheltered after their escape from our terrible fire, five weeks ago, met the same fate as our college. The school was situated only a few hundred feet from the college. It was the finest Catholic school in Manitoba and was under the direction of the Brothers of Mary. About 3 o'clock in the morning a double explosion, such as took place at our college, caused the fire which destroyed the entire building. The event confirms the belief of those who attribute the destruction of our college to criminal design.

The drive for funds to rebuild our college is going well. The Provincial Government of Quebec has contributed $25,000. We hope to get as much from the Manitoban Government. A Citizens' Committee was formed at St. Boniface and $18,000 has been collected in our small city. Priests from the Archbishop's residence and Fathers of the College will preach in the country parishes to aid the drive. Archbishop Béliveau has issued a pastoral, commending the project. Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg, has likewise issued a pastoral, ordering a collection in all the parishes of his diocese for the last Sunday of January. On January 8, after the holidays, almost as many students were in attendance as before the fire. But only 115 are boarders. The Little Seminary, grand and beautiful though it be, does not answer the requirements of a large college. We feel the need of more space. Besides, the recreation halls have scarcely any gymnastic equipment."

Guelph, St. Stanislaus Novitiate. The Novices' Pilgrimage. —At last it has come to pass. The Guelph novices will be able to add another experiment, and a long-desired one, to their Novitiate curriculum. The "Pilgrimage" is now a fact. As local conditions will not permit of our carrying out this experiment entirely along the traditional lines of the famous Sault trial, a pilgrimage experiment has been instituted similar to

that lately inaugurated at the Poughkeepsie Novitiate, an interesting account of which appeared in one of the more recent numbers of the Woodstock Letters. The chief difficulty attendant upon the newly-undertaken plan is, as was pointed out by Rev. Father Cusick of St. Andrew's-on-Hudson, that it is often impossible for some pastors to provide sufficient employment to engage two Novices for the space of a week,—the desired term at each parish. With the Novices who travel through the Province of Quebec, the case is different, as it simply means a night's lodging, or at most, a couple of days' occupation at each place where they are to halt. Satisfactory arrangements were at length concluded, and bright and early on the morning of Thursday, May 11, Bros. W. Scott and D. Hourigan set out with a modicum of luggage to trudge their way to Elora, a neighboring parish about twelve miles from Guelph. Here, for the space of a week, they aided the pastor, Father Neil Sullivan, chiefly in preparing the children of Elora and Fergus for First Communion, and in performing various domestic duties about the Presbytery. Ample scope was afforded their zeal as Father Sullivan has no housekeeper at the present time. The Novices were replaced by the second detachment of pilgrims from the Novitiate, Brothers Nelligan and Smeaton, who will continue the work begun. The pastors of other nearby parishes are to be interviewed, and it is hoped that a more or less regular circuit may be established. We trust at a later date to be able to furnish a more detailed account of this new departure.

Ministeria Spiritualia, of the Province of Canada, from August, 1921, *to August,* 1922.—Baptisms, 2,245; Conversions to the Faith, 101; Confessions, 601,959; Communions, 1,364,200; Marriages—Blessed, 408; Revalidated, 48; Extreme Unction, 1,230; Catechetical Instructions, 7,539; First Communions, 1,778; Confirmations, 1,117; Exhortations, 2,227; Sermons, 4,268; Spiritual Exercises—Priests, 14; Religious, 134; Students, 76; Parishes, 148; Novenas, 28; Tridua, 89; Visits to Hospitals, 3,306; Visits to Jails, 108; Visits to Sick, 8,370.

From June to October, 1922, 73 closed retreats were given to 1,798 men, and 55, to 1,449 women. From January to January, 1801 men made retreats at Villa St. Martin, Abord-à-Plouffe, near Montreal. (Cf. Nouvelles, January, 1923.)

China. *Tribute to Father Froc.*—The Rev. Father Froc, S.J., the director of the Sicawei observatory, near Shanghai, North China, who has saved thousands of lives during the last twenty years by warning ships at sea of approaching typhoons (circular cyclonic storms), has been awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Father Froc (says the North China *Daily Mail*) keeps the shipping of the China Sea in constant touch with weather conditions by co-operating with a chain of twenty

stations stretching from Vladivostock to Tien-tsin, and from Tokio to Swatow. He has perfected a system by which he can detect the track of the typhoons which periodically sweep the China coast, wrecking ships at sea as well as devastating and flooding the towns. Father Froc's system has enabled the Sicawei observatory to determine the curve of any approaching typhoon, and vessels in the path of an oncoming storm are then warned by wireless which course to take for safety.

Connecticut, Hartford. *Novena of Grace.*—Father W. J. Stanton conducted the Novena of Grace in St. Patrick's Church, the first time it was ever held in Hartford. There were three exercises daily for adults, and one for the children. All the exercises were very well attended, many coming from outside the parish. The Pastor of St. Patrick's is the auxiliary Bishop of the diocese of Hartford, the Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, a graduate of Holy Cross College.

England, London. *Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. Died at the Novitiate, Roehampton, October* 31, 1922, *R. I. P.*

The following is from a letter sent to Rome by the Master of Novices on the day of his death, October 31:

"Father Bernard Vaughan wished me to write to you if he got worse, to thank you for the most consoling letter containing His Paternity's blessing. You have no idea how it pleased him, especially at the time he was very depressed, and he repeated several times how grateful he ought to be to God since Father General saw so much good in him.

"The end came very peacefully but rather suddenly. On Sunday he grew weaker. I anointed him. Yesterday (Monday) I took him Holy Communion as usual at 6.10. He was quite conscious, though most of the day, afterwards, he was in a state of coma. I called to see him after dinner and he was conscious and knew me, for he repeated 'Father Master' two or three times, and said, 'I don't know at all where I am spiritually or bodily, or even what time it is.' I told him it was St. Alphonsus' Day, and he seemed to remember, murmuring 'Beautiful Saint, Beautiful Day.' We said the aspiration we have said constantly together since he came, for I found it consoled him more than anything, 'Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee.' He said it clasping his crucifix with the greatest simplicity and love. His humility, during his illness, made him see nothing but faults in his work for God, and he used to turn as if for reassurance that our Lord would not cast him off, but remain with him to the end. I repeated again the same thoughts about his friendship for our Blessed Lord, and he repeated his favorite 'wonderful,' 'He has been wonderful to me.' He passed into coma again and I left him a short time. Again I gave him absolution in the evening. He

managed to say 'for everything,' but was unconscious immediately I finished the words. He seemed very weary.

"This morning I took him Holy Communion at the same time, 6.10, and Brother Bavister, his nurse, thought he was brighter. His eyes and mouth were closed when I approached with the Blessed Sacrament, and so I asked him to let me give him our Blessed Lord. He replied very gently, 'Certainly, I will,' but I had to ask again till I was able to give him the Sacred Host. He received quite easily, took the water for the purification, and I said the prayers and left to resume my meditation. To my great surprise, Father Minister called at 6.25, ten minutes later, to say that Father Bernard was dying. I went down at once and saw a great change in those few minutes. We said the prayers for the dying and other prayers till the bell rang for the Community Mass. I arranged with Father Huson to take my place near Father Bernard, and I went to say Mass. Just as I finished and was entering the chapel for thanksgiving, Brother Bavister called me again. I had time to give him another absolution and say the final prayers, and he passed away most peacefully at 7.55. R. I. P.

"Knowing him so well, you will realize what a source of edification he has been to all of us. The first evening he came he sent for me—such a child compared to him—and said 'I have always prayed for this, to come and die as one of your Novices, and where I began my spiritual life.' The simplest Novice, however docile, could not have cherished little things I said to him as Father Bernard did. It was a second Noviceship for myself to hear him say 'I am keeping to our order of the day,' or 'I have not kept to our order today, I am so idle.' I had given him certain aspirations and the Litany of the Holy Name and Our Lady to say with the Brother, as he had begged for an order 'To feel that you really consider me a Novice.' Until Thursday of last week, two Novices went to see him twice a day to read a little of the New Testament and of the Imitation. He always said a little word to them at the end about their Vocation or St. Stanislaus—to whom he was very devout. Even that he would not do without asking my permission! 'I want to be really obedient and a Novice,' he said, when I asked him to say just what he liked to them. One day last week his room door was open—he was opposite the chapel—and the Novices began to come out from evening meditation. 'Listen to those feet,' he said, 'it is music to me to hear them, for they are those of my Brothers who are serving God so well.'

"Perhaps I have written enough to show what the Province has lost. I have always admired him and his wonderful charity to *all and each* of Ours, but it has been a privilege to see into the beautiful simplicity and earnestness of his spiritual life.

"Asking your prayers for myself and for the large body of really excellent Novices whom God has sent us."

The *Letters and Novices,* January, 1923, give a full and excellent sketch of Father Bernard Vaughan.

Father Vaughan Memorial.—After some consideration it has been decided that the East End memorial to the late Father Bernard Vaughan shall take the form of a central school for higher education. The school will, accordingly, be founded in the East End, close to the great Irish church in the Commercial Road at Stepney, where Father Vaughan spent several nights each week in ministering to the poor. Boys and girls from 11 Catholic parishes will be eligible for the scholarships at the school.

GUATEMALA. *Religious Persecution.*—Recent correspondence with friends in Guatemala and neighboring countries has brought out the following facts concerning the savage religious persecution now in progress in the former country. There were two alleged reasons for the expulsion of the Archbishop Munoz. He was a Jesuit; he refused to take cognizance of silly, unfounded complaints against some priests. As to the first: the Jesuits were admitted to the country by express permission of the Government. In regard to the complaints, they were, as usual, accusations that the priests preached politics. His Grace naturally demanded proof, but, as usual, there was no proof.

Guatemala knows that the reason of the expulsion was to stir up strife, enforce martial law, and under cover of the disorder thus created, force a loan on the country "to preserve law and order," which means here "to fill the pockets of politicians."

Another of the letters received says:

At the moment of writing this communication to you, eight other priests have been banished under most trivial and even foolish pretexts. To give one example. A nearby parish priest goes on a pilgrimage twice a year, accompanied by his people who give stipends for Masses. This year two sheriffs collected the stipends and when the priest protested the theft, he was banished as an enemy of the country.

Almost all the other priests suffer vexations and indignities of the worst kind. One priest, a Belgian, has been killed by a paid assassin; another has been put in prison after a false accusation; another has been condemned to six years' imprisonment; ten are at this moment detained in Guatemala City where they must present themselves twice a day before the military authorities as if they were dangerous criminals. Every priest here could write a book full of such kind of vexations.

Priests are not allowed to enter the country. And they are much needed, because there are only one hundred priests, among whom are a number of old and sick men, for 2,300,000 Catholics.

Brothers or Sisters are not allowed to enter the country, and they, too, are needed, because thousands are without instruction. Catholic schools are forbidden. Protestant schools are opened. From Protestant pulpits has been preached: "The Archbishop has been exiled, the priests will follow, and then we shall be free."

Catholic buildings have been confiscated under the most cynical circumstances. The Government allowed the Catholics to build a hall, and after its dedication, this order came from the Government in Gautemala City: "The building must be given to local civic use."

Statistics that are moderate, say that more than 150 civilians have been killed, and that many more disappeared, by order of the men in power.

Peaceful fathers of families, young men in business, have been obliged to serve as simple soldiers for half a year in the army. Why? To make the people tremble, and because they do not belong to the political party of the Government.

Fines that the Government knows will prove destructive to its victims have been imposed against all justice.

La Patria, the only Catholic daily paper in the country, very good, and absolutely needed for truthful information and constructive work, was suspended in June. This is the case also with all the other papers that are not of the same political party as the men in power. We could continue, but we have written enough to show you how miserable conditions in Guatemala are. As usual, the miscreants pretend they have the support of the United States, and this assertion is not wholly without foundation, yet never was there a greater tyranny here.

Another correspondent writes, confirming this information and speaking of the need of priests. A third tells how a priest from a neighboring country was admitted to one section of Guatemala to baptize the children and marry people anxious to observe the law of the Church.—*America.*

Calcutta, India. *Annual Retreat for Gentlemen.*—The number of gentlemen who joined the Retreat at St. Xavier's College this year surpassed all previous records. No less than one hundred took part in the three days' recollection and prayer which began on the evening of Wednesday, September 27, 1922. Most of them were residents of Calcutta, representing all classes, from the heads of firms to the clerks in various offices. Many outlying stations such as Ichapore, Kharagpur and Asansol sent their representatives, but a few came from far distant stations, two gentlemen traveling all the way from Delhi to participate in the spiritual favors so lavishly bestowed by God during a Retreat.

So well was the day filled with its variety of exercises—Spiritual Reading, Rosary, Benediction, Stations of the Cross

and visits to the Blessed Sacrament that the time flew past, and the three days came to an end all too soon. There were no less than 16 priests ready to hear the general Confessions towards the close of the Retreat.

It was truly edifying to witness the fervour with which all the exercises were gone through from the morning Mass at 7 to the evening prayers and examination of conscience at 7.30 P. M. There were three meditations a day, the points being delivered by the Rev. Father Louwyck, S.J., the parish priest of St. Teresa's. All who heard the Rev. Father's clear, eloquent and impressive instructions were penetrated to the heart with the great truths of our holy religion. Surrounded by an atmosphere of silence and profound recollection, inundated with the quickening grace of God, the good seed which was thus sown will undoubtedly bear fruit a hundredfold.

On Sunday morning His Lordship, Bishop Périer, S.J., celebrated Mass during which a choir of gentlemen sang most creditably under the able direction of Father Collot, S.J. All received Holy Communion devoutly, the *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, the Baptismal Vows were renewed and with the blessing of Our Lord the Retreat was over. Before the gentlemen dispersed there was a pleasant gathering in the dining hall at which several speeches were made.

Goa and St. Francis Xavier. The Exposition.—The third century of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier has been the occasion and cause of the exposition of the sacred body of the Saint in the ancient church in which he has long been sleeping—the church of the Holy Name, or the Bom Jesus, in the place known as Old Goa. This is seven miles inland, beautifully situated on the rich and wooded upland by a clear, broad river, which is really an arm of the sea, running far into the cultivated and well-wooded country, stretching as far as the eye can reach. Of the old city, abandoned long since it became considered unhealthy, nothing remains beyond the ecclesiastical ruins except a few churches, usually well-preserved, and the adjoining monasteries and convents. The Cathedral is still in perfect preservation—majestic, richly ornamented, and honored daily by the service of its canons, as in the proud days of Portugal's departed splendor.

As the day of St. Francis approached, the wide, abandoned spaces teemed with life. Booths were erected everywhere; and a great multitude from all parts of India, but especially the poor people, a reverent and peaceful concourse, filled all the available ground. Portuguese military forces were present, silent and reverential, to keep order, if need should be. Their

band played before the convents where the Prelates assembled; and opened, by a double cordon of soldiers, the line of the great procession.

The body of St. Francis, which has never suffered the usual decomposition of the grave, which was not even affected by the quick lime in which it was twice buried before being brought to Goa, rests in a large silver shrine, high above the surrounding altars at the base, in a side chapel of the Bom Jesus. This shrine is opened at the feet, and the wood casket containing the body is moved out by a side door into the cloister, and then to the sacristy, where the casket is opened by the Governor in presence of the Bishops. After the procession from the Cathedral, the Bishops carried the sacred remains on their shoulders to the new shrine erected temporarily in the middle of the church. Here the body of the Saint was placed in a glass shrine, afterwards opened at the feet for the veneration of the faithful.

After High Mass had been sung by the Delegate Apostolic, he, with the Patriarch and the other Bishops, came in procession to the shrine, and venerated the sacred body. Those standing near at the moment had an excellent opportunity of noticing the appearance of the Saint; for the casket, being placed too high, was drawn halfway out of the glass shrine, and raised so that the feet might be lowered. Time has been, naturally, asserting its dominion over the condition of all that was mortal of St. Francis Xavier. The body has become shorter; and the face has lost much of what it seems to have long retained—the recognizable lineaments of the face, noble, profoundly peaceful, as if sunk in saintly recollection, with traits of the indescribable love of God and of souls, which was the main spring of his extraordinary career. The newspapers stated that 15,000 persons daily kissed the feet so often weary in Apostolic labor. The toes, quite dark in color, are shrunken much from the natural size; but are entire, and slightly flexible. The soldiers kept order, and the multitudes of the faithful passed for hours around the illustrious shrine.

Few sanctuaries of the Christian world are more venerable or more venerated than this of remote Goa. A motto over the ornamental altar of the Saint reminds the visitor that the Apostle of the Indies is "greater in death" than in life. It is profoundly true. His blessing, his silent preaching, his majestic presence, keeps all the land of Goa most fervent and loyal in the Catholic faith. No faith is more simple, more wholehearted, more active. All the virtues which sanctify Christian homes are theirs—family love, family purity, fidelity which drives scandal far away. The land is happy and fruitful;

everywhere arises the Christian cross; everywhere churches and priests, so impressively contrasting with the senseless, hopeless paganism reigning widely beyond their borders.

Goa. *The Body of St. Francis Xavier.*—A great deal of interest has been shown as to the actual state of the body of St. Francis Xavier, and a number of more or less contradictory statements have been made. The following cutting from a correspondent in the *Times of India* may first be quoted:

No Change in the Body.

Thousands of pilgrims have seen the body of St. Francis but they have carried away different impressions regarding the present state of the body. Some have circulated reports that the body has shrivelled up so much that no further exposition can be expected. A well known doctor who was a member of Exposition Committees and viewed the body closely at the recent and the previous expositions, stated that there was no change whatever either in size or color of the body. An official document which was drawn up on the closing day and signed by the Patriarch, the Governor, and other authorities, declared that there was no notable alteration in the body since the last exposition. Many of the pilgrims, even Catholics, have been curious to know whether the preservation of the body is due to any process of embalming. The historical evidence on the subject is that the body was buried at Sanchan with a quantity of lime to accelerate decomposition. It was again removed from the coffin and buried at Malacca covered with earth. In 1554, Dr. Sariva, the Viceroy's physician, examined the body and attested on oath that he felt the stomach and found it palpable; he noticed the "corpulence" of the intestines which had not been embalmed, nor was there anything which could point to the preservation of the body by artificial means. It was not possible, he declared, to explain the condition of the body in the light of medical science. Dr. Ambrosio Ribeiro, Vicar General of the Bishop of Goa, also attested on oath to the same effect after examining the body with great minuteness in 1556. In 1614, when the right hand of St. Francis was cut off by orders of the General of the Society of Jesus, blood flowed from it "enough to fill a silver vessel and to soak a towel." The medical examinations of the body held before the exposition of 1782 and 1859 do not suggest any natural causes or reasons for the preservation of the body in an incorrupt state.

The remark that "there has been no change since the last exposition" is not in agreement with the following, which is taken from the *Catholic Register:*

The State of the Body.

As comments have been made on the present condition of the body of the Saint, we cannot do better than reproduce the impression left on the Bishop of Trincomallie, who was present at the opening ceremonies, as we find it reported in the same Ceylon paper. "The face has undergone a marked change since it was last uncovered. The Patriarch was the first to observe and note the change which he remarked immediately on removing the veil which covered it. After preserving it free from corruption for 350 years, God is at last allowing it to experience the vicissitudes of time. It is still in a state of preservation, but not of perfect preservation. That is the impression the sight of the face makes on one. As a miracle depends solely on the will of God, it is left to Him entirely to determine the length of its perpetuation according to His own infinite wise designs. Those attending the Exposition were therefore all the more grateful that they were privileged to behold the face of the great Saint even in its partial state of preservation. The hand and one of the feet (that on which the toes are whole) are, however, perfect, with skin, bone and muscle intact. Bishop Robichez had the privilege not only of kissing the hand and the feet of the Saint, but of placing his hand on the head of the Apostle."

Under the circumstances we have to feel grateful to a writer in the *Catholic Herald of India,* who seems to have laid himself out to get at the exact facts. This is what he writes:

The following notes were written after a careful inspection, by the writer, of the body of St. Francis Xavier:

The body lies in a wooden coffin of no particular pattern and is dressed in a chasuble embroidered with heavy pearls. The head is raised on a pillow at a sharp angle, the chin resting on the chest; the left arm lies across the stomach, and the fingers have preserved the graceful curves affected by painters.

The coffin stands in a silver mausoleum of elaborate style, open on the four sides and what little light penetrates through the panes, reveals a disappointing sight. At a first glance the Saint's head looks but an ordinary skull, with its cavities roughly filled in and its angles rounded off with brown clay. It is completely mummified. The sight damps that curious sensation of the miraculous with which one approaches the relic. But a closer inspection, assisted by a jet of electric light from a pocket lamp, reveals details and even features which, though in no sense miraculous at the present day, are yet at least clear traces of a miraculous preservation in the past.

An examination of the left side of the head reveals the following:—The skull at the back and on the side is completely bare, the suture of the bone over the ear being clearly visible. The left ear is gone, and over the earhole and partly covering the cavity of the temple and the left cheek the skin is still adhering, as thin as a film, crumpled up and peeling off at the edges. A thread runs through the skin, apparently a dry artery. The left eyehole is full; the eyelids are closely knit and fold towards a centre as though they had been sucked in. There is a pocket or a swelling under the left corner of the eyelid, evidence that the eyeball has sunk. The bridge of the nose is strongly aquiline and perfect in shape, but the tip of the nose has collapsed and bears marks of injury.

The right side of the head has the following features:—The side of the skull is covered with dry skin, with a few thin locks of hair attached; a split along the temple has lifted the filling of the eyehole. The ear is still entire, but the cheek is knocked in and the edge of the skin hangs loose over the cavity. This is one of the injuries that was inflicted on the body by clumsy diggers when the Saint was buried a second time in Malacca. The lower lip and the chin are gashed on the right side and seemed detachable. Only the hand and the two feet look somewhat life-like and have preserved a faint color of dry skin; but the skin of the hand is punctured and mouldering; and one of the toes broke off this week at the repeated touch of the worshippers' lips. The feet have preserved some elasticity, bending with little effort, and their skin yields to pressure like hard india-rubber.

The conclusion seems to be inevitable that, though the preservation was supernatural in the past, it is not necessarily so in the present. At every exposition it is found that the body has undergone further deterioration, and the time may not be far off when, like all bodies, it will return to dust.

This is perhaps too realistic a description which would sound irreverent in the atmosphere of piety and devotion that surrounds this venerable relic. It was an inspiring sight to watch the thousands of pilgrims, rich and poor, from every land of India and the East, many of them crippled and crying in pain, who, for ten hours every day, filed through the gorgeous Jesuit Church of the Bom Jesus, and touched those dead feet of the great Apostle. Among the many non-Catholics who joined the faithful in their devotion, the most prominent by their number and their piety were the Parsees. They did not disguise their feelings, which ran out all over them; they clung to the marble steps leading up the mausoleum, and stared with folded hands as though they saw a vision, until the hand of the military hustled them away.

But we must leave something for another account.

In the following issue the same writer obserxes:

We hope our minute description of St. Francis Xavier's body has not shocked any of our readers. One of these remarked that the description had several good qualities, but devotion was not one of them. We should, however, remember that God is most elusive in the way He deals with His Saints and their bodies. The remains of St. Ignatius Loyola, who converted St. Francis Xavier and was the maker of him, were not preserved at all even for three days; St. Theresa's body, which was miraculously preserved fresh for many years, is today in the same mummified state as that of St. Francis Xavier; whereas the body of St. Charles Borromeo in Milan is as fresh today as it was at the Saint's death in 1584.—*The Examiner,* Bombay.

Some Statistics.—Father J. C. Houpert, S.J., has an informing article in the latest issue of the Catholic Directory of India on the numerical growth of the Catholic Church in India and Ceylon during the last twenty years. The number of Catholics at present is three millions compared to one million 70 years ago. There were 3,145 priests in India and Ceylon in 1921 compared with 2,882 ten years ago. European priests are now in a minority and form two-fifths of the whole, roughly 1,200 against 1,930 Indian priests, of whom 989 are in the Padroado dioceses and 594 in the Syrian Vicariates of Malabar. Of course, all these are not engaged in direct mission or parish work; a large number devote their energies wholly to the educational field. The perusal of the Directory convinces one fully of the great possibilities for the progress of the Church in India, provided we have a sufficient number of missionaries. It is certainly gratifying to record that the sacred returns for the past year show more than 25,000 conversions, and this in spite of the serious shortage of priests in many dioceses.—*C. L.,* February 1.

Ireland. Dublin. *Retreat House at Rathfarnham.*—Writing of a retreat to woolen workers, conducted by Father William Doyle in 1915, Professor O'Rahilly says: "The success of this retreat shows clearly the deep spiritual influence which a house of retreats in or near Dublin could exert on our Catholic workers." This prediction has been fully realized in the results achieved since the opening of the House of Retreats at Rathfarnham Castle.

Heretofore efforts were necessarily confined to occasional retreats whenever a school building or the like was temporarily unoccupied. Thus Milltown Park was used for retreats, not only to the clergy, but to great numbers of St. Vincent de Paul workers.

The new house is devoted entirely to retreats for laymen. It is part of Rathfarnham Castle, once the home of Adam Loftus, an apostate priest, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

There are 30 living-rooms for retreatants, besides common room, library and refectory. The grounds are spacious, well-wooded and picturesque, affording a view of the Dublin Mountains a few miles distant. Through the grounds flows a stream creating, in its passage, a lake in the centre of which is an island accessible by means of a rustic bridge.

No more ideal location for a retreat house could be found as the castle is but half an hour's tramride from Nelson's pillar.

The week-end retreat from Saturday evening to Monday morning has attracted great numbers of working and professional men. A mid-week retreat is held for the boys of the graduating and upper classes of Dublin schools.

If proof were needed of the good being done, the enthusiasm and gratitude of these men and boys would be ample.

Father R. S. Devane, S.J., the zealous director, has published a pamphlet, entitled "Week-end Retreats; What? Why? Where? How?"

This splendid advertisement answering all doubts of the inquiring layman is a perfect example of modern method applied to zeal for souls.

The Irish Monthly Golden Jubilee.—Just fifty years ago, under the name *Catholic Ireland,* which it bore for a short time, the *Irish Monthly* began what in many ways is a unique career in the history of the Catholic press. In its opening article it briefly outlined its program:

"Today, *Catholic Ireland* begins what we hope and pray may prove a long and useful life devoted to the service of Faith and Fatherland, and those who are responsible for its career feel deeply and intensely the importance, nay, the holiness and solemnity of the work before it."

To these ideals, so beautifully expressed, the *Irish Monthly* has ever been faithful. On the occasion, therefore, of its golden jubilee AMERICA, and we are quite sure, every Catholic paper and magazine published in the English language, offers its heartfelt congratulations. Speaking more especially for the "Exiles or Erin" wherever found, it can be said that the little green-clad messenger from the vales and the hills they loved brought them ever welcome news from home. It showed them that the dream of the Gael was not fading before the vision of Ireland's sons and daughters.

The founder and first editor of the *Irish Monthly,* Father Matthew Russell, black-robed Maecenas to a host of Irish writers and scholars, left a deep mark on the pages of the magazine. The stamp which he gave it has, if anything, been more deeply engraven there by the hands of the subsequent editors. The literary standards set by the founder were uncommonly high. Simplicity and unction, popularity of theme and matter never degenerating into the commonplace, an Addisonian purity of diction combined with Celtic wit and humor, gave the *Irish Monthly* an atmosphere and a flavor, individual, distinctive and altogether charming. Father Russell and his *Monthly* have well deserved of Catholic literature. We owe them a debt of gratitude. Both combined, they discovered many a young Irish writer, novelist, essayist or bard and welcomed their earlier efforts. Remembering that the *Irish Monthly* first published Father Edmund O'Reilly's "Relations of the Church and State," Father Joseph O'Farrell's "Lectures by a Certain Professor," that it had among its contributors, Rosa and Clara Mulholland and Aubrey de Vere, all lovers of the best traditions in Celtic life and Catholic literature will re-echo the prayer of the present editor of the sturdy little magazine, Father Lambert M'Kenna, S. J., that the jubilee it celebrates be not an evening Angelus bell calling to thankful prayer for the blessings of a closing day, but a mid-day summons calling to another long spell of fruitful labor.

In connection with the above we have received the following clipping:

"THE IRISH MONTHLY."

Our Native Premier Magazine.

Father Matthew Russell, S.J., brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, founded this Catholic Journal in 1873, and issued the first number of it in July, under the title "Catholic Ireland," the name by which it was known till January, 1874, then, as now, under the care of Messrs. Gill, Dublin, as publishers. The first article, "Our Aims and Hopes," was written by the Editor, and thus he begins his new venture:

"On the Feast of the Adorable Heart of Jesus, to which our country was solemnly consecrated on the Passion Sunday of this year of grace, this Irish Monthly Magazine of religious literature enters on the discharge of its holy functions, as a memorial and remembrancer of that national consecration. Today 'Catholic Ireland' begins what we hope and pray may

prove a long and useful life, devoted to the service of the Faith and Fatherland after which it is named; and those who are responsible for its career feel deeply the importance—nay, the holiness and solemnity—of the work before it. It begins its work, however, with great confidence in the sacred power of the name it has dared to assume and of the objects it aspires to promote; and with great confidence also in the rich, unused resources of many kinds which Catholic Ireland can devote to such an enterprise.

"Catholic Ireland! What spot on God's earth can claim with better right that title? Wherever Ireland is known, she is known and spoken of as Catholic Ireland."

This first editorial is worth quoting in full, but we must here content ourselves with the concluding lines: "With such aims and hopes, with the kind wishes of many friends, and with the happy certainty of meeting hosts of others, as we go along, let us begin our monthly memorial of the consecration of Catholic Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!—M. R."

Since the subsequent January, however, the magazine has borne its present title. But let us go on now to the date of the first editor's happy death on September 12, 1912, 39 years later. It was ever his honest pride to remind his friends that no magazine of the kind in Ireland had had so long a life as his, though at the same time he atributed the fact to the troops of talented helpers whom he had met, as he prayed he would meet them, along the road of those 40 years save one. He was editor all the time, until in the October number, 1912, appeared his obituary notices, contributed by distinguished writers, who had carired for him his beloved journal to the height of fame.

The founder gave his best to his magazine; therein he left the expressed image of himself, reflecting a happy life spent in the service of charity, such as in dying he thanked God his own had been; and those who knew him, and what he meant his journal to do, are eager to hand on to future generations in Catholic Ireland the same hopes and aims that created the lifework of Father Russell. Yet no one knew better than he from his long experience that permanent realization in journalism depends not ultimately on any editor, however capable, who may gather and select the fruits of others, but upon the patriotic support of writers and contributors. To these the "Irish Monthly," it is hoped, may yet confidently continue to appeal, and under such patronage succeed. Its past is the pledge of future welfare.

Our correspondent adds: "Could you hint to others, if they see an opportunity, to help us by getting subscriptions?"

Penny Dinners for Men and Women.—This work was started by Father Walshe many years ago, and is still flourishing under the management of our Fathers of Gardiner Street. They have hired two rooms in 8, Lower Gardiner Street. Looking over some annual reports we find that one year 22,257 poor people were served with dinner. Another year 26,373. Owing to charitable subscriptions, in spite of increased cost—a dinner now costing nearly 5d.—the penny dinner is still maintained.

JAMAICA. *Diamond Jubilee of St. Marys, Above Rocks.*—St. Mary's, Above Rocks, kept the Diamond Jubilee of the founding of that Mission last year, and as I had the privilege of serving the devout flock of that loyal old Mission for five years, a brief account of the outstanding happenings on the Mission during my stay there may be of interest.

The Mission is about 20 miles from Kingston, in the Valley of St. Thomas, one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in Jamaica. The beautiful church nestles in the valley, and can be seen for miles around. It can be reached from Kingston in one hour by motor, but in the days of my cure, 25 years ago, when the motor was unknown, it took three or four hours, on horseback or in the buggy, to get there.

The Mission was founded by the venerable and beloved Father Dupont, S.J., whose name is still fresh in the hearts of the older people, although it is nearly forty years since his demise. He can truly be called the Apostle of Jamaica, where he labored for 40 years, and where a statue was erected to him in the Kingston Parade, in testimony of his many virtues. His hand was always open to the poor, and his smile was for every one he met. The statue was erected by the contributions of the rich and poor, Catholic and non-Catholic.

It is now nearly twenty-five years since I received orders from the late Bishop Gordon, to take over the cure of souls there. I remember so well, the feeling of awe that came over me when I was told that I was to be responsible for the little flock of St. Mary's.

It was Friday, and the next day I must find my way to this Country Mission of which I had heard, but of which I knew little or nothing. I made enquiries of my predecessor, who gave me very minute directions of how to reach my future scene of labor. They were so detailed that I was puzzled, and meeting another Father, I thought it best to get his advice, as he was familiar with the Country Missions. He answered me not to worry about how to get there, as our old Mission horse "Hope" would take me direct, as he knew that Saturday was St. Mary's day. As I have always been inclined by nature to take the line of least resistance, I at once accepted his counsel,

with the result that I discovered that "Hope" did not possess the intelligence so graciously attributed to him. He took me to another Mission, and I had to plod on till 8 P. M. before I reached St. Mary's, though I was mounted and on my way at 7 A. M. I can never forget the warm reception on my arrival. I was hungry and tired, but dear Mrs. Narcisse, who had so long ministered like a good angel to the priest, soon made me feel as if I were her own son. The next day I said High Mass at 10.30, after hearing confessions from 6 A. M. There were thirty or forty Communions. I finished Mass and Benediction at 12.30 P. M., had my coffee and baptized 18 babies. As many of them had been brought there early, and had not been fed for some time, they set up a concert that would have been a credit to any asylum. It was as trying to the nerves as a third degree initiation. But the warm greeting of the devoted people, their smiles, their handshakes, their primitive simplicity, and the wonderful exhilaration of the tropical country air were balm for any ill of life.

I went there only one Sunday in the month, as I had three other missions and one-third of Kingston to look after, but I never lost in later visits, that sense of indefinable pleasure which took possession of me on that first Sunday. Even today, the same feeling creeps over me when memory lets me glimpse again, for a passing moment, the face of someone now gone to the great beyond, or some procession of the Blessed Sacrament or of Our Lady, or some other scene of my many activities there. The kindness and self-sacrifice and loyalty of the Lescesnes, Gordons, Edwards, Narcisses, Cushnies, Lanyans, Lintons, and so many others in the whole long lintany will never fade from my memory.

My first work was to improve the school which had been weak. The attendance was small and the marks low. As the Government pays the teachers on the result of a one-day examination, the teacher's salary was also small. It was plain that some of my children were attending neighboring schools, where the marks were higher and the attendance larger. I saw at once, that if I would have a flourishing Mission, I must have a flourishing school. With labor and changes in my teachers' staff, I had the great pleasure of seeing my school rise from a third class to the best first-class school in those parts, and of seeing the number rise from 50 to 225 in attendance. The school accommodation became too small.

Church attendance followed school attendance, and people who had not been to Mass for twenty or thirty years, began to show themselves, and to take an interest in the work. From the forty or fifty at Holy Communion, I distributed, at the end of a little Mission I gave in 1900, Holy Communion to 225 on the first Friday of the month, the day the Mission, which was

begun on Sunday, ended. And I read at that Mass the beautiful Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, composed by the venerable Leo XIII, the first time it was publicly read in Jamaica.

An interesting episode during these years, and one fraught with much spiritual fruit, was the founding of the Cassava River Mission. It lies about six miles by the main road from St. Mary's, and happened in this way. At a Confirmation service at St. Mary's, there were present three strange well-dressed men with some air of distinction. I spotted them at once, and as I tried to see my people always after service, and have a few words with each one, I at once made up my mind to meet these strangers. I discovered that they wished to have a private talk with me, and so I led them to my little lean-to room, which served as sacristy and priest's room, where they told me that they had been delegated by a faction of the Wesleyan Church at Grateful Hill, Mount Concord, to call on me and to ask me to come over there and establish a Catholic Mission. I expressed surprise at this request, and they offered this explanation: The Grateful Hill people had been unlucky in the choice of ministers of recent years; the last incumbent, having been a fine preacher, and a prepossessing man, had ingratiated himself with the people, and then began to borrow money on his popularity, till he had got loans all told, amounting to nine hundred pounds sterling, when he secretly decamped one night without leaving his address. A large faction of his followers called an indignation meeting, and at that meeting, these delegates were chosen, and instructed to see the Priest of the Catholic Mission at Above Rocks, and beg him to found a Mission at Mount Concord, which they pledged themselves to join. I replied that my time was fuly taken up, but that I would come over next day, see some of their people, and look into the proposal, and then report to the Bishop, leaving to him the decision. Next day, Mr. Loban, my organist, and myself rode over. I met several who pressed me hard not to refuse to build a church for them. I pleaded no means. They promised to give the site and build the church, if I would consent to take charge. I viewed the beautiful site they offered, and was convinced that they meant to build the church, if I consented to come. I then said, "But who will fill the church?" They replied they would all become Catholics, and that there were a few Catholic families in Pigeon Valley, a short distance further on. I rode into Pigeon Valley, and finding the fine old Catholic Ximenes family, told them what the Wesleyans had proposed. They said they had been begging the Priest for ages to establish a Mission in their midst, and that they were willing to do all and more than the Protestants pledged. I placed the matter, in due time, before the Bishop, and received his permission to

start a new Mission at Carsava River. I called the Mission "Holy Family Mission," as it was begun the year that feast was proclaimed. A church was built out of bamboos and covered with cocoanut boughs, which served for one year. The Mission was a success from the start. One Sunday morning, after Mass, I baptized 42 grown people. Today, it is one of the best Missions in Jamaica. Its success was due, in a great measure, to the people of Above Rocks, and especially to the Lescesne family, that so nobly co-operated with me in every thing that made for the progress of the Mission.

The church societies flourished at St. Mary's. The girls' sodality increased in numbers and in fervor every year. Whenever I appointed a morning for taking Communion to the sick, the sodality prefect was informed, and a group of these young women used to go the evening before, clean up the yard before the little cottage, tidy up everything in the house, and gather bouquets of the wonderful tropical flowers to decorate the little improvised altar. I was met at the gate by two girls who tinkled the little bell, and led the way into the sick room, where they all repeated the Confiteor and joined in the prayers. I sometimes knelt down and said the Thanksgiving prayers for the sick, all joining; at other times, when I had other sick to visit, I got a few of the older girls to stay with the sick and say the prayers. No wonder that out of this group of girls, came four nuns! Miss Eugenie Lescesne, who was a true Apostle and is now in Trinity College, Washington; Miss Cushine, who is in Mexico; Miss Edwards, in New Orleans; and Miss Gordon in Jamaica. I have had reports from their Superiors of the splendid work they are doing in Religion. When I got orders to quit this Mission and to take up other work, the custom had grown among the people to sing the beautiful hymns of the Church at their work and play. The girls, going and coming from the shops, or using their deft fingers in hat making, or on Sunday evenings, or on any evening for that matter, could be heard for miles through the Valley, singing hymns.

The work among the boys was not quite so satisfactory, although, there too, much was accomplished by organization. Their drum and fife corps became proficient and helped much to carry off our Garden Party and other church events successfully. I have to regret that I did not get any of them to go in for the priesthood. I am certain that I could have got one or more to do so, if I knew as much then as I do now about opportunities that exist for placing and helping lads in seminaries.

I introduced the League of the Sacred Heart, and by the grace of God, accomplished wonders with it. I cannot remember a single public service in honor of the Sacred Heart at which some miracle of grace was not seen. An old man who

had been away from the Church for forty years, was coaxed to attend a reception into the League. He refused every appeal, but when the time came, there he was in the Church, to the astonishment of all. He would not leave that night until his confession was heard. A young man, well dressed and well spoken, came into the Sacristy after a little talk on the League, when I was waiting for Benediction, and begged me to give him a badge. After Benediction, he returned to the Sacristy and said he could not leave until he was baptized. These instances could be multiplied.

Were there no difficulties or hardships to solve or endure? I rode in rain and sunshine till midnight to attend a sick call; I was often caught in tropical storms and drenched; I was thrown from my horse many a time, and once sustained a serious cut that laid me up for a while; I was caught between two landslides on a main road, and thanked God that I was not caught in them; I was marooned by the rains—I could scarcely get food for several days—but all this only added sauce to the life in which one was continually seeing the presence of the Holy God.

St. Mary's Mission was only about one-fifth of my work during those years, and I was but one of the band of zealous Americans laboring in that little corner of God's vineyard. There were Father Mulry and Fathers Coleman, Gregory, Kayser, etc., all doing the same kind of work, and to say the least, doing their end quite as well as I was doing mine. I may be permitted to think, when I look back on what we achieved, that never in the history of the Church, have there been men who surpassed the American Fathers in Jamaica in intelligent practical zeal; in readiness and devotion to duty, and in splendid endeavor for the Glory of God and the good of souls.

J. J. Collins, S.J.

Missouri Province. Chicago. *Loyola University. Meeting of the Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council.*—On Thursday and Friday, January 11 and 12, the Executive Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council held its regular annual meeting in the fathers' recreation room of the faculty building. During the same period the members of the committee were guests of the University. The chairman of the committee was His Grace, Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco. Associated with him were the following prelates: Archbishops Christie of Oregon City and Dowling of St. Paul, together with Bishops Muldoon of Rockford, Schrembs of Cleveland, Gallagher of Detroit, Gibbons of Albany, Carroll of Helena, Walsh of Portland, Maine, and Malloy of Brooklyn. By courtesy of the committee, Fathers Agnew and Siedenburg attended some of the sessions. The venerable Archbishop of Oregon City had come from his distant see to seek aid and

counsel in his fight against the Oregon School Bill. Three prominent Catholic lawyers, all of them former judges, were present to discuss the legal aspects. These were Cavanaugh of Oregon, O'Brien of Minnesota and Hally of Michigan. It is their purpose to bring the question, if possible, before the federal courts on a question of constitutionality. Associated with the prelates mentioned above were the following priests, members of the executive committee: Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., General Secretary; Rev. John F. Fenlon, Recording Secretary, a former student of St. Ignatius College; and Doctors Ryan and Pace of the Catholic University.

Letter of Very Reverend Father General to Father Bimanski:

Reverende in Christo Pater:

P. C.

Oratae omnino fuerunt notitiae nuper a me acceptae de optimo caritatis opere cui Reverentia V'a et eius socii in "Cook County Hospital" sese impendunt. Nemo est historiae Societatis nostrae gnarus quin clare intelligat quanti hoc munus ministrandi aegrotis in nosocomiis semper et ubique a Nostris sit aestimatum. Neque mirum hoc, quoniam ipse S. P. Noster eiusque primi socii egregia exempla hac in re nobis dederunt; immo forsan his potius quam aliis laboribus primo tamquam veri Christi asseclae agniti, favorem cum populi tum Ecclesiae sibi meruerunt.

Quorum exempli memor et fructuum laboris vestri conscius, laeto et grato animo benedico primo Provinciam istam, quae quamvis multis aliis maximi etiam momenti oneribus obruta tot iam annos, nullo acceptato temporali emolumento, bonos Patres huic animarum servitio dedit; et deinde ipsos operarios qui continuo Christi fidelibus in isto nosocomio degentibus solatium cordis et robur animae magno cum zelo ministrant.

Commendo me ss. Sacrificiis
Reverentiae V'ae,
Servus in Christo,
W. Ledochowski, S.J.

R. P. Francisco Bimanski.

TRANSLATION.

I was highly gratified when I received word recently of the excellent work to which your Reverence and your fellow-workers are devoting yourselves in Cook County Hospital. Every one familiar with the history of the Society knows well the high regard in which this work of attending the sick in hospitals has always and everywhere been held by Ours. This is not to be wondered at, since our holy Father himself and his first companions gave us a splendid example in this respect.

Indeed, it was probably more by these services than by their other works that they were first recognized as genuine followers of Christ, and won favor both with the people and with the authorities of the Church.

Mindful of their example and recognizing the fruits of your labor, it is with heartfelt joy and gratitude that I bless, in the first place, your Province. Burdened as it is with many other works that are also of the highest moment, it has now, for so many years and without any temporal compensation, set aside worthy Fathers for this service of souls. In the next place, I bless the *operarii* themselves, who, with great zeal, are steadily bringing comfort of heart and strength of soul to Christ's faithful in this hospital.

CINCINNATI. *The New Dormitory.*—The work of excavating for the dormitory is finished, and the stone masons are beginning to lay the foundations. The excavated earth was used to rebuild the automobile drive that circles the rear of the Club House. Last year this driveway was completely destroyed by a landslide which occurred when excavating for the athletic field which is in the rear of the Club House but on a much lower elevation.

DENVER. *Regis College. New Residence Hall.*—This new addition, 70 by 40 feet, is built of stone and brick, with a basement. The entire first floor is given over to the kitchen, with its spacious store-rooms, several of which are refrigerated. The basement contains the ice-making machinery, elevator machinery, and store-rooms, and so forth. It is also connected by a tunnel with the power plant. The first floor space formerly occupied by kitchen store-rooms, now provides an enlarged recreation room for the smaller students.

The second floor of the wing, and a part of the old building is given over to the students' refectory, with its serving rooms. Two electric elevators connect this floor with the kitchen below and the faculty dining-room above. The old refectory has been temporarily turned into classrooms. Among other changes effected by this addition is the moving of the Principal's office into a room adjacent to the Dean's office, formerly used as a parlor, and the surrendering of the old office to the Treasurer, Father Hoefkins.

The faculty dining-room on the third floor of the wing would easily accommodate a community of one hundred or more. It is a beautiful room, affording matchless views of the mountains and the Clear Creek valley. It is provided with a commodious scullery, pantries and refrigerators.

A new community chapel is being made out of the old chapel and dining-room. The interior decorations here are quite elaborate, hence the workmen are employed on this part of the work at this writing. When finished the chapel will be an ex-

quisite gem. Its main altar will be of hand-carved wood, the four years' labor of love of an old lay-brother, who finished this altar over twenty years ago. It has been stored ever since at the College.

The fourth floor of the wing provides 17 students' rooms, 8 by 10 feet in size. These rooms remove some of the pressure of our local housing shortage.

DETROIT. *The University. New Rectory.*—On New Year's Day, the new Rectory was opened for the inspection of the congregation. The front of the residence corresponds in every way to the architecture of the University building and presents a very handsome appearance. There are three parlors or offices on the first floor for the pastors; a meeting-room for the ushers of the Church and a large dressing-room for the servers; a book room for the pastors and rest rooms for ladies and gentlemen. It will be remembered that hardly any of these necessary adjuncts of a modern church were in the old residence.

On the second floor are the three private rooms of the pastors and, besides bath rooms, two spacious recreation rooms—one for the Fathers and one for the scholastics—and an extra bedroom; the third floor has seven pleasant rooms, now occupied by the Fathers of the University, who spent so many months of inconvenient exile across the street in the old Godfroy residence. On this floor, too, there is a large library room. All the sleeping rooms are furnished with hot and cold water; the floors are covered with a very heavy linoleum which is laid on a heavy felt base.

The total cost of the Rectory, without interior furnishings, was $35,592.24; the amount contributed in the last collection was $16,844.84; so there remains a debt of $18,747.40. The old residence had served its purpose for 65 years.

KANSAS. *St. Mary's College.*—The College and town of St. Mary's sustained a great loss in the sudden deaths of Father McNeive and of Brother William Ryan. The news of the accident came like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. The two had left the College in the morning for Topeka, the one to visit a sick parishioner confined in a hospital there, the other to purchase cattle. As they were riding along the Victory Highway in the parish car, they did not notice the approach of a Rock Island passenger train. They drove up on the tracks, to be hurled the next moment into eternity. The force of the impact was so great that the machine was completely demolished and hurled in fragments to a distance of 40 yards. Father McNeive's body was found nearly forty feet from the fatal crossing, lifeless. Brother Ryan was found conscious, though badly mangled. He was hurried to a Topeka hospital.

Lapsing into unconsciousness, he regained it again long enough to receive the Last Sacraments. Death came at 2 o'clock. It was the belief of the train crew that, owing to the side curtains on the auto and to the high coat collar that Father McNeive had turned up to protect himself from the cold, the autoists were unable to hear the engine whistle.

Rockhurst College. The Wilfred Corrigan Bourke Field.—Shortly before the close of school in June a gift of $10,000 was made to the school by Mr. Thomas C. Bourke in memory of his brother, Lieutenant Wilfred Corrigan Bourke, who was killed in an airplane accident at Fort Sill. This sum is to be appropriated to the athletic field, which in the future will be named after Lieutenant Bourke.

Milwaukee. *Marquette University. Golden Jubilee of Brother Thomas Murphy.*—Brother Murphy's jubilee celebration was the big event of the month of January at the University. The celebration centered around the solemn high Mass in the forenoon at the Gesù, and around the dinner and entertainment in the evening. Father Joseph Murphy, the jubilarian's brother, sang the Mass, while two nephews, Fathers Hamill and McCourt, were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The host of Brother Murphy's priestly friends attending in the sanctuary, and the large attendance in the body of the church attested to the esteem in which the jubilarian is held. During dinner a program was given. Father Tallmadge paid the tribute of the Community in English; Father Fusz in French; Father Froebes in German, and Mr. Jacobsmeyer in Spanish. Mr. Walsh read a poem written for the occasion by Brother Murphy's fellow-novice, Brother Thomas Kelley of Chicago. Father Minister acted as toastmaster. The jubilarian was unable to be present for the evening program, owing to a slight attack of grippe which forced him to bed early in the afternoon. He attended the solemn High Mass, however.

Besides Fathers Murphy, Hamill and McCourt, there were present at the celebration Father James C. Daly of Chicago; Father Muehlmann and Brother Thomas Kelly. A large delegation of Brother Murphy's relatives and friends came up from Chicago. Among the remembrances made to the jubilarian the most noteworthy was the Papal Benediction.

Omaha. *Creighton University. Sodalities.*—A charitable work of considerable magnitude and one which will serve as an inspiring precedent for Creighton sodalists of future years was accomplished by the sodality of the College of Arts at Christmas time, in distributing generous supplies of food to some seven hundred of Omaha's poor. The project was announced and recommended, not only in the sodality, but in the weekly student publication, and it received the support of the

professional students, who have a sodality of their own. Two hundred and forty dollars were spent, and still a surplus could be reserved for alms in another quarter.

On the Saturday before Christmas sodalists left the Creighton campus with about a dozen automobiles and a truck, to bring help into all parts of the city. Names of deserving poor had been obtained from the St. Vincent de Paul Society and other Catholic organizations, but the supply was so plentiful that recourse for more names was had to the Salvation Army, which was glad to have its own efforts thus supplemented. There were 125 baskets, each with a five-pound roast, canned corn and peaches, and a peck of potatoes, besides bread, cake, candy, and fresh fruit. The recipients were both black and white, and the larders supplied ranged in capacity from that of the lonely widow to that of the tribe-family of 18, the largest families receiving more than one basket. The sodalists feel a just satisfaction in their beneficence, and the student organ quotes Father Schuetz, director, as announcing that the enterprise will be a yearly event.

The high school sodality's particular Christmas efforts were the bringing together of a considerable supply of old clothes for a charitable institution, and the selling of mission seals. Both high school and college sodalists are contributing during January to the Holy Father's Russian relief fund. The Junior sodality reports that its "Frequent Communion Section" is showing the accustomed vitality, that many of the sodalists are daily communicants, and that there are few, if any, who do not receive once a week. The same sodality also has a "Catholic Leadership Section," which meets to carry on discussions calculated to inspire zeal for the Church's cause.

The Catholic Instruction League.—One evidence of zeal on the part of the older students is that several of them are faithfully carrying out the work of teaching for the Catholic Instruction League. The Omaha branch of the League, which is under Father Cassilly's direction, is in a flourishing condition, and is reaching about fifteen hundred children in Omaha, Council Bluffs, and the immediate vicinity.

Founders' Day and the Dowling Memorial.—At the Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the founders, which was sung *"coram Archiepiscopo"* by Reverend Father Rector, assisted by two secular priests, there were present, besides, His Grace of Omaha, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, metropolitan of the province, and Bishop McGovern of Cheyenne, who, as a member of Creighton's first graduating class of the college of arts, is a cordially loyal alumnus. Father Spalding preached the sermon.

The most memorable event of the day was the turning of the first spadeful of earth for the new college of arts, the "Dowling Memorial." The dedication of this first fruit of the campaign to Father Michael Dowling is a happy thought for several reasons. Father Dowling's memory is still fresh in the minds of Omaha's most influential men, and the mention of his name still elicits sentiments of admiration and esteem on all sides. It is felt that few if any names better deserve to be commemorated at Creighton, and there can be no doubt that its identification with the present campaign will work powerfully on the enthusiasm of the alumni and of the people of the city and surrounding country.

The dedication of the Dowling Memorial followed immediately after the Mass. A pick and spade which nickel plating had transformed into "solid silver," were wielded by two representatives of the Chamber of Commerce. The arts and high school Reserve Officers' Training Corps were in attendance; and in presence of the distinguished guests, William F. Gurley, prominent Omaha lawyer and personal friend of Father Dowling, delivered an address which, because of its delicate and thorough appreciativeness, deserves to be quoted here in part. Mr. Gurley is not a Catholic. The following are passages of his speech:

"Without desiring even in the smallest degree to depreciate the royal philanthropy of the Creightons, whose names are imperishably associated with this university, the ceremony of this hour makes imperious demand that we recall to memory the priestly figure, the manly form, the saintly character of Father Michael P. Dowling.

"This university was born of an ideal, and Father Dowling had much to do with implanting that ideal in the heart and soul of John A. Creighton. Bound himself by the perpetual vow of poverty, no man knew better than Father Dowling the real worth of money. He knew the spiritual values which inhere in wealth. He knew that taken out of the channel of commercial activities, where it has a very appropriate and legitimate function, money in its highest use may be glorified exceedingly by devotion to service crowned with love. He knew these values because he had spiritual vision, and therefore was concerned not with the things which are temporal, but rather with the things which are eternal.

"Men of the cloister, sons of seclusion, the scholar, the poet, the priest, have done more to move this world in the right direction toward its ultimate goal—to bathe it in the white light of a civilization whose captain is Christ—than all of its engineers, architects and statesmen.

"A man is greater than a building. Stone and steel, brick and mortar make a building: it takes character to make a man. Father Dowling had character, without which all work is aimless, all accomplishments futile. In his work, prodigious, tireless, unselfish, he wrought for the eternities."

South Dakota. *Holy Rosary Mission. Meeting of Indian Missionaries. Father Goll writes.*—"The meeting of Indian Missionaries called at Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, by the Indian Commissioner, was attended by Father Henry Grotegeers, S.J., myself, and Father Bernard, O.S.B., Father Vincent, O.S.B., and about 30 Protestant ministers, among whom were Bishop Burleson and Archdeacon Ashly. There was much talk about the evils of dancing and of the Indian custom of 'give away,' by which they sometimes impoverish themselves in making extravagant presents, but little work, such as the Indian Commissioner hoped for, was accomplished."

The Mendel-Pasteur Centenary at St. Louis University.—A convocation commemorative of the centenary of the births of Mendel and Pasteur was held at St. Louis University on the evening of December 14, in the University Auditorium. Active participation in the ceremonies by the three universities of Missouri gave the occasion the importance of a State celebration. So obvious was the spirit of mutual understanding and appreciation that it was generally felt by all present that the realization of common interests had been materially advanced by this convocation. The response of the three medical faculties was particularly gratifying. A luncheon to which the visiting faculty members of Missouri University and of Washington University had been invited was held at the St. Louis Club at 1 o'clock.

The ceremonies in the evening opened with an academic procession, in which a delegation of the Medical School of Washington University participated. Father Robison presided. In his introductory remarks he bade the guests a hearty welcome and stressed the unifying influence of science. He then introduced Chancellor Hall of Washington University, who pointed out in a brief , carefully-worded address, the kinship of spirit that unites the research workers of the world, and thus happily struck the key-note of the evening's proceedings. For if there was one dominant note in the addresses it was surely this, that science must everywhere and unfalteringly pursue truth, and follow its call wherever it may lead. The same thought was voiced in the address of Professor Frederick M. Tisdel, Professor of English and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the University of Missouri., the representative of President Jones. The latter was prevented from being present by his recent illness. Then followed the main addresses of the evening, "Mendel, the Scientist," by Professor H. S. Jennings,

Henry Walters Professor of Zoology and the Director of the Biological Laboratories at Johns Hopkins University; "Pasteur, the Scientist," by Professor Victor C. Vaughan, Dean Emeritus of the Medical School of the University of Michigan, and now Chairman of the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council; and "Science and the Man," by Father Robison.

St. Louis. *The University. A Bequest.*—Mrs. Hannah Duryea died November 11, at a good old age, in St. Ann's Widows' Home, Page and Union Boulevards, this city. During the presidency of Father Otting she had given the University a piece of down town property, and it is now announced that the residue of her estate is willed to the University. It is her wish that this last gift be devoted to incurable patients in the hospitals now under the management of the school. The two donations will aggregate about one hundred thousand dollars, and place Mrs. Duryea among the more generous benefactors of the University.

The House of Retreats Destroyed by Fire.—The House of Retreats, situated on the Mississippi about six miles south of Jefferson Barracks, and better known as the "White House" was destroyed by fire on the afternoon—strangely enough—of Ash Wednesday. Nothing is known as to its cause. Consolation is had by reason of $30,000 insurance.

The Growth of the Society, 1920-1921.—The Province Catalogue is full of interesting and reliable news, but at page 101 in the roster of all the provinces of the Society one may find an item of far more than ordinary interest and encouragement.

There it appears that last year the total population of the Society was 17,966. It may be safely assumed that at present in round numbers we have a membership of 18,000. But this is not the item referred to. Immediately below these figures of the total number in the Order, the annual *augmentum* is given. Between 1920 and 1921 the Society increased by an accession of 426 members. This in an unprecedented growth. During the preceding twelve months there had been a gain of 295 in our membership. This latter number, 295, was itself noteworthy; how noteworthy will appear when it is observed that the normal increase during the twenty years from 1900 to 1920 was 110 annually. A leap from this figure, 110, to 295, was surely remarkable; but from 110, or even from 295, to the number in the present catalogue, 426, is so extraordinary as to merit a special act of thanksgiving from each of us to our Divine Captain.

An increase of 426 members, particularly when registered not as mere novices, but as they are strangely given in the catalogues, as 184 priests, 129 scholastics, and 113 brothers,

would make an entire new province added to the Society in one year. In fact, we see on this very page that there are twelve of the actual provinces, not including the two vice-provinces, that have not so full a personnel. Should such a rate of increase as that indicated in the present catalogue, 426 a year, be continued, it would be scarcely a decade of years before the New Society will have equaled, at least in numbers, the highest membership of the Old; it need not be added that, while we shall indulge this hope, our more earnest ambition will be to equal the Old in learning and charity.

L. J. Kenny, S.J.

Toledo. *Funeral of Father Gudenus.*—Perhaps few funerals of Ours have been conducted with as much pomp and solemnity as that of Father Gudenus. The Right Reverend Bishop pontificated, leading members of the secular clergy, together with four of Ours assisted, while a great number of the diocesan priests with the members of the Community chanted the office of the dead before the Mass. The solemn Requiem was sung by the secular clergy, and the Bishop delivered a most impressive and sincere eulogy over the deceased, stressing particularly the dignity of the priesthood.

New Orleans Province. *College of the Immaculate Conception. Brother Zuber's Golden Jubilee.*—Fifty years ago, on the first of March, Brother Francis Zuber, the faithful custodian of the College reception lodge, entered the Society of Jesus. He had previously come from his native Switzerland, which he was destined never to see again. He was then but 18 years of age, in the very bloom of a promising life. He had heard the "Come, follow Me," of the Master, and, like the Apostles, had left father, mother, brothers and sisters and whatsoever else he had in the world, to follow that Master in the work of saving souls.

And the record of the past half century written in golden deeds, hidden, it is true, like those of Nazareth, from the eyes of the world, but none the less profitable to his neighbor and pleasing to his God, shows what a clear vision Brother Zuber had of his high calling, and what unflagging loyalty he practiced in fulfilling its demands. Like his model, the sainted Brother Alphonsus Rodriguez, his motto ever was: "Prayer and Service"—prayer ennobling service, and service transformed by divine love into prayer. Whether for over twenty-five years discharging at different times the double duty of infirmarian and baker at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., and at Spring Hill College, Alabama, or for almost twenty-five years presiding at the College door, he has ever been the same reliable, industrious, devoted worker in the Lord's vine-

yard; always kind of heart and gentle of word and ready of hand to help and comfort and uplift. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the number of his friends is legion.

Mount Manresa, House of Retreats.—All the retreats during the fall of 1922 were given by Father John Corbett, Associate Editor of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* He reports that the total number of retreatants on the 33 retreats was 2,109, 49 more than in 1921. Of these, only 575 came from the archdiocese of New York, whereas 1,142 came from the diocese of Brooklyn. The Newark diocese was represented by 251. Father Corbett will continue in charge of the retreat work. He has recently had interviews with His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, and with Bishop Dunn, the Auxiliary Bishop, both of whom expressed their deep interest in the work and their intention to stir up more activity in the Archdiocese. On the schedule for 1923 there will be a five-days' retreat in August. On almost every retreat during the fall several men expressed the desire of having an opportunity to spend a longer time in the Spiritual Exercises. It is hoped, also, that it will be possible to arrange for the accommodation of individual retreatants. Our Fathers and scholastics are requested to make the retreats known to all their relatives, friends and acquaintances.

Archbishop Hayes again Blesses the Laymen's Retreats.—

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
452 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, March 8, 1923.

Rev. John Corbett, S.J.,
801 *West* 181st *Street,*
New York City.

MY DEAR FATHER CORBETT:

The Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies, which has become a solid and blessed agency for spiritual good among our men, merits and commands the approval, good-will and support of the episcopate, of the clergy, of the religious, and of the faithful.

I most earnestly commend the movement to our Reverend Pastors. I urge them to call the attention of laymen to the spiritual advantages of making a retreat at Mount Manresa.

Our beloved Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in creating St. Ignatius Loyola Patron of Retreats, made very clear his purpose of encouraging prayer, retirement and reflection, for a brief period, at regular intervals, among the laity, in order that Christ might come more fully into His Kingdom in the hearts of the sons of men.

Surely the late lamented Father Shealy, S.J., whose loss we all feel severely, carried on to a more than notable success the

Laymen's League, and aroused in hundreds and hundreds of the laity stronger faith and deeper piety. The laymen whom he gathered around him have become real apostles for the Retreat movement.

Members of the Laymen's League not only profit spiritually in an exceptional way, but have a rare opportunity of following a course of lectures on the social problems now vexing and plaguing human society.

Praying for all connected with the League every blessing in Christ, I am,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

PATRICK J. HAYES,
Archbishop of New York.

The Messenger and Its Work.—During the past year, God has blessed our work in a special manner. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart,* continues to hold its large number of subscribers at a time when most of the Catholic magazines of the country are in severe straits. It has a monthly circulation of 310,000, despite the fact that we were obliged to raise the price from 50 cents to $1.00 a year. By careful economy, we have been able to sell *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* at $1.00 when almost all of the Catholic magazines of the same size have been demanding from $2.00 to $3.00.

In general, the Catholic magazines of the United States have agents soliciting subscriptions in the parishes of all our great cities. These agents receive the major part of the subscription price. In many cases, while representing the money as being collected for charitable work, they retain at least two-thirds of the subscription price. For the most part, the Catholic magazines in the United States are published mainly to beg funds for seminaries, missions, etc., and, unfortunately, the editors are willing to allow objectionable conditions to prevail in order later to receive donations from the subscribers secured by the agents. This state of affairs is doing serious injury to the non-begging magazines and to the Catholic press in the United States.

Our office sends out each month 200,000 Points for Promoters and 2,000,000 League Leaflets. Three hundred thousand copies of the Almanac of the Sacred Heart for 1923 were printed. During the year, 249 new centres were aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer, and 6,301 new Promoters received diplomas.

New Catholic Library.—For the guidance and benefit of Catholics who wish a good standard library of sound information on a variety of subjects, the Rev. John C. Reville, S.J., associate editor of America, has assumed the editorship of "My Bookcase" series, a Catholic library of 100 standard books.

This library will form a comprehensive collection of commendable books, old and new, most suitable for general reading, their scope embracing doctrinal, history, science, biography, literature and fiction. It is the first time in the history of Catholic literature in America that an attempt has been made to give the public a well-balanced Catholic library. The editor's name is ample guaranty that the choice will be eminently satisfactory. Father Reville's first undertaking of this kind is represented in his valuable collection of 5,000 volumes, listed, with critical comment under the title "My Bookcase." In his new series the editor has gleaned from the voluminous mass of select titles 100 of the most useful and diversely interesting volumes to form this fundamental Catholic library.

"My Bookcase" series will be more than a catalogue of books. Joseph F Wagner, Inc., Catholic publisher, of 23 Barclay street, New York, has guaranteed to publish the books in easily readable type, with good quality of paper and attractive binding, at the uniform price of $1.00 each. The initial volumes are on the press and will shortly appear.

Fordham University. Progress in all Departments.—Progress has been made in all branches. The number of students in all departments is close to four thousand; a lease has been signed for the entire twenty-eighth floor of the Woolworth Building, so that the Law School will now be able to expand; the Graduate School is largely attended by teachers, many of them coming from distant States for the summer session; the two chemistry laboratories made possible by the gift of the Heide family are completed, and again this year Fordham was praised for its chemistry research work at the chemistry convention at Toronto.

The college department now numbers about six hundred, and some three hundred prospective students had to be turned away this past fall.

Welfare (formerly Blackwell's) Island.—The Chaplains of the Island, with the aproval of Archbishop Hayes, turned over the entire proceeds of their Grand Benefit Entertainment, held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, November 15, 1922, to the suffering people of Austria. The sum realized amounted to over $1,700. Monsignor Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor, sent a touching note of thanks for the donation.

European Relief, 1922-23. *Russia.*—The following report of the funds collected from the various Houses, Parishes and Schools of the Province for the relief of Russia, from April 11, 1922, to March 7, 1923, may be of interest to the readers of the Letters. The total amount contributed was $14,773.06. Of this sum, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* collected $6,291.90; the Province gave $1,250.50; St. Mary's Church,

Boston, $1,000; St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, $1,000, and Georgetown University, $340. The students in our High Schools, Colleges and Universities, in response to the appeal of Very Reverend Father General, gathered together since January of the present year, $1,212.58. Owing to other activities in some of the schools and parishes, collections have been delayed and postponed to a more opportune time.

Austria.—The report on the Austrian relief represents the amount collected from September 16, 1922, to March 7, 1923—$9,894.52. Every Father in the Province said an extra Mass each month for the Austrian relief. The activity and zeal of Father Henry Judge, S.J., Chaplain on Blackwell's Island, New York, deserves special notice; as a result of public appeals and entertainments for this object, he obtained $1,704.00. St. Joseph's College gave $264, and Holy Trinity, Boston, $48. Special gifts to the Fund were $1,500 through Father Provincial; $1,000 from a friend of the poor; $500 from a poor woman in St. Francis Xavier's parish, employed in the Police Department of New York City, who wished her "mite" to go towards the support of the Novices in Austria. In this distribution of the sums collected, $400 was sent to the Prime Minister of Austria, Reverend Ignatz Seipel, for the poor. Father Seipel in turn handed over the amount to our Father Provincial of Austria, with the request that he distribute it among the poor.

Masses Sent to Europe.—It might be of interest to Ours to know that from July 1, 1920, to March 7, 1923, there were sent to Our Fathers in Europe 114,148 Masses to be said. This number does not include the very many Masses forwarded directly by some Houses and by some Fathers, to certain Provinces or communities. Hence, for this period of 32 months, on an average 3,567 Masses were sent out of this Province every month. The largest share of these Masses went to Ours in Austria.

Philippine Islands. Manila. *From the Persian Border to Manila, from a Letter of Father Denis Lynch.*—I left Quetta at the call of Father Provincial, on the eve of the Presentation. It had been freezing at night for two or three weeks. It was the season of the chrysanthemum; for the flowers succeed one another in impressive order in Quetta. I was the only priest in Baluchistan, a territory much larger than the British or the Philippine Islands. Quetta is a strong frontier post, with about fifteen thousand soldiers, of all branches of the service, and a civil population of about the same number. The famous Black Watch, a kilted regiment, had just come. The first men I met came to confession, and insisted on making an

offering. One young Irishman became ill with the cold, owing to his fervour in coming to the church in the early morning to receive Holy Communion.

I had been two years in Quetta; and I shall always retain very pleasant memories of the congregation, civil and military, intelligent, generous, and responsive. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the officers, many of whom were Catholics.

The train, a long monster, moved out in the early afternoon of November 20. We were soon in the throat, narrow and absolutely desert, of the Bolan Pass, 80 miles long ,with a fall of 6,000 feet to Sibi, a border station of my mission; it was night at Sibi and we passed into Sind. About midnight, we crossed the historic Indus, and we were on the route of the great Alexander, marching homewards. At Karachi (re-visited) I had made 500 miles of my journey. The sail to Bombay took two nights and a day—500 miles more. I said Mass for the stewards and passengers each morning, some seven or eight receiving Holy Communion. Many were on their way to Goa, to take part in the Jubilee of St. Francis Xavier.

I had to get an American passport in Bombay—a rather expensive honor, and sailed, after two days, in the little steamer which reaches Goa in one night.

A belated answer to a telegram informed me from Colombo, that the Spanish steamer would not reach there before the 12th of January. As it was to go direct to Manila, and at a reduced fare for Spanish missionaries, I would have a considerable time to wait. One night brought me to Hubli, east of Goa: it is in our missions of Poona, and under the direction of an old friend, Father Bucher. There are two large schools—one a convent school. This was a very pleasant break in my journey. Friends from Goa, returning to Trichinopoly, persuaded me easily to go with them. After a night and half a day, we spent some pleasant hours in Bangalore. This is not a large city; it is a plain, wide-spaced cantonment or military station, on an extensive upland, 300 feet above the ocean level. There are relatively many large institutions of learning.

The next day, at noon, we were in the rich, wooded, watered, and cultivated plains of Southern India. It was the land of the Tamils, who speak an entirely new tongue. Soon we reached the tranquil, wide-bosomed Cauvery which accompanied us to Trichinopoly. The city, not one of the largest, gathers round an enormous rock, almost perpendicular, and dedicated, from base to summit, as a pagan temple. From the top, the view of the rich, populous, well-wooded country, was most beautiful. But Trichinopoly is hot and crowded. A large island near, formed by a division of the Cauvery water, is a place of enormous, grotesque temples. There is, however, a large proportion of Catholics; for this is the great center of the indefatig-

able propaganda of the French Jesuits. Their illustrious St. Joseph's College, cramped into a small space, has 2,300 students, who are wisely trained in the simple and primitive ways of their people. One of the most surprising things is the varied works—seminary, industrial school, school of catechists, etc., all carried on under the direction of a small number of priests.

Madura is only a few hours farther south. Here we are on the footsteps of the B. John de Britto, Father de Nobili, and our protomartyr, Ven. Antonio Criminale. We passed over the very scene of the latter's martyrdom, as we approached Adam's Bridge, to pass into Ceylon from India. The people of Ceylon distinguish between their island and India. They have, too, a different currency; and English is much more commonly spoken. It is as a garden of the Lord: rivers everywhere; abundant rains from the double monsoons; high mountains and plateaus in the center; and plantations of tea, cocoanuts, cotton, etc., all over the benignant land.

I turned into the mountains to spend Christmas at the hospitable Papal Seminary of Kandy; it was a great treat. Again a small staff for a large, well-taught body of students. Brother James, Superior of the Christian Brothers, sent me a most cordial invitation to stay with them in Colombo. One word of thanks and praise will be enough. They make a priest the king of their house, and they never grow weary of doing anything they can to make him welcome. Never in my life have I seen hospitality greater than that of the fervent, pious, well-trained Christian Brothers. Their crowded schools are their best testimonials.

At length came the ship. We had on board two Jesuit priests and two Brothers, besides myself, with six Capuchins, three priests and three Brothers. All, except myself, were young. The four Jesuit missionaries were for China; the Capuchins for Manila and Guam. The passengers made up in cordiality for their moderate number. We had Mass each day; and every evening all came to the Rosary, said on deck by the chaplain. I doubt whether there be such a custom on any sea, or under any flag, except this of Catholic Spain.

After seven days, we had passed through the wide expanse of the Straits of Malacca; and spent a few hours at Singapore before taking the straight way to Manila. After one night, the long blue line of the mountainous Anamba Islands arose on our sight; and a little farther on, the Natunas, where there were signs of human habitation. Then land disappeared until the morning of the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25), when, at the dawn, we found ourselves in front of the ancient city of Manila. It was the end of a journey of between six and seven thousand miles, which was made in a few days over two months.

Rhodesia. Bulawayo. *Missionary Conference.*—One of the many institutions inaugurated by the late Father Parry for the welfare of this Mission was the Missionary Conference, the first of which was held two years ago, and he was hastening home to preside over the second when he met his death. Leaders die, but their well-founded work goes on.

This year the Fathers assembled again at Bulawayo on June 27, 1922, and for four or five days considered a number of questions of great importance. Twenty-five Fathers attended, and the meetings were presided over by Rev. Father Johanny, S.J., Pro-prefect. Besides Father Spendel, S.J., Superior of the northeastern portion of the Mission, they had the pleasure of welcoming as their guest the Rt. Rev. A. Fleischer, the newly-appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Mariannhill and Regular Superior of the Mariannhill Missionaries, who are doing such splendid work in the eastern portion of Southern Rhodesia.

On Sunday, July 2, Solemn High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's Church in the town Location. The Rev. Pro-perfect officiated, assisted by Father William Withnell and Father Daignault. The church was crowded with natives, who all joined in the singing, conducted by Father Biehler, of Empandeni Mission. Father Lebœuf, the Superior of the same Mission, preached, and most of the Fathers who had attended the Conference were present. At the end of the Mass it was a delightful sight to see the natives crowding round their own Father, to hear the news of the Mission where they had learnt their first lessons about God and embraced the true Faith. Father Casset, of Embakwe, preached in the afternoon, and Father Spendel gave Benediction.

Early in the following week the Missionaries departed for their lonely and widely-scattered churches, consoled, comforted and confirmed by a happy week with their religious brethren.

Rome. *Notes.*—The Oriental Institute, formerly under the direction of a mixed faculty of secular priests and religious, has been entrusted to the Society and united with the Biblical Institute.

On October 25 Father General and all the Fathers and Brothers of the Curia, forty in all, were received in audience by the Holy Father. The latter passed round the circle of Fathers and Brothers, Father General accompanying him, giving each one's name and occupation.

Weston. *The First Mission in Weston.*—The first mission ever conducted in the town of Weston was given from November 5 to 12 by Father John P. Gallagher. Not only was an immense amount of good accomplished among the Catholics, but the Mission also served to conquer a great deal of the bigotry of the town. A large number of Protestants attended the services every evening, and some even came out for the morning

Mass and instruction. When one realizes the great difficulty the Protestant minister has to get his congregation to church for late services on Sunday morning, we can easily picture what must have been his surprise when he heard that some of his flock were turning out at 5.30 o'clock on weekday mornings to hear the Jesuit preacher. It must have been this surprise that brought one of the Protestant ministers to hear Father Gallagher on Friday night. A regular attendant at the Mission Exercises was a deacon of the Baptist Church. As Father Gallagher had to go to Philadelphia for the Drive on November 12, Father Minister closed the Mission.

Worcester. *Holy Cross College. Sectional Clubs.*—Every year sees an increasing number of men from the more distant States eager to own Holy Cross as their Alma Mater. The natural growth of this national representation is the formation of sectional clubs. This year an unprecedented number of new organizations has been added to the long list of clubs at Holy Cross. They should and do serve as a connecting link between alumni and their successors, the undergrads, and they do help to foster that never-lagging interest which is the Holy Cross spirit. There are the Central and Western New York Club, Fall River, Manchester, New Bedford, New Haven, Springfield, Holyoke, Ohio, Greater Boston and other clubs.

New Chemical Laboratory.—Through the efforts of Father Coyle, Professor of Chemistry, a new Quantitative Analysis laboratory has been installed, which not only provides for the present classes, but even makes it possible still further to enlarge the number who may study this important branch. The subject is an entrance requirement in medical schools, so the acquisition of a new laboratory considerably bolsters up the premedical course as presented at Holy Cross.

The laboratory occupies the former Sophomore "E" classroom adjoining the Treasurer's office, and accommodates 72. Students, taking the course, will enjoy unequalled facilities and complete new equipment, including drying ovens and analytical balances. The laboratory tables were built on specifications drawn up by Father Coyle and are the last syllable in chemistry table construction, embodying advanced ideas in both plumbing and fixtures. A Chem Lab is no Acadia. The locks have also been perfected.

Father Coyle, who is a member of the Executive Council of the American Chemical Society, addressed the Association of Jesuit Science Professors at their annual meeting at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. He has been requested to deliver a series of lectures at the next meeting of the Association.

Seniors Lecture on Evolution.—Sunday afternoon, February 18, Messrs. Laux, Dick and Kearney lectured in Alhambra Hall under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Evolution was the general subject treated by the speakers in three different lights. John Laux became the Evolutionist and clearly defined the doctrine of evolution, giving the reasons for its widespread acceptance in the past. He was answered by Eugene Dick of Canton, Ohio, who exposed many of his proofs as monumental myths. Raymond Kearney of Brooklyn outlined the stand of the Church on the question and emphasized the importance of the soul in the discussion.

Numbers by the Glee Club contributed to the success of the afternoon. Francis D. Mullins, Lecturer of the Knights and a practical friend of Holy Cross, arranged the program and introduced the speakers. The success of the first appearance will, no doubt, hasten the acceptance of several invitations that have been received to lecture in New England cities.

Home News. Ordination.—On Thursday, February 1, in the chapel of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, His Grace, Archbishop Michael J. Curley, ordained Andrew A. Hofmann to the priesthood. Mr. Hofmann had been ordained sub-deacon and deacon in November last. The newly-ordained priest said his first Mass in the same chapel on the following morning.

Last Vows.—On Friday, February 2, two members of the Woodstock College Faculty pronounced their last vows. An academy was held in their honor that afternoon. The program of the academy given to Father Wilfrid J. Parsons and Father Vincent A. McCormick was as follows:

Congratulations from the Theologians, Father Joseph G. Glose.

Poem, Mr. John H. Collins.

Salutations from the Philosophers, Mr. Horace B. McKenna.

The program of the academy in honor of St. Thomas follows:

Overture—Black Diamond.....*Gruenwald*

ORCHESTRA

Pasteur—the Man.....Mr. H. J. McLaughlin
Chant—Ave Verum.....*Mozart*

GLEE CLUB

Vaillance—Poème.....Mr. W. G. Rice
Interlude—Bolero .....*Valverde*

ORCHESTRA

Pasteur—the Scientist.....Mr. J. J. Sullivan
String Quartette—Serenade.....*Widor*
Father H. C. Avery, Father T. L. Connolly, Mr. J. Greely, Mr. J. T. Murphy

The Psalmist of the Eucharist—Poem.....Mr. E. S. Pouthier
Glee—Recessional.....*de Koven*
Glee Club

Saint Thomas on Spontaneous Generation...Mr. J. W. Moran
Finale—Raymond .....*Thomas*
Orchestra

The February disputations took place on the 19th and 20th of the month. In Theology—*De Baptismo,* Mr. Raymond J. McInnis, defender; Mr. John G. Gampp and Mr. Thomas J. Love, objectors. *De Gratia,* Mr. Francis E. Lucey, defender; Mr. Louis A. Mulry and Mr. Robert A. Parsons, objectors.

Essays, *Ex Sacra Scriptura,* "Some Features of Psalm Titles," Father Joseph J. McGowan. *Ex Jure Canonico,* "The Apostolic Delegate in the United States," Mr. Vachel J. Brown. *Ex Historia Ecclesiastica,* "Clement and the Catechetical School of Alexandria," Mr. William J. McGarry. In Philosophy—*Ex Theologia Naturali,* Mr. Edward J. Coffey, defender; Mr. William W. Kennedy and Mr. Thomas E. Shortell, objectors. *Ex Psychologia,* Mr. Francis J. Burke, defender; Mr. Vincent J. Hart and Mr. Eugene J. Gisel, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia,* Mr. Harold V. Stockman, defender; Mr. John H. Klocke and Mr. John C. Mullen, objectors. *Physics,* "Theory and Phenomena of the Electric Discharge," Lecturer, Mr. Bernard F. Doucette; Assistant, Mr. Cornelius J. Twombley, *Chemistry,* "Water, and in Particular Our Local Supply," Mr. Edward B. Rooney.

SUMMER RETREATS

Given by the Fathers of the Maryland-New York Province

From June 1, to October 1, 1922

To Secular Clergy

Altoona	2...	107
Antigonish, N. S.	1...	102
Charlottetown, P. E. I.	1...	52
Fall River	2...	135
Hamilton, Ont.	1...	67
Hartford	2...	341
Manchester	2...	111
Newark,	2...	275
New York	3...	614
Pittsburgh	2...	266
Providence	2...	208
Rochester	1...	162
Springfield	2...	330
Syracuse	1...	145
Trenton	2...	197

Congregations of Priests

Franciscans, Syracuse	1...	39
La Salette, Hartford, Conn.	1...	47

Seminarians

Emmitsburg	1...	70
Loretto, Pa.	1...	70
Rochester, N.Y.	1...	194
Seton Hall, N. J.	1...	28

Religious Men

Christian Brothers		
Ammendale, Md.	1...	17
Pocantico Hills, N. Y.	1...	48
Marist Brothers		
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	2...	145
Brothers of the Sacred Heart		
Metuchen, N. J.	1...	80
Xaverian Brothers		
Fortress Monroe, Va.	1...	45
Leonardtown, Md.	1...	12

Religious Women

Benedictines		
Bristow, Va.	1...	69
Erie, Pa.	1...	90
Blessed Sacrament		
Cornwells, Pa.	1...	105
Carmelites		
Bronx, New York City	1...	5
Roxbury, Mass.	1...	20
Cenacle		
New York, N. Y.	1...	80
Charity		
Convent Station, N. J.	6...	1396
Greensburg, Pa.	1...	220
Halifax, N. S.	3...	324
Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y,	6...	1464
Wellesley Hills, Mass.	1...	85
Charity of Nazareth		
Hyde Park, Mass.	1...	40
Leonardtown, Md.	1...	17
Newburyport, Mass.	1...	42
Charity of Our Lady of Mercy		
Baltic, Conn.	1...	96
Christian Charity		
Stella Niagara, N. Y.	1...	37
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	2...	245
Daughters of Divine Charity		
Arrochar, S. I., N. Y.	1...	30
Daughters of the Heart of Mary		
Brooklyn, N. Y.	1...	40
Buffalo, N. Y.	1...	32
Burlington, Vt.	1...	25
Fordham, N. Y.	1...	50
Westchester, N. Y.	1...	70
Divine Compassion		
White Plains, N. Y.	1...	45
Faithful Companions		
Fitchburg, Mass.	1...	59
Mæstre Pie Filippini		
Trenton, N. J.	1	40
Franciscans		
Buffalo, N. Y.	2...	82
Glen Riddle, Pa	1...	304
Syracuse, N. Y.	2...	142
Good Shepherd		
Boston, Mass.	1...	40
Georgetown, D. C.	1...	17
Newark, N. J.	1...	16
Norristown, Pa.	1...	30
Peekskill, N. Y.	1...	15
Philadelphia, Pa.	1...	23
Providence, R, I.	1...	11
Springfield, Mass.	1...	12
Helpers of Holy Souls		
Chappaqua	1...	16
Holy Child		
New York, N. Y.	1...	48
Sharon Hill, Pa.	1..	102
Suffern, N. Y.	1...	40
Holy Cross		
Baltimore, Md.	1...	22
New York, N. Y.	1...	18
Notre Dame, Ind.	1...	170
Holy Names		
Albany, N. Y.	1...	75
Holy Union		
Fall River, Mass.	2...	125
Immaculate Heart of Mary		
Cape May Point, N. J.	1...	178
West Chester, Pa.	1...	210
Jesus and Mary		
Highland Mills, N. Y.	1...	20
Ladies of Loretto		
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	1...	100
Toronto, Can.	1...	126
Marie Reparatrice		
New York, N. Y.	1...	29
Mercy		
Altamont, N. Y.	2...	172
Beatty, Pa.	2...	330
Buffalo, N. Y.	1...	125
Burlington, Vt.	1...	99
Charlotte, N. Y.	1...	55

Mercy (Continued)
Corning, N. Y.....1... 37
Cresson, Pa.....2... 110
East Moriches, N. Y.....2... 131
Fall River, Mass.....2... 155
Harrisburg, Pa.....1... 85
Hartford, Conn.....4... 539
Hookset, N. H. .....2... 186
Leicester, Mass .....1... 37
Merion, Pa.....1... 85
Milford, Conn.....1... 178
Mt. Washington, Md. .....1... 85
New York, N.Y.....2... 103
Pittsburgh, Pa.....1... 110
Plainfield, N. J.....2... 210
Portland, Me.....2... 258
Tarrytown, N. Y.....1... 50
Titusville, Pa.....2... 120
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....2... 150

Mission Helpers
Baltimore, Md.....2... 95

Missionary Srs. of Sacred Heart
New York, N. Y.....2... 162

Notre Dame
Antigonish, N. S.....1... 80
Boston, Mass.....1... 80
Cambridge, Mass.....1... 53
Chicopee, Mass.....1... 42
Lawrence, Mass.....1... 47
Lowell, Mass.....1... 100
Newark, N. J.....1... 116
Philadelphia, Pa..... ....1... 63
Roxbury, Mass.....1... 226
Waltham, Mass.....1... 130
Washington, D. C.....1... 85
Worcester, Mass.....2... 200

Perpetual Adoration
West Falls Church, Va.....1... 22

Poor Clares
New York City, ...1... 8

Presentation
Fitchburg, Mass.....2... 110
Green Ridge, S.I , N. Y...1... 36
Newburgh, N. Y.....1... 48

Providence
Chelsea, Mass.....1... 30
Holyoke, Mass.....3... 322

Sacred Heart
Albany, N. Y.....1... 81
New York City.
(Manhattanville).....1... 125
(University Ave.).....1... 40

Sacred Heart (continued)
Providence, R. I.....1... 62
Rochester, N. Y.....1... 49
Torresdale, Pa.....1... 64

Sacred Heart of Mary
Tarrytown, N. Y.....1... 50

St. Dorothy
Richmond, S. I., N. Y.....1... 24

St. Joseph
Baden, Pa.....1... 144
Brentwood, L. I., N. Y.....2... 285
Cape May Point, N. J.....3... 495
Chestnut Hill, Mass.....2... 237
Erie, Pa.....2... 240
Framingham, Mass.....2... 259
Hamilton, Ont.....3... 211
Hartford, Conn.....1... 134
Holyoke, Mass.....1... 400
McSherrystown, Pa.....1... 56
Rochester, N. Y.....3... 435
Rutland, Vt.....1... 95
Toronto, Can.....3... 349
Troy, N. Y.....2... 298

St. Joseph of Peace
Englewood, N. J.....1... 59

St. Mary
Buffalo, N. Y.....1... 38
Lockport, N. Y.....1... 90

Ursulines
Beacon, N. Y.....2... 53
Bedford Park, N. Y.....1... 70
Middletown, N. Y.....1... 10
New Rochelle, N. Y.....1... 45
Phœnicia, N. Y.....1... 30
Wilmington, Del.....1... 16

Visitation
Baltimore, Md.....1... 45
Frederick, Md.. .....1... 34
Georgetown, D. C.....1... 55
Parkersburg, W. Va.....1... 30
Richmond, Va.....1... 20
Wheeling, W. Va.....1... 49

LAYMEN

Chicopee, Mass .....1... 25
Georgetown College,
Washington, D. C.....1... 52
Holy Cross College,
Worcester, Mass.....1... 138
Loretto, Pa.....1... 66
Mt. Manresa, S. I.....16...1066
Rochester, N. Y.....1... 150

SECULAR LADIES AND PUPILS

Carmel, Washington, D. C., Ladies.....1... 30
Cenacle, Brighton, Mass., Girls, Ladies, etc.....7... 416
" Newport, R. I., " " " .....5... 213
" New York, N. Y. " " " .....6... 484
Charity, Nanuet, N. Y., Children.....1... 450
" Wellesley Hills, Mass., School Teachers.....1... 167
Faithful Companions, Fitchburg, Mass., Ladies.....1... 25
Franciscans, Peekskill, N. Y., Children.....1... 465
Good Shepherd, Baltimore, Md., Magdalens.....1... 36
" " Georgetown, D. C., Inmates.....1... 70
" " Springfield, Mass., Children.....1... 120
Immaculate Heart, Immaculata, Pa., Alumnæ.....1... 154
Marie Reparatrice, New York, N. Y., Girls.....1... 25

Mercy, Cresson, Pa., Alumnae	1...	105
" Merion, " "	1...	142
" Milford, Conn., Ladies	1...	134
Sacramentines, Yonkers, N. Y., Ladies	1...	8
Sacred Heart, University Ave., Ladies	1...	100
" " Providence, R. I., Business Women	1...	80
" " Rochester, N. Y., Alumnæ, etc	2...	185
" " Torresdale, Pa., Ladies	2...	317
Antigonish, N. S., Teachers	1...	75
Chestnut Hill, Pa., Teachers	1...	72
Hookset, N. H., Avila Teachers' Guild	1...	85
Springfield, Mass., Teachers	1...	71

SUMMARY OF RETREATS

RETREATS		RETREATANTS
To Priests, Secular	26	3112
To Priests, Regular	2	86
To Seminarians	4	362
To Religious Men	7	347
To Religious Women	177	18436
To Laymen	21	1497
To Secular Ladies and Pupils	42	4029
Total Retreats	279	Total Retreatants 27869

SUMMER RETREATS

GIVEN BY THE FATHERS OF THE MISSOURI PROVINCE

FROM JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1922.

DIOCESAN CLERGY

Chicago	3...	387
Columbus	2...	62
Davenport	1...	56
Denver	2...	215
Indianapolis	1...	183
Lacrosse	1...	105
Lincoln	1...	75
Omaha	1...	20
St. Cloud	1...	100
St. Paul	1...	164
Sioux City	1...	115
Winona	1...	100

RELIGIOUS MEN

Christian Brothers		
St. Paul, Minn	1...	70
Techny, Ill	1...	65
Xaverian Brothers		
Bardstown, Ky	1...	40

RELIGIOUS WOMEN

Benedictines		
Ludlow, Ky	1...	50
Blessed Sacrament		
Winnebago, Neb	1...	12
Sisters of St. Bernard		
Palos Park, Ill	1...	14
Sisters of the Cenacle		
Chicago, Ill	1...	11
Charity, B. V. M.		
Boulder, Colo	1...	40
Chicago, Ill	8...	371
Council Bluffs, Ia	1...	28
Davenport, Ia	1...	100
Des Moines, Ia	1...	120
Dubuque, Ia	2...	115
Kansas City, Mo	1...	42
Lyons, Ia	1...	98
Milwaukee, Wis	2...	50
Rapid City, S. D	1...	9
Sioux City, Ia	1...	29
Wichita, Kans	1...	35
Charity of Cincinnati		
Colorado Springs, Colo	1...	21
Mt. St. Joseph, O	2...	470
Pueblo, Colo	1...	51
Trinidad, Colo	1...	14
Charity of Leavenworth		
Leavenworth, Kans	3...	208
Charity of Nazareth		
Denver, Colo	1...	50
Desplaines, Ill	1...	130
Nazareth, Ky	2...	235
St. Vincent, Ill	1...	130
Christian Charity		
Detroit, Mich	1...	35
LeMars, Ia	1...	27
New Ulm, Minn	1...	43
St. Louis, Mo	2...	58
Willmette, Ill	2...	201
Charity of St. Augustine		
Lakewood, O	1...	208
Holy Family of Nazareth		
Belize, B. H	1...	4
Daughters of the Heart of Mary		
Chicago, Ill	1...	24

Dominican
Adrian, Mich. 1... 200
Jackson, Neb. 1... 16
Milwaukee, Wis. 1... 11

Franciscan
Alliance, Neb. 1... 34
Chicago, Ill. 1... 12
New Lexington, O. 1... 55
Minot, N. D. 1... 7
O'Neill, Neb. 1... 28
Pine Ridge, S. D. 1... 16
Rochester, Minn. 2... 330
St. Francis, S. D. 1... 20
St. Stephen's, Wyo. 1... 8

Good Shepherd
Carthage, O. 2... 166
Chicago, Ill. 5... 515
Cleveland, O. 2... 212
Kansas City, Mo. 3... 177
Milwaukee, Wis. 3... 152
St. Louis, Mo. 2... 150

Hand-Maids of Christ
New Ulm, Minn. 1... 33

Holy Child Jesus
Chicago, Ill. 1... 29
Cheyenne, Wyo. 1... 18

Humility of Mary
Lowellville, O. 1... 130
Ottumwa, Ia. 1... 110

Ladies of Loretto
Sault-Ste-Marie, Mich. 1... 30

Loretto
Denver, Colo. 1... 46
Kansas City, Mo. 1... 73
St. John, Ky. 1... 55
St. Louis, Mo. 1... 84
Nerinx, Ky. 1... 92

Missionary SS. Sacred Heart
Chicago, Ill. 1... 35
Denver, Colo. 1... 33

Mercy
Belize B. H. 1... 19
Cedar Rapids, Ia. 2... 120
Chicago, Ill. 3... 295
Cincinnati, O. 1... 75
Council Bluffs, Neb. 1... 38
Davenport, Ia. 1... 42
Denver, Colo. 1... 64
Des Plaines, Ill. 1... 47
Kansas City, Mo. 1... 56
Larchwood, Neb. 1... 11
Lima, O. 1... 33
Nampa, Ida. 1... 15
Marion, Ia. 1... 85
Milwaukee, Wis. 2... 52
Omaha, Neb. 2... 130
Ottawa, Ill. 1... 60
Pocattello, Ida. 1... 25
Sioux City, Ia. 1... 30
Springfield, Mo. 1... 28
Toledo, O. 1... 40
Webster Groves, Mo. 1... 46

Notre Dame
Cleveland, O. 1... 266
Covington, Ky. 2... 205
Toledo, O. 1... 75

Notre Dame of Namur
Cincinnati, O. 1... 40
Dayton, O. 1... 65
Reading, O. 1... 180

School Srs. of Notre Dame
Mankato, Minn. 2... 125
Prairie du Chien, Wis. 2... 170
Omaha, Neb. 1... 25
St. Louis, Mo. 2... 382
St. Paul, Minn. 1... 37

Oblate Sisters
Leavenworth, Kan. 1... 18

Precious Blood
Maria Stein, O. 2... 242

Presentation
Aberdeen S.D. 1... 65
Dubuque, Ia. 1... 85
Mitchell S. D. 1... 45

Providence
St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind. 4... 1146

Sacred Heart
Chicago, Ill. 1... 35
Cincinnati, O. 2... 75
Detroit, Mich. 1... 33
Grosse Pointe, Mich. 2... 90
Lake Forest, Ill. 1... 64
Omaha, Neb. 1... 45
St. Charles, Mo. 1... 39
St. Joseph, Mo. 1... 38
St. Louis, Mo. 2... 85

Sisters of the Incarnate Word
Amarillo, Texas. 1...

Mission SS. Heart
Chicago, Ill. 1... 138

Sisters of Mary of Namur
Buffalo, N. Y. 1... 39

Sisters of Pious Society of Missions
Benque Viejo, B. H. 1... 5
Corozal, B. H. 1... 3
El Cayo, B. H. 1... 5

St. Joseph
Cincinnati, O. 1... 23
Chicago, Ill. 1... 165
Cleveland, O. 1... 200
Concordia, Kan. 2... 557
Dubuque, Ia. 1... 175
Kansas City, Mo. 1... 21
Longmont, Colo. 1... 10
La Grange, Ill. 1... 118
St. Louis, Mo. 2... 303
Salina, Kan. 1... 21
St. Paul, Minn. 4... 900
Superior, Wis. 1... 20

Sisters of Sorrowful Mother
Mankato, Minn. 1... 23
Marshfield, Wis. 1... 65
Oshkosh, Wis. 1... 20

Ursuline
Alton, Ill. 1... 93
Chatham, Ont. 2... 300
Cleveland, O. 2... 250
Columbus, O. 1... 11
Decatur, Ill. 1... 93

Kenmare, N. D.	1...	11
Nebraska City, Neb.	1...	25
Sidney, Neb.	1...	15
Springfield, Ill.	1...	50
Toledo, O.	1...	176
York, Neb.	1...	42
Youngstown, O.	1...	75
Visitation		
St. Louis, Mo.	1...	78
St. Paul, Minn.	1...	34

LAYMEN

Beulah Island, Wis.	1...	114
Chicago, Ill.	1...	630
Cleveland, Brooklyn Sta., O.	7...	130
Denver, Colo.	2...	172
Dubuque, Ia.	2...	75
Fond du Lac, Wis.	1...	20
Hastings, Neb.	1...	43
Montreal, Can.	1...	11
Prairie du Chien, Wis.	2...	72
St. Louis, Mo.	2...	36
" " White House,	18...	362
St. Mary's, Kan.,	4...	223
Sioux City, Ia.	2...	55
Winona, Minn	1...	30

LAYWOMEN

Benedictines, Covington, Ky., Ladies	2...	225
Cenacle, Chicago, Ill., Ladies	3...	114
Charity, Cincinnati, O., Nurses	2...	183
" Leavenworth, Kan., Ladies	1...	110
Charity B. V. M., Lyons, Ia., Ladies	1...	54
Notre Dame, Prairie de Chien, Wis., Ladies	1...	82
Saginaw, Mich., Business Women	1...	700
Sodality, Chicago, Ill., Ladies	1...	48
School Sisters of Notre Dame, Mankato, Minn., Ladies	1...	82
" " " " Prairie du Chien, Wis., L'd's,	1...	66
Sacred Heart, Cincinnati, O., Ladies	1...	110
" " Clifton, O., Alumnæ	1...	100
" " Detroit, Mich., Ladies	1...	12
" " Grosse Pointe, Mich., Alumnæ	1...	78
" " Guthrie, Okla., Ladies	1...	87
" " Ft. Wayne, Ind., Ladies	1...	18
Saint Agnes, Fond du Lac, Wis.	1...	60
St. Francis, Winona, Minn., Ladies	1...	60
St. Francis, New Lexington, O., Ladies	1...	70
St. Joseph, Techy, Ill., Nurses	1...	40
St. Joseph, Ottumwa, Ia., Alumnæ	1...	65
Sacred Heart, St. Charles, Mo., Ladies	1...	65
" " St. Louis, Mo., Christian Mothers	1...	380
" " Consolers of Mary	1...	408
Loretto, St. Louis, Mo., Working Girls	1...	215

SUMMARY OF RETREATS

	Retreats	Retreatants
Clergy	16	1,582
Religious Men	3	175
Religious Women	196	14.979
Laymen	45	1,973
Laywomen	29	3,432
Total Retreats	289	Total Retreatants.... 22,141

SUMMER RETREATS

GIVEN BY THE FATHERS OF THE NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

FROM JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1922

RELIGIOUS MEN

Diocesan Clergy

Bay St. Louis, Miss.	30
Dallas, Tex.	51
Little Rock, Ark.	45
Ramsay, La.	24
Sacred Heart, Okla.	35
Santa Fe, N. M.	39
St. Leo's, Fla.	27
	251

Brothers

Ashville, N. C.		22
Bay St. Louis, Miss.	(2)...	115
Covington, La.		35
Lafayette. La.		4
Las Vegas, N. M.		18
New. Orleans, La.		20
Santa Fe, N. M.		26
		240

RELIGIOUS WOMEN

Benedictine Sisters
Guthrie, Okla. 60
San Antonio, Fla. 21
81

Sisters of Charity
Helena, Ark. 14
Pine Bluff, Ark. 20
34

Daughters of the Cross
Shreveport, La. 82

Franciscan Sisters
Augusta, Ga. 12
Purcell, Okla. 24
Savanah, Ga. 12
48

Holy Cross
Marshall, Tex. 21

Holy Name
Key West, Fla. 24

Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament
Nashville, Tenn. 12
New Orleans, La. 31
Sante Fé, N. M. 16
St. Michael's, Ariz. 15
74

Sisters of Charity of Nazareth
Albuquerque, N. M. 30
Las Vegas, N. M. 17
Santa Fé, N. M. 40
87

Dominicans
Galveston, Tex. 28
Nashville, Tenn. 2... 120
New Orleans, La. 60
208

Good Shepherd Sisters
Houston, Tex. 8
New Orleans, La. 41
Memphis, Tenn. 18
67

Holy Family Sisters
New Orleans, La. 2... 164

Sisters of Incarnate Word
Beaumont, Tex. 19
Galveston, Tex. 168
Houston, Tex. 29
Lake Charles, La. 13
Shreveport, La. 12
Temple, Tex. 15
Texarcana, Ark. 9
265

Marionites of the Holy Cross
New Orleans, La. 2... 124

Miss. Sisters of the Sacred Heart
New Orleans, La. 37

Sisters of Notre Dame
Chatawa, Miss. 36

Sisters of Perpetual Adoration
Birmingham, Ala. 18
Pascagoula, Miss. 30
Pensacola, Fla. 16
64

Little Sisters of the Poor
Mobile, Ala. 12
Nashvill, Tenn. 14
26

Sisters of Saint Joseph
Prescott, Ariz. 16
Sharon, Ga. 14
Washington, Ga. 14
44

Sisters of the Precious Blood
Phoenix, Ariz. 24

Theresian Sisters
New Orleans. La. 14

Visitation Ssiters
Mobile, Ala. 30

Ladies of the Sacred Heart
Grand Coteau, La. 42
New Orleans, La. 48
90

Sisters of Loretto
LasCruces, N.M. 2... 70
Montgomery, Ala. 16
Sante Fé, N. M. 51
147

Sisters of the Incarnate Word and the Blessed Sacrament
Houston, Tex. 40
San Antonio, Tex. 300
Ysleta, Tex. 7
347

Sisters of Mercy
Augusta, Ga. 15
Charleston, S. C. 80
Fort Smith, Ark. 19
Hot Springs, Ark. 18
Little Rock, Ark. 80
Macon, Ga. 26
Mobile, Ala. 66
Nashville, Tenn. 104
New Orleans, La. 75
Oklahoma City, Okla. 50
Pass Christian, Miss. 8
Prescott, Ariz. 23
Sacred Heart, Okla. 11
Savannah, Ga. 24
Selma, Ala. 11
Vicksburg, Miss. 87
777

Ursuline Sisters
Bryan, Tex. 15
Columbia, S. C. 21
Dallas, Tex. 58
Galveston, Tex. 28
Louisville, Ky. 121
243

LAYMEN

Augusta, Ga.	35
Grand Coteau, La.	85
Shawnee, Okla (2)	77
Spring Hill, Mobile, Ala. (3)	202
	399

LADIES OF THE WORLD

Convent, La. (2)	162
Grand Coteau, La. (2)	175
Memphis, Tenn.	125
New Orleans, La. (3)	345
Oklahoma City, Okla.	52
	859

STUDENTS

Galveston, Tex.	100
Grand Coteau, La.	125
Jefferson, La.	160
New Orleans, La. (2)	509
Spring Hill, Ala.	218
	1112

INMATES HOUSE OF GOOD SHEPHERD

Houston, Tex.	50
Memphis, Tenn.	174
New Orleans, La.	162
	386

GIRLS' ACADEMIES

Albuquerque, N. M.	85
Convent, La.	140
Dallas, Tex.	175
Grand Coteau, La.	65
Houston, Tex.	60
Nashville, Tenn.	160
New Orleans, La. (4)	691
Mobile, Ala.	65
White Castle, La.	250
	1691

INMATES OF LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR

Nashville, Tenn.	122
New Orleans, La.	168
Mobile, Ala.	102
Savannah, Ga.	83
	475

SUMMARY OF RETREATS

	Retreats	Retreatants
Diocesan Clergy	7	251
Religious Men	8	240
Religious Women	131	3,165
Laymen and Students	13	1,511
Secular Ladies and Pupils	21	2,550
Little Sisters of the Poor	4	475
House of Good Shepherd	3	386
Total Retreats / Total Retreatants	187	8,578

SUMMER RETREATS

GIVEN BY THE FATHERS OF THE CALIFORNIA PROVINCE, 1922

SECULAR CLERGY.

Sacramento, Calif.....1... 31
Spokane, Wash.....1... 42
Victoria, B.C.....1... 16

RELIGIOUS MEN

Brothers of Mary
Santa Clara, Calif.....1... 19

LAYMEN AND STUDENTS

Hillyard, Wash., Mt. St. Michael's, Laymen.....1... 45
Loyola College, Los Angeles, Students.....1... 300
Santa Clara, Calif., Laymen...4... 120

RELIGIOUS WOMEN

Carmelites
Los Angeles, Calif.....1... 13
Charity B.V.M.
Petaluma, Calif.....1... 11
San Francisco, Calif.....2... 42
Charity (Nazareth, Ky)
Klamath Falls, Ore.....1... 10
Dominicans
Los Angeles.....1... 45
Anaheim, Calif.....1... 40
Franciscans
Colfax, Wash.....1... 43
Havre, Mont.....1... 15
Pendleton, Ore.....1... 82
Tacoma, Wash.....1... 40
Uniontown, Wash.....1... 10
Good Shepherd
Los Angeles, Calif.....1... 16
Seattle, Wash.....1... 12
Spokane, Wash.....1... 15
Helpers of Holy Souls
San Francisco.....1... 19
Holy Child Jesus
Portland, Ore.....1... 15
Holy Family
San Francisco, Calif.....1... 85
Holy Names
Oakland, Calif.....1... 133
Oswego, Ore.....3... 201
Shorb, Calif.....1... 82
Spokane, Wash.....1... 50
Immaculate Heart
Los Angeles, Calif.....2... 120
Mercy
Grass Valley, Calif.....1... 21
Los Angeles.....2... 73
Sacramento, Calif.....2... 42
San Diego, Calif.....2... 57
San Francisco.....2... 100
Miss'y Srs. Sacred Heart
Los Angeles, Calif.....2... 30
Seattle, Wash.....2... 40
Notre Dame
San Francisco, Calif.....1... 75
San José, Calif.....1... 270
Santa Clara, Calif.....1... 60
Precious Blood
Portland, Ore.....1... 24
San Luis Rey, Calif.....1... 14
Presentation
San Francisco, Calif.....2... 165
Gilroy, Calif.....1... 12
Miles City, Mont.....1... 9
Providence
Colfax, Wash.....1... 15
Oakland, Calif.....1... 10
Vancouver, Wash.....4... 319
Sacred Heart
Menlo Park, Calif.....1... 38
Point Grey, B. C.....1... 30
San Francisco.....1... 30
Seattle, Wash.....1... 21
St. Joseph
Los Angeles, Calif.....1... 75
Oakland, Calif.....1... 35
Lewiston, Idaho.....1... 30
Slickpoo, Idaho.....1... 23
Tucson, Ariz.....1... 38
St. Joseph of Peace
Bellingham, Wash.....1... 50
Rossland, B. C.....1... 24
St. Mary
Beaverton, Ore.....2... 103
Ursulines
Great Falls, Mont.....1... 52
Miles City, Mont.....1... 10
Moscow, Idaho.....1... 10
Visitation
Tacoma, Wash.....1... 26

SECULAR LADIES AND PUPILS

Franciscans
Tacoma, Wash., Nurses....1... 70
Good Shepherd
Los Angeles, Calif., Girls, 1... 115
Seattle, Wash., Girls.....1... 95
Spokane,, Wash., Girls.....1... 55
Helpers of Holy Souls
San Francisco, Sec. Ladies, 1... 21
Holy Names
Oakland, Cal., Sec. Ladies..1... 105
Shorb, Calif., S. Ladies. ...1... 52
Shorb. Calif, Girls.....1... 125
Spokane, Wash., S. Ladies..1... 100
Mercy
San Francisco, Nurses.....2... 75
Notre Dame
San José, Cal., S. Ladies...1... 150
" " Girls .....1... 300
Providence
Walla Walla, Wash.....1... 100
Sacred Heart
Menlo Park, Cal., S. Ladies..1... 35
" " " Girls.....1... 90
Point Grey, B.C., S. Ladies..1... 100
San Francisco, S. Ladies.....1... 85
" " Sch'l Te'rs, 1... 70
" " Business Girls.....1... 285
" " Girl Pupils, 1... 80
Seattle, Wash., S. Ladies.....1... 85
" " S. Teachers..1... 75
" " Girls.....1... 150
St. Joseph
Los Angeles, Calif., Girls...1... 450
Ursulines
Great Falls, Mont., S. L'ds, 1... 75
Visitation
Tacoma, Wash. S. Ladies, 1... 50

Summary of Retreats

	Retreats	Retreatants
Priests	3	89
Religious Men	1	19
Laymen and Studeuts	6	465
Religious Women	73	3030
Secular Ladies and Pupils	27	2993
	110	6596

SUMMER RETREATS

Given by the Fathers of the Province of Canada

From June 1 to October 1, 1922

To Secular Priests

Montreal	2	460
Haileybury	1	52
	3	512

Priests, Religious

Sacred Heart		
Edmonton	1	5
Basilian Fataers		
Toronto	1	50
Holy Cross		
St. Laurent	1	250
	3	305

Seminarians and Clerics

Seminarians		
Trois-Rivières	1	33
Clerics of St. Viateur		
Joliette	1	225
	2	258

To Brothers

Christian Brothers		
Laval des Rapides	1	230
Limoilou	1	120
Montreal	2	410
Quebec	1	195
Varennes	1	80
	6	1035
Brs. Christian Instruction		
Laprairie	2	338
Pointe-du-Lac	1	75
	3	413
Sacred Heart		
Arthabaska	1	130
St. Hyacinthe	2	300
Victoriaville	1	300
	4	730
St. Gabriel		
Montreal	1	144
Sault-au-Récollet	1	50
	2	194
Presentation		
Longueuil	1	11
Marist		
St. Bonifice, Man	1	14
St. Regis		
Vauvert	1	35

To Sisters

Daughters of the Holy Ghost		
Tupper Lake	1	18
Ste. Chrétienne		
Salem, Mass	1	74
Giffert	1	30
	2	104
Servants of the Sacred Heart of Mary		
Beaverville, Ill	2	118
Daughters of Jesus		
Morinville, Alta	1	23
Trois-Rivières	2	160
	3	183
St. Martha		
Antigonish	1	45
Daughters of Mary		
Montreal	1	45
Quebec	1	30
Spanish	1	27
	3	102
Sacred Heart of Mary		
Keeseville	1	11
Daughters of Providenee		
Howell, Sask	1	30
Ste. Anne		
Lachine	3	680
Victoria, B. C	2	90
	5	770
Assumption		
Nicolet	2	725
Augustines		
Quebec	2	145
Notre Dame de Sion		
Kansas City	1	25
Marshall, Mo	1	25
Moose Jaw, Sask	1	15
	3	75
Helpers of Holy Souls		
St. Louis, Mo	1	21
Good Shepherd		
Quebec	2	348
Holy Family		
Beaverville, Alta	2	18
Lévis	1	27
Valleyfield	1	16
	4	61

Grey Nuns
Lèvis.....1... 150
Manchester, N. H.....1... 30
Ottawa.....3... 630
Rimouski.....1... 50
St. Boniface, Man.....2... 218
8 1078

Hôtel-Dieu, St. Joseph
Cornwall.....2 39
Port Arthur.....1... 70
Windsor.....1... 14
4 123

Immaculate Conception
Montreal.....2... 64
Rimouski.....1... 8
3 72

Jesus and Mary
Fall River, Mass.....1... 60
Lauzon.....1... 72
Manchester.....1... 25
New York.....1... 34
Sillery.....2... 168
Woonsocket.....1... 55
7 414

St. Joseph
Crookston, Minn.....1... 44
Jackman, Me.....1... 35
Peterborough.....2... 135
4 214

Loretto
Guelph.....1... 30

St. Louis
Medicine Hat, Alta.....1... 17

Ste. Marie
Vankleek Hill.....1... 40

Marie Réparatrice
Montreal.....1... 77
Trois-Rivières.....1... 36
2 113

Sisters of Mercy
Brasher Falls, N. Y.....1... 46
Gabriels, N. Y.....1... 40
New York.....1... 26
3 112

Notre-Dame des Missions
Brandon, Man.....2... 70
St. Eustache, Man.....1... 32
3 102

Holy Names of Jesus and Mary
L'Epiphanie.....1... 88
Longueuil.....1... 170
Montreal.....3... 605
St. Boniface.....1... 115
Valleyfield.....1... 130
Vauville.....1... 126
Windsor.....1... 110
9 1344

Perpetual Help
St. Damien.....1... 150

Presentation
Farnham.....1... 130
Marieville.....1... 275
St. Hyacinthe.....2... 780
Willow City, N. D.....1... 41
5 1226

Providence
Midnapore, Alta.....1... 25
Montreal.....3... 1010
Vègreville, Alta.....1... 25
5 1060

Sacred Heart
Halifax.....1... 40
Sault-au-Récollet.....2... 143
Vancouver.....1... 35
4 218

Ste-Union
Fall River.....1... 75

Ursalines
Bruno, Sask.....1... 21
Grayson, Sask.....1... 26
Malone, N. Y.....1... 13
Quebec.....1... 106
Rimouski.....1... 50
Roberval.....1... 54
Trois-Rivières.....1... 126
7 396

LAYMEN

Abord-à-Plouffe, groups.....20... 639
Boucherville.....18... 387
Quebec, Manrèse.....16... 365
Montreal, L. C.....6... 126
Baie des Chaleurs.....2... 20
Danville.....1... 32
Rigaud.....1... 50
St. Bonifice College.....5... 69
Sudbury College.....3... 30
Ste-Marie de Beauce.....1... 30
73 1798
Sault-au-Recollet, private..129 129
202 1927

WOMEN

Baie des Chaleurs.....2... 30
Beauceville.....3... 66
Burlington, Vt.....1... 26
Chicoutimi.....1... 24
Edmonton.....1... 100
Humbolt, Sask.....1... 14
Joliette.....3... 52
Montreal.....10... 337
Peterborough.....1... 20
Quebec.....21... 489
Rimouski.....3... 69
Spanish.....1... 16
St. Bonifice.....2... 50
Trois-Rivières.....3... 74

Vancouver	1	53
Woonsocket	1	29
	55	1449

SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS

Montreal	4	2158
Quebec	3	1100
Chicoutimi	1	500
Grand' Mère	1	600
Mont-Laurier	1	133
Ste. Thérèse	1	200
Chateauguay	1	300
Edmonton	2	150
St. Boniface	2	242
	16	5383

SUMMARY OF RETREATS

	Retreats	Retreatants
Priests, Secular	3	512
Priests, Regular	3	305
Seminarians and Clerc	2	258
Brothers	18	2432
Sisters	101	9522
Laymen	73	1798
Women	55	1449
School Boys and Girls	16	5383
	271	21659
Laymen, private	139	139
Total Retreats	410	Total Retreatants 21798